THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

OCTOBER, 1913

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

PERHAPS the most conspicuous literary sensation of the past summer was the publication by the London *Times* of the newly found letters written by Charlotte Brontë to M. Constantin Heger. To this revelation of the Brontë story the *Times* gave eight columns and a leading article in one issue, and three columns in another. Yet interesting as the letters were, they can hardly be regarded as throwing any startling new light on the case. Summing it all up, matters are about as they were before. Charlotte Brontë lived for a long time—now as pupil, now as governess—in a school in Brussels. There she met M. Heger, a man many years older than herself, respectably married, and the father of a family. Simply on account of the fact that he was the man nearest at hand she fell in love with him. It was a purely intellectual infatuation, which gave her the excuse for writing long letters, and afterward for introducing the portrait of the object of her affections in the pages of *Villette* and *The Professor*. M. Heger on his part did not respond at all, or else responded very coldly. He was a respectable married man, and exceedingly conscious of the fact. After Charlotte left Brussels he contributed to the correspondence between them, but the enthusiasm was obviously all on her side. As a matter of fact we shall always believe that M. Heger was unutterably bored by the persistence of the talented little Englishwoman, but that he was too polite to let her see it.

Summing It Up

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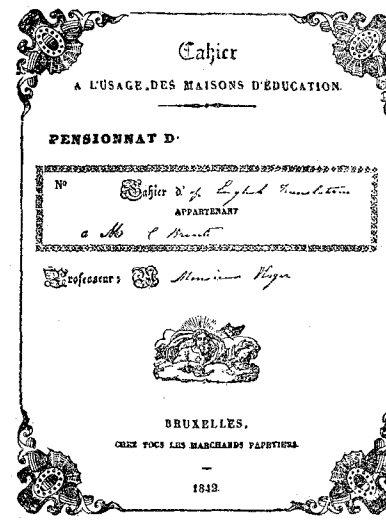
There is probably no one living to-day better equipped to discuss any aspect of Charlotte Brontë's life than Mr. Clement K. Shorter, and he has pointed out again and again the absolute futility of any attempt to find the suggestion of intrigue by reading between the lines in


Cahier

A L'USAGE DES MAISONS D'ÉDUCATION.

PENSIONNAT D·

N° Cahier

APPARTENANT

Professeur

BRUXELLES,

CHEZ TOUS LES MARCHANDS PAPETIERS.

1842.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S COPYBOOK WHEN A PUPIL OF M. CONSTANTIN HEGER

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the correspondence with Constantin Heger. Of course many such attempts have been made; for example, that in the monograph by Sir T. Wemyss Reid, published in 1877, but they have all been too trivial for serious consideration. In discussing the publication of the letters in the *Times,* Mr. Shorter, in a recent number of *The Sphere,* calls attention to one curious error made by Mr. Marion Spielmann in his translation. Mr. Spielmann gives the name of Shelley instead of Southey as one of Charlotte Brontë's correspondents. "The idea of Miss Brontë taking Shelley into her confidence," comments Mr. Shorter, "is humorous apart from the fact that Miss Brontë was only six years old when Shelley died."

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Helen Keller to a Suffragist

In connection with the widespread discussion of the activities of the militant suffragettes in England, the following excerpt from a letter written by Helen Keller to an English woman suffragist during the political campaign in England in 1911, is significant. The letter appears in Miss Keller's new book, *Out of the Dark.*

I do not believe that the present government has any intention of giving woman a part in national politics, or of doing justice to Ireland, or to the workmen of England. So long as the *franchise* is denied to a large number of those who serve and benefit the public, so long as those who vote are at the beck and call of party machines, the people are not free, and the day of women's freedom seems still to be in the far future. It makes no difference whether the Tories or the Liberals in Great Britain, the Democrats or the Republicans in the United States, or any party of the old model in any other country get the upper hand. To ask any such party for women's rights is like asking a czar for democracy.

Are not the dominant parties managed by the ruling classes, that is, the propertied classes, solely for the profit and privilege of the few? They use millions to help them into power. . . .

Women and Plays

There is one probable result of the great feminist movement to which we have as yet seen no allusion. That is that the playwright of the future will be building his plays about comparatively fewer men and comparatively more women. For example we have before us a cover advertisement of nine plays for acting purposes. They are not new plays, three of them are Shakespeare's, and none is later than the middle of the nineteenth century. In a word they belong to the time when women on the stage were confined to three types, the young girl, the mother, and the adventuress. Thus we have *As you Like It,* Comedy in Five Acts, Thirteen males, four females; *Camille,* Drama in Five Acts, Nine males, five females; *Ingomar,* Play in Five Acts, Thirteen males, three females; *Mary Stuart,* Tragedy in Five Acts, Thirteen males, four females; *The Merchant of Venice,* Comedy in Five Acts, Seventeen males, three females; *Richelieu,* Play in Five Acts, Fifteen males, two females; *The Rivals,* Comedy in Five Acts, Nine males, five females; *She Stoops to Conquer,* Comedy in Five Acts, Fifteen males, four females. *Twelfth Night,* Comedy in Five Acts, Ten males, three females." In all one hundred and fourteen males to thirty-three females.

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We have spoken of the playwright of the future. Perhaps it would be more exact to say that the tendency toward emphasising the increased importance of woman is already decidedly manifest. For example, as a contrast to the sex division in those old plays already enumerated, take a similar cover advertisement of nine plays by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero. *The Amazons,* Seven males, five females; *The Cabinet Minister,* Ten males, nine females; *Dandy Dick,* Seven males, four females; *The Gay Lord Quex,* Four males, ten females; *The Hobby Horse,* Ten males, five females; *Iris,* Seven males, seven females; *Lady Bountiful,* Eight males, seven females;

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Letty, Ten males, five females." In all seventy-two males and fifty-six females. Continuing through another list of nine Pinero plays consisting of *The Magistrate, The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith, The Profligate, The School Mistress, The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, Sweet Lavender, The Times, The Weaker Sex,* and *A Wife Without a Smile,* we find that they sum up in all seventy-two males and forty-nine females. Thus the average in the older plays was a cast of seventeen, of which thirteen were males and four females; and in the Pinero plays, a cast of fourteen, of which eight were men and six women.

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The Popular Voice

No matter what those in authority in England think of the laureateship, there is no doubt as to the opinion of the man in the street. A short time ago a popular penny newspaper of London asked for a vote of its subscribers as to their nominee for the office of poet laureate. The result was that Rudyard Kipling obtained twenty thousand votes and all the other poets of England put together did not receive as many. That indicates very clearly where Mr. Kipling stands in the eyes of the multitude. Nor is it merely the voice of the man in the street. For the military and naval services, for the vast number of men of action, Kipling is the only living poet—perhaps the only poet that they read.

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Really Discovering Kipling

Last month we commented upon Miss Jeannette L. Gilder's account of how S. S. McClure "discovered" Rudyard Kipling in the autumn of 1893, some time after the name of the Anglo-Indian had become a byword in every quarter of the civilised globe. Had the date been 1889 instead of 1893, the story would have presented a very different aspect. Here, we think, is the true account of how Rudyard Kipling's work first found its way to the attention of the American public. In the spring of 1889 Robert B. McClure, a younger brother of S. S. McClure, was sent to England in the interests of the McClure Syndicate. Some months later—either late in 1889 or early in 1890, Mr. McClure was calling on Edmund Gosse. "By the way," said Mr. Gosse, "I met a young man at Andrew Lang's Sunday afternoon tea whose work may be of interest to you. Lang seems to think very highly of him. He has recently arrived from India, his name is Rudyard Kipling, and a book by him was brought out in India a year or two ago."

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In the course of the day's work, Mr. McClure soon after sought out the new writer. He found him living in a structure known as the "Embankment Chambers" in Villiers Street, one of the side streets that lead from the Strand down to the Thames. Mr. McClure's first impression of his host was as a small, nervous man who was a great deal more like an American than an Englishman. The visitor began by introducing himself, saying that he had come at Edmund Gosse's suggestion, and then went on to explain the syndicate and its wants. Among other things Mr. McClure mentioned that they were conducting a Youth's Department under the editorship of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Possibly the Anglo-Indian writer might have something suitable for this department. "I have just the story for you," said Rudyard Kipling; "it is called *A Soldier and a Gentleman.* Now that will suit you down to the boot heels." He proceeded to outline the projected tale. It was a story of a boy in Sandhurst, the English military academy, which corresponds to our West Point, a boy who rises through his sense of responsibility and *noblesse oblige,* gets his commission and goes to India. The boy was of course the dominant character. So far that story has never been written, but the character made his appearance years later as the Stalky of *Stalky and Company.* Mr. McClure's next letter to New York contained much about the young man from India, and in due time

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stories by Rudyard Kipling came to the hands of American compositors. In view of the enormous prices which Kipling's later work has commanded here is an interesting note. Through a London agent the American serial rights of *The Light That Failed* were sold to *Lippincott's Magazine* for the sum of two hundred pounds. At the time that price seemed exorbitant, so much so that Mr. McClure thought it unwise to make a higher bid in order to secure it for the Syndicate.

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Prices of Yesterday

Ten pounds apiece is said to have been the price that Rudyard Kipling asked of American editors for some of the very finest of his stories at the time of his first visit to the United States. He found very few editors who were willing to pay him the ten pounds. Possibly that may explain a little bit of the intense bitterness of *American Notes*. Kipling's case is not the only one showing neglected opportunity. When Dr. Conan Doyle was a practicing physician at Southsea, and writing stories on the side, it is probable that a downright payment of fifty pounds would have secured all the American rights to his literary work for four or five years to come. *A Study in Scarlet* he sold outright for half that sum. The first six or eight stories that make up *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*—tales like "A Scandal in Bohemia," "The Red Headed League," "A Case of Identity," and "The Speckled Band" earned him approximately one hundred dollars apiece. They proved unusually successful, and the remaining narratives of that first collection were bought by the Harpers for an advance price, said to have been one hundred and sixty-five dollars apiece. At one time the American rights of the stories which made up *The Dolly Dialogues,* a book which, with *The Prisoner of Zenda,* established Anthony Hope's reputation, could have been bought for fifteen dollars apiece. Twenty-five dollars a story was the price paid for the tales that made up *The Amateur Cracksman,* the first book to introduce E. W. Hornung's Raffles to the reading public.

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And, speaking of prices, what bit of literary work past or present has been best paid? There are stories of this novelist or that commanding twenty cents, forty cents, a dollar a word. But there is one poem which needs no introduction to American readers. That is James Whitcomb Riley's "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." From the very best source we heard the estimate the other day that that bit of verse had yielded Mr. Riley more than five hundred dollars a word.

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Lost Opportunities

Probably every one who has ever been associated with the publication of books or magazines has at some time deplored the opportunities that have been lost by others that did not come his way. "If it had only been to my office that Rudyard Kipling had brought the unsold manuscript of "The Man Who Would be King." If I had only had first chance at Paul Leicester Ford's *Janice Meredith,* or Anthony Hope's *Prisoner of Zenda,* or Booth Tarkington's *Monsieur Beaucaire,* or General Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur,* or Archibald Clavering Gunter's *Mr. Barnes of New York!* Such opportunities were in the hands of others, who let them slip away. Why have they never come to me?" Of course the obvious answer is that there are just as many neglected opportunities to-day as there ever have been and that the author of the most successful novel of 1915 may, at present writing, literally be in the act of scowling at his seventh perfunctory rejection slip. Yet every day adds to the story of the early vicissitudes of books which have eventually made good. For example, there is the Baroness Orczy's *The Scarlet Pimpernel.* Now how any professional reader of even mediocre perception could have read that tale in manuscript and not seen its possibilities is beyond us. Yet the novel was offered to a full dozen of English publishers, who

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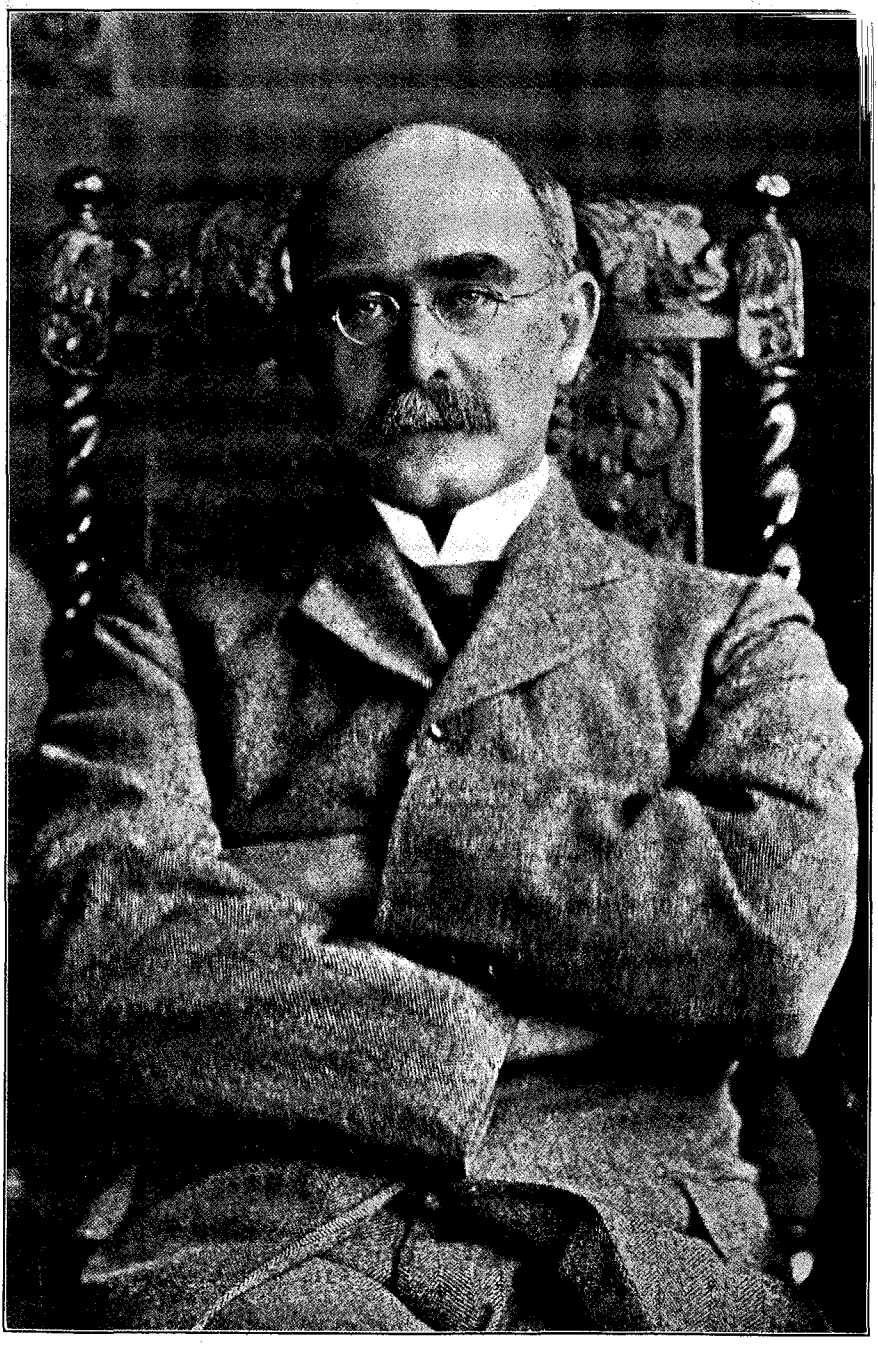

RUDYARD KIPLING. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH RECENTLY TAKEN FOR THE LONDON "SPHERE"

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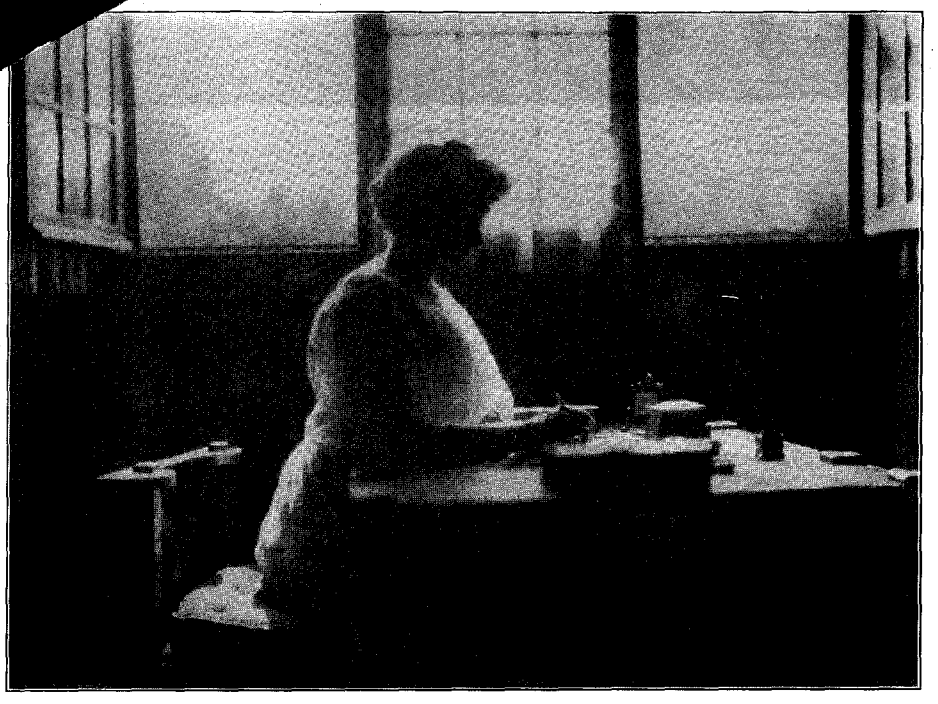

A LATE PORTRAIT OF KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

The one contemporary portrayer of child life upon whose shoulders, according to the author of the article on "The Human Comedy of American Life," appearing in this issue, the mantle of Miss Alcott has descended.

The Scarlet Pimpernel was written first as a play. As such it was accepted and tentatively produced in a small English city, where it achieved an instant success. Despite this success, it was laid aside for twelve months, until Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry were able to secure a suitable theatre for its production in London. Meanwhile the novel was written and was going the rounds. One or two of the publishers to whom it was offered mitigated the bald "declined with thanks" with the suggestion that if the play proved a success it might be submitted to them again. Finally the novel found mild favour with a house that made a specialty of theatrical publications, and the book was published on the day that the play was produced. But while the book so tardily accepted was received with a chorus of acclaim by critics and public, the play that met such immediate acceptance was decried by almost all the critics, though the public hailed it with unqualified enthusiasm. It was staged at the New Theatre on January 5, 1905; the house, crowded in every part, witnessed it with intent excitement and applauded it without stint. But, says the Baroness, "next morning came a rude awakening! With the exception of one or two papers (not more), the play received from the dramatic critics the soundest round of abuse that any play, to my knowledge, has ever had. It was 'melodramatic,' 'incoherent,' 'stagey,' 'the audience was made up of friends, who tried to cheer the actors and loudly condemned the authors.' One well-known critic wrote: 'Even for a firstling it is too unpromising to prompt such leniency as is encouragement—the author is deficient in invention and in craft alike'; another said he 'sat out the tedious play

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THE BARONESS ORCZY

through three weary hours, looking in vain for something to praise'; whilst one of the most widely read of the dailies was even more thorough in its condemnation: 'The pimpernel, as every countryman knows, is a little red flower that grows up and dies in one very short season. It would have been, therefore, impossible to select a more suitable title for the new romantic comedy produced last night at the New Theatre. We cannot help thinking that the Baroness Orczy and her husband would have been better advised had they allowed their own particular little pimpernel to blush and die unseen.' "

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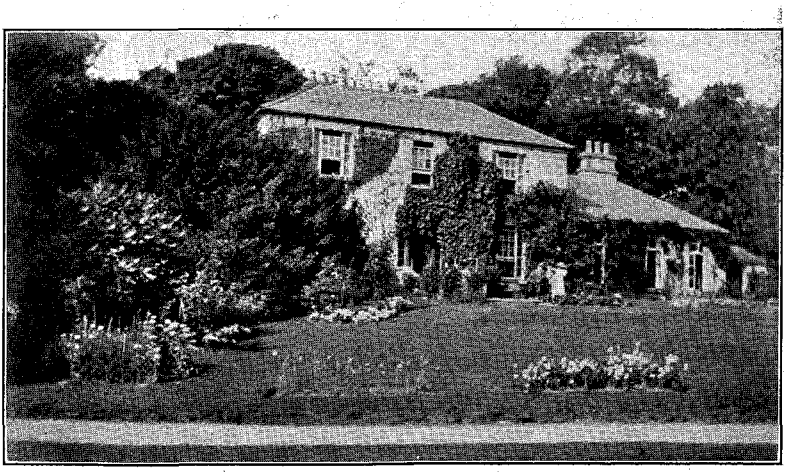
Chronicle and Comment

GEORGE BIRMINGHAM

Our Next Visitor

Our next literary visitor is G. A. Birmingham, author of *Spanish Gold, The Adventures of Dr. Whitty,* and various other books of Irish life that have recently been attracting some attention in this country, who is expected to arrive in New York late this month. He has prepared four lectures, "The Stage Irishman," "The Irishman in English Fiction," "The Literary Revival in Contemporary Ireland," and "The Economic Revival." Of course it is generally known that G. A. Birmingham is the pen name of J. O. Hannay, Rector at Westport, County Mayo, and Canon of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. Canon Hannay is unquestionably a dignified figure in contemporary letters, and is said to be an accomplished lecturer. It is not likely, however, that his visit will cause a furore, that there will be any repetition of the astonishing success achieved by the late Ian MacLaren on his first visit to this country, when the fame of *Beside the Bonny Brier Bush* was on every tongue. Speaking of distinguished visitors, it was striking, though perhaps not surprising, to see how comparatively little interest was manifested in the recent brief stay in the United States of Maitre Labori. Had the conspicuous legal defender of Captain Alfred Dreyfus come over here twelve or thirteen years ago the American newspapers would probably have devoted quite as much space to his visit as they did to that of Prince Henry of Prussia.



CANON HANNAY'S RECTORY AT WESTPORT, COUNTY MAYO, IRELAND

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The Prince Imperial

Not only in the literary circle of the late Edmund Clarence Stedman, as related by Miss Laura Stedman in papers which appeared in our April and May issues, was the "Confession" a favourite diversion in the seventies. It seems to have held sway in Europe as well as in this country, for M. Augustin Filon in *The Prince Imperial,* which has just come in an American edition from Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, ascribes the following "Confession" to the ill-fated son of the Third Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie in the summer of 1873.

What is your favourite virtue? Courage.
Your leading passion. Patriotism.
Your idea of happiness. To do good.
Your idea of unhappiness? To live in exile.
If you were not yourself, who would you like to be. Anybody!
Where would you like to live? In France.
Your favourite author in prose? Bossuet.
In verse? Corneille.
Your heroes in history? Napoleon, Cæsar.
Your heroine in history? Joan of Arc.

* * * * *

The object of your aversion in history? Judas.

AN IMPRESSION OF ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

A CARICATURE OF THIERS, DRAWN BY THE PRINCE IMPERIAL

Your present state of mind? Sad.
For what faults have you most indulgence? For those that spring from a kindly feeling.
Your motto? Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra.

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M. Filon was the Prince's tutor. He followed the Imperial family to England after the War of 1870 and directed the Prince's studies even during the term of service at the English military school at Woolwich. But of the tragic end he writes, of course, only what he heard from others. The death of the Prince Imperial was doubly pathetic for the reason that it was so unnecessary. Like La Tour d'Auvergne, he died splendidly on the field of honour. But it was not in a desperate charge or a last defence that his life was sacrificed. It was thrown way through sheer stupidity and carelessness on the part of the officer in charge of the escort which accompanied the Prince on the first of June, 1879. The spot chosen for the bivouac was manifestly unsafe, and no precaution was taken to guard against a surprise. At the attack of the Zulus, the commanding officer was the first to spring into his

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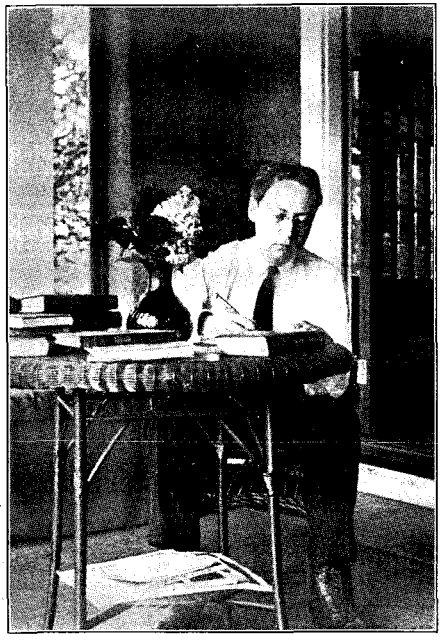
saddle and dash away to the safety of the camp. When the Prince attempted to mount the girth of his saddle broke and he fell to the ground. A private soldier cried out to Lieutenant Carey that the Prince was down. Carey did not hear, or would not stop; he signalled to the men to go on.

However, the Prince has risen to his feet. From the place where he was—this has since been proved—he saw the men in flight. His horse, thoroughly maddened, had climbed the other slope of the ravine, and he could hear the sound of his galloping hoofs leaving him.



CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

What had he left to defend himself? One of his revolvers, which he carried in his belt; the other was in his holsters. As for his sword—an historic sword that the Duc d'Elchingen had presented to him—it was no longer at his side; it must have slid from the scabbard when the Prince fell. All hope was lost; there was nothing left for him but to die like a soldier. He faced his enemies and walked toward them. He held his revolver in his left hand. Why in his left hand? Perhaps because his right arm, struck by his horse's hoofs, was useless. However, he still had strength to seize with this hand the assegai of one of the blacks who surrounded him. He fired three shots at his assailants, but they adroitly swerved, and no one was hit. Defending himself, he thrust his left foot into a hole; he slipped and the blacks took advantage of this to come close. An assegai pierced his left side with a mortal thrust. He went down, the Zulus rushed upon him and speared him again and again; all was over. The fight, according to their account, did not last more than a minute.

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C. H. Towne

Mr. Charles Hanson Towne, whose new volume of poems, *Beyond the Stars,* is announced for publication by Mitchell Kennerley, has a place, in one respect, in very limited and distinguished company. In the library of the late J. Pierpont Morgan there are but three manuscripts by living authors. One of them is a Thomas Hardy manuscript, another a Henry James manuscript, and the third is the manuscript of Mr. Towne's *Manhattan.* Mr. Morgan's librarian, Miss Belle da Costa Green, greatly admired Mr. Towne's poem and secured the original manuscript for the library. Mr. William Dean Howells wrote in terms of high praise of *Manhattan* in the "Editor's Easy Chair" in *Harper's Magazine.*

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The Elephant

It is not likely that any reader of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* has forgotten the huge wooden elephant which was the home of Gavroche, and which furnished shelter for the other two little Parisian street waifs whom he put up for the night. The structure was a freak of Napoleon's. It was over seventy feet high and was destined to tower aloft in the Place de la Bastille. The original idea was to have the figure finished in bronze, the bronze to come from cannon to be captured from Wellington in Spain. Water was to spout from the trunk, and there was to

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have been a howdah on the elephant's back reached by a winding staircase designed to lead through one of the ponderous legs. This elephantine fountain was to be decorated below with twenty-four bas reliefs representing the arts and sciences. The decree which ordained the construction of the thing was dated February 9, 1810, and the masonry of the foundations was at once constructed and placed into position. The accompanying old print, which is reproduced from a recent issue of the London *Sphere,* shows what the wooden model was like in its prime. The structure described in the pages of Victor Hugo was the elephant in a state of decay.

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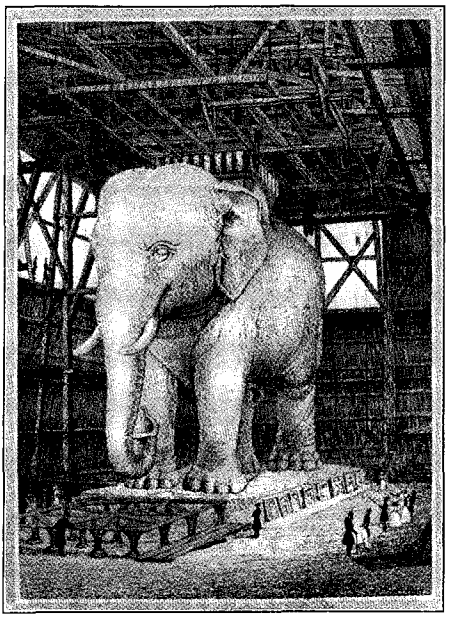
The Lure of the Vegetable

This is the story of a man who was lured from the British army by some vegetables in a window: Horace Annesley Vachell was educated at Harrow School, passing from there into the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. He became a lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade in 1883. In 1882, however, he visited America, and after a big game trip into the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming travelled on to the Pacific Slope, fishing and shooting. By the odd luck of things, some immense vegetables exposed as an advertisement in a shop window in San Francisco challenged his attention. They had been grown in San Luis Obispo County. Mr. Vachell bought a ticket for San Luis Obispo, the old Mission town, and paid it a visit. Within a few weeks he had bought a tract of land near Arroyo Grande. His first venture was to plant Early Rose potatoes upon ground for which he had paid five dollars an acre. The net profit from the sale of these potatoes averaged over one hundred dollars per acre. Mr. Vachell bought more land, and ultimately resigned his commission in the British army, when it came to him some twelve months later. His next purchase was a cattle ranch, which he still owns. His brothers joined him and several other Englishmen. They started polo in 1882, presumably the

MEREDITH NICHOLSON AT MACKINAC ISLAND



THE HOME OF GAVROCHE

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first polo played west of the Rocky Mountains. In 1895 Mr. Vachell returned to England, and since then he has resided in the New Forest. He began to write about the time of the dry years, in '93 and '94, when time hung upon his hands. His first novel, *The Romance of Judge Ketchum,* was published in England and America in 1895. Since then he has written more than twenty novels, and produced two successful plays, *Her Son* and *Jelf's*. His first big success was with the novel *Brothers,* which has run through five and twenty big editions. This was followed by *The Hill,* a story of Harrow School, which was equally popular. *The Hill* has run through twenty-one editions in England alone.

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL'S ENGLISH HOME

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S. S. McClure's Autobiography

We have every reason to look forward to the *Autobiography of S. S. McClure,* of which the first instalment is appearing in the October number of *McClure's Magazine,* with very unusual interest. We shall have substantial grounds for exasperation if it proves less interesting than it should be. The first instalment we have already read in advance proofs. It begins with the early life of Mr. McClure in Ireland and comes down to the time that the family emigrated to the United States and settled down in the middle west. To say that this first part is not at all astonishing is in no sense hostile criticism. We counted on nothing else. Chapter One is the straightforward narrative of early years. A fine flavour of literary anecdote was not to be expected. That should come with the story of the years of achievement.

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As a matter of fact no one has ever had a richer opportunity than Mr. McClure to write a volume of literary reminiscences. He has seen the passing of the old and the coming of the new. As the organiser of one of the earliest syndicates and of *McClure's Magazine* his acquaintance has included practically every well-known writer in this country and England in the past two decades.

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all refused to have anything to do with it. The anecdote, the sidelights on the men and women, are all at his disposal. He has trained others in the art of presenting material in the right way, and in doing so he should have learned the lesson himself. There was published some years age the recollections of an eminently dignified American diplomat. As our minister and ambassador to various European countries, he had spent years with the men who made history in the latter half of the nineteenth century. But when he came to set it down in his memoirs it was apparent that he felt it his first duty to tell what, on this occasion or that, *he* had said to the Kaiser, or the Czar, or Prince Bismarck. And to his mind it was not in the least necessary to record what the Prince, or the Czar, or the Kaiser happened to say in reply. Now we are very much interested in Mr. McClure as a personality, but we are even more interested in what new light he can throw for us on Rudyard Kipling, and Robert Louis Stevenson, and William Ernest Henley, and Harold Frederic, and two score more men and women of letters of Great Britain and America. There are a thousand and one anecdotes at his disposal—some of them more or less trivial perhaps, but interesting—and we want them all. To indicate, we should like to hear, for example, the office side of the story of the publication of *Monsieur Beaucaire,* how it came to *McClure's Magazine,* the work of an absolutely obscure writer, whose attention it first attracted, how quickly it was accepted, and how profound was the belief in its ultimate success. In a word we are looking to Mr. McClure to tell us stories not only of many men, but also of many stories.

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A Matter of Identity

There are two stories in Mr. Owen Johnson's recently published *Murder in Any Degree* which have an interest entirely apart from the merits of the tales themselves. These are the one from which the volume derives its title, and the second story, which is called "One Hundred in the Dark." Both narratives begin with a group of men sitting round the fireplace of a club in New York City and discussing the varied complexities of modern life. The club is no mystery to any one who has ever known the charm of the original, and there have been many shrewd guesses ventured as to the identity of the men whom Mr. Johnson depicts as sitting round its fireplace. Quinny, "gaunt as a friar of the Middle Ages," is generally accepted as a portrait of a highly talented American painter who incidentally happens to be an exceedingly brilliant and also exceedingly persistent talker. Of him the story is told that in a certain club of Boston some wag changed the sign "Exit in case of Fire" to "Exit in case of Quinny." No, the wag in question was not Mr. Oliver Herford. Then there is Steingal, with the black-rimmed eyeglasses, the military mustaches, and the closely cropped beard. In him may also be recognised a painter and illustrator of wide reputation, a genial companion, and a teller of admirable stories, among them the immortal one about Boo Hoo, Corporal Smith and the glorification of the British flag in the savage island realms of King Kanamahaha. Again there is De Gollyer with his epigrams, his incisive mode of speech, and his military click of the heels. De Gollyer is unquestionably the portrait of one of the cleverest and best writing of American art critics, a man who, curiously enough, has made a specialty of rather obscure European painters. In real life, just as in Mr. Johnson's story, this critic is given to explaining his strange invasion of a remote field by saying, "My dear boy, I never criticise American art. I have too many charming friends."

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Tale of a Green Hat

The subject of Mr. Johnson and the season of the year recall a tale of a green hat. It was just two years ago that Mr. Johnson's *Stover at Yale* was appearing serially and attracting wide attention. One

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of the early instalments of the story described very vividly a Yale-Princeton football game at New Haven. The *Princeton Alumni Weekly,* discussing the tale editorially, spoke of Mr. Johnson's generosity in making Princeton the winner by a score of 18-0. This comment provoked an aggrieved letter which involved the tale of the green hat. Three facts concerning the writer of the letter are obvious, that he was a personal friend of Mr. Johnson's, that he was a member of the Players Club of New York City, and that he was a Princeton man of the class of 1894. Beyond that we are able to learn nothing, and after all, his identity is a matter of no great moment. It is the tale that counts. Here is the letter, reprinted from the *Princeton Alumni Weekly* of December 6, 1911:

To the Editor of
The Alumni Weekly:

Last week you called attention to Princeton's 18 to 0 victory over Yale in November *McClure's,* supplementing the 6-3 victory at New Haven. It may be of some interest to readers of *The Weekly* to know of the genesis of that victory in Owen Johnson's *Stover at Yale.* The writer of this letter and Mr. Johnson have for years been close personal friends who wisely never have put friendship to the strain of attending a Yale-Princeton game together. Early in the football season of 1908 Mr. Johnson appeared in the writer's office one morning wearing a new green Tyrolese hat—a most appalling and dreadful affair. Natural and violent expressions of derision from the writer led to a bet, the terms of which were that if Princeton won the game that year the writer would have the privilege of cremating the hat, publicly and with appropriate ceremonies, in the Players Club of New York, while in the event of a Yale victory the writer should buy the twin to the monstrosity, and wear it until Princeton defeated Yale in some major sport. Not to dwell upon unpleasant details (even in this, the winter of our full content) the Monday after the game Mr. Johnson appeared to collect his "pound of flesh," and the writer, figuratively chained to the conqueror's chariot, was "peeraded," wearing the hat, through the Players, Mr. Johnson introducing monstrosity and man with what he apparently considered highly humorous remarks. It was a long time from that dull November day to the Commencement game the following June, and Mr. Johnson saw to it that the debt was paid to the full. However, some faint sentiments of pity lurked in the Eli breast, for last spring, when *Stover at Yale* was being planned, the writer, by pathetic allusions to the seven months of branded servitude, wrung from Mr. Johnson the promise that Princeton should win the game in the story. At that, there was never any real sense of security, for when there was a disagreement of any sort, Mr. Johnson got his own way by darkly threatening the "double cross," hinting that Yale might come back in the second half, and it was with somewhat the same emotions of relief (in a minor degree) with which he heard the final whistle on November 4th and November 18th, that the writer saw the last proof of the third instalment of *Stover at Yale* O.K.'d, and knew that the die had been irrevocably cast. Bitter as is the memory of the seven months of martyrdom, it is softened by another memory—that of Mr. Johnson the Monday morning after this year's game tearing his hair and bemoaning the fact that Time was up for him too, and that he could not change the score. In your comment you say "Mr. Johnson generously, etc." I protest. With mingled humility and arrogance, I protest. *He also served who merely wore that hat.* And if you had only seen the hat!

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French Comment

The French press, by the way, has been manifesting an interest in Mr. Johnson's work that is all the more unusual on account of the general indifference of French newspapers to anything that happens outside of France. A recent issue of *La Liberté,* of Paris, contains a long account of the American writer and his work from the pen of François de Tessan, who is translating Mr. Johnson's latest story, *The Salamander,* for French serial publication. The same story moved Ur-

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bain Gohier, in *Le Journal,* to a discussion of the American woman, in which he prophesies that "salamander" will be the usual term of to-morrow for a certain type. He writes, in part:

The American woman, even in the States where she has not the ballot, can follow all the professions, hold all public offices. Married, she is the queen of the household, as a young girl she enjoys liberties and privileges that astonish us. . . . Like Salamanders, they have the faculty of touching the flame without being scorched by it. The Salamanders! It is the title of a novel that is consecrated to them. To-morrow it will be the name of these innumerable young girls who leave the paternal farm to make a place for themselves in the big cities, claiming the same right to see the world and to judge it, to undergo experiences and to choose their own lives that their brothers have.

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A Scribe of Yesterday

On the eighth of September, in Baltimore, Eugene Lemoine Didier died at the age of seventy-six. He was best known on account of his *Life of Poe,* which, published in 1876, ran through nineteen editions. Ten years ago this month Mr. Didier wrote for THE BOOKMAN an article entitled "The Confessions of a Literary Quill Driver." It was a curiously interesting document, illustrating vividly the life of a scribe of yesterday, and the conditions which prevailed in the American literary market in the sixties and seventies of the last century. Despite a letter of kindly warning from Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mr. Didier, at an early age, embarked upon a literary career. His first field was the *Home Journal,* to which he contributed numerous sketches, receiving praise from N. P. Willis, and from Mr. Phillips, the editor and business manager. When, however, he ventured to suggest that a slight compensation would be acceptable, he was informed that it was such a distinction to write for the *Home Journal* that more gratuitous contributions were offered than could be printed, and that "Mr. Willis has often remarked that we might sell it for a high price." Then Mr. Didier found an opening in a Philadelphia magazine which wanted historical and critical essays, for which it paid one dollar a printed page. At the end of six months of the hardest work of his life he had earned from this source eighty dollars.

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For a time Mr. Didier worked as a shorthand reporter on the New York *World,* then under the editorship of Manton Marvel. But he was ambitious to be himself an editor, and he returned to his home in Baltimore and started *Southern Society.* To quote Mr. Didier,

STENDHAL IN ITALY. FROM A DRAWING BY ALFRED DE MUSSET

"the entire literary talent of the South was engaged and *Southern Society* was pronounced the best and most beautiful weekly journal in the country.

William Gilmore Simms was paid $50 a week; Paul H. Hayne received $25 for three small poems; John R. Thompson asked and received the same amount for "Music in Camp," a beautiful poem, which was copied by many newspapers, and became a part of the war literature of the South. Father Ryan contributed "In Memoriam," a pathetic dirge in memory of his young brother who was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg. John Esten Cooke was paid $500 for a serial story, *Hilt to Hilt.* Fanny Downing received $25 for a short story; and thus the money

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went. But subscriptions did not come in very freely, and, in six months all my money was gone, and the paper was losing $100 a week. I thought it time to discontinue "the best and most beautiful weekly in the country," and I did.

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It was while he was secretary for Chief Justice Chase of the Supreme Court that Mr. Didier wrote for *Scribner's* "The Baltimore Bonapartes." Four years later, "Madame Bonaparte's Letters from Europe" also appeared in *Scribner's*. The story of this latter literary "find" is interesting. When the old Patterson mansion on South Street, in Baltimore, was pulled down, the vast collection of family letters, which had been accumulating for seventy-five years, was sold to a junk dealer. A curio fancier, in raking among the rubbish, chanced upon a bundle of letters endorsed "From Betsy." He found they were letters written by Elizabeth Patterson to her father, William Patterson, from Europe, from 1805 to 1835. He saw their value, and took them to a lawyer, a friend of Mr. Didier, who was told of the "find," and read the letters. Mr. Didier communicated with the editor of *Scribner's*, who, remembering the sensation created by the article on "The Baltimore Bonapartes," ordered a series of three papers, of which the letters were to be the basis. In the meantime, Madame Bonaparte died in Baltimore, aged ninety-five, and Mr. Didier went to work on her *Life* for immediate publication. The *Life* was written in five weeks, went through four editions in a month; an English edition soon passed to a third edition; and, later, a French edition was published in Paris. The author was naturally delighted by this success, and expected to realise from all these editions, at home and abroad, a small fortune from the book. To his surprise and disappointment he received his first payment a cheque for $171.75, followed at long intervals during five years by various small cheques, amounting altogether to $265.60, including the American and English editions. From the French edition he received nothing; the translator, who was a Greek, neglecting to make the agreed payment.

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Then for more than ten years Mr. Didier collected everything accessible on the subject of Edgar Allan Poe, interviewing surviving relatives and friends, ransacking libraries, filling notebooks and scrapbooks, talking Poe in and out of season. The result of this labour was the *Life,* and a vast number of subsequent Poe articles. As a kind of summing up to his "Confessions" Mr. Didier gave the following extraordinary and naïve record of his more important earnings from his pen. No article is mentioned for which the compensation was not, at least, $25. Hundreds of articles, for which some ranging from $5 up were received, helped to swell the aggregate amount to something less, in round numbers, than $10,000. "This," commented Mr. Didier, "for a man the time of whose actual literary work does not represent ten years."

"The Baltimore Bonapartes," *Scribner's Monthly*	$ 80.00
"The Calvert Family," *Lippincott's Magazine*	31.00
"The City of the Sultan," *The Chautauquan*	30.00
"Poe, Real and Reputed," *Godey's Magazine*	25.00
"American Biography," *Appleton's Cyclopedia of Amer. Biog.*	85.00
"American Biography," *Amer. Supt. Encyclopedia Britannica*	140.00
"Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," *International Review*	70.00
"Some Richmond Portraits," *Harper's Magazine*	150.00
"The Social Athens of America," *Harper's Magazine*	125.00
"The American Graces," *Harper's Magazine*	60.00
"European Correspondence," *Literary World, etc.*	200.00
"The American Bonaparte," *International Review*	60.00
"Madame Bonaparte's Letters from Europe," *Scribner's Magazine*	150.00

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Recent Biography. *North American Review* 40.00
Articles About Europe, etc., New York *Mail and Express*..... 115.00
"Court of Appeals of Maryland," the *Green Bag* 100.00
"The Literary Salons of London," *The Chautauquan* 100.00
"Jefferson Davis Speaks," New York *Sun* 150.00
Letters to the Washington *Capital*.. 190.00
"Unveiling of the Lee Statue," Philadelphia *Press,* Memphis *Appeal,* etc. 35.00
"Third Plenary Council of Baltimore," New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago *Times*..... 66.00
"The Cabinet, the Senate, the House, and Supreme Court," *Chautauquan.* 120.00
"Poe's Female Friends," *The Chautauquan* 30.00
"Colonial Dames," *Vogue*..... 40.00
"Baltimore Beauty—Past and Present," *Vogue* 40.00
"Loves of Edgar A. Poe," *Godey's Magazine* 25.00
"Baltimore and Baltimoreans, Past and Present," Baltimore *News*.... 200.00
"In the Footsteps of Lord Byron," *Munsey's Magazine* 35.00
"Groups of Eminent Women, French, English, and American," *Chautauquan* 75.00
"The Carrolls of Carrollton," *Munsey's Magazine* 50.00
"Reminiscences of Chief Justice Chase," *Youth's Companion*..... 35.00
"Personal Recollections of Poe, by Witnesses of His Life," *Saturday Evening Post* 50.00
"Semi-Centennial of Poe's Death," Baltimore *American,* Philadelphia *Times,* etc. 35.00
"Centennial of the Death of Washington," Saint Louis *Globe-Democrat,* Washington *Post,* etc..... 42.00
"The American Bonapartes," *The Cosmopolitan* 70.00
"The Vacant Room," Baltimore *Home Journal* 25.00

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The "Rymbel"

The *Century Magazine* has lately been experimenting with a new form of light verse which it calls the "rymbel," and which we believe to be the invention of Mr. Francis W. Crowninshield. Mr. Crowninshield has gathered together such hardened writers of verse as Miss Carolyn Wells, Gelett Burgess, Oliver Herford, and Charles Hanson Towne and started them "rymbelling." The idea of the "rymbel," as we understand it, is that the last word of every verse be the first word of the following verse, but that the meaning be entirely different. At any rate Mr. Crowninshield has explained the game very clearly in the *Century.* Now as a matter of fact we can trace the "rymbel" back to many progenitors. For example, many years ago, on the occasion of the death of Mrs. O'Leary, who was milking the cow that kicked over the lamp that set fire to Chicago, Mr. W. J. Lampton wrote for the New York *Sun* something like the following, which is quoted entirely from memory.

Dead is Mrs. O'Leary: dead in Chicago now,
Finished her earthy labours; gone to join her *cow.*

Cow that is ever famous; more than heart could desire,
Famous because she started the great Chicago *fire.*

Fire that swept the city, city of brick and frame
Went up in a blaze of glory, that brought undying *fame.*

Fame for being a bigger fire than ever blazed
In any other city and left the world *amazed.*

Amazed that from her ashes Chicago could arise
And grow with magic swiftness to such enormous *size.*

Size that is simply wondrous, distending everywhere
With the wind which is, de facto, coagulated *air.*

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Air that is filled with thickness, that makes her sun as red
As the blood in her slaughter houses, where the wine of her life is *shed.*

Shed that her wealth and glory might decorate the brow
Of the one and only city kicked to fame by a *cow.*

Cow of Mrs. O'Leary, a lamp, a kick, and a shed,
A wonderful combination numbered now with the *dead.*

Dead is Mrs. O'Leary, gone to the bye and bye.
Go build her a tomb of granite—a hundred stories high.

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More Lines to T. N. P.

Few among diplomats have been more honoured metrically than Thomas Nelson Page. In our August issue we printed the verses by Mr. Robert Bridges that were read at the dinner given at the Lotus Club of New York, in Mr. Page's honour just before he left the United States to take up his duties as our Ambassador to Italy. That was not the only farewell dinner and those were not the only verses. Here, for example, are the lines "To Marse Tom and Meh Lady," written by Mr. John Kendrick Bangs and read by him on a similar occasion:

My knowledge of Italian phrase is miserably scanty,
Confined to macaroni, and sphagetti, and chianti,
With here and there a vagrom line from good old Brother Dante.

I know of course its meaning when I hear of "Charivari"—
I learned that much of Roman when I visited in Paree—
I realise my duty when forbidden to "fumare."

I hum *Cavalleria* with its measures rich and rosy;
I whistle *Pagliacci,* and peruse *Promessi Sposi;*
I've pondered liquid "poems" by the Brothers of Certozy.

And yet I cannot master quite the language of the ages,
Spoke fluently by Poets, Popes, and sundry other sages,
Or put in terms Petrarchal how I feel about the PAGES.

So with your kind permission I'll incorporate my "frenzy"
In lingo more like Roosevelt's than that of poor Rienzi,
And offer our Ambassadors the following cadenzy:

Now here's to Marse Tom, who is going away
To visit the Land of the Cæsars, they say,
To ease off the kinks that may rise to annoy
Betwixt Uncle Sam and the Sons of Savoy!
And here's to Meh Ledy, who's going likewise
To lend a new glow to old Italy's skies—
She'll prove, I am sure, at the Court, as at home,
The fairest PAGE yet in the ANNALS of ROME!

How fruitless attempts to involve us in war
With HIM to AMBASS, and with HER to ADOR!

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Tiger

We believe that the white slave traffic as a theme for fiction and for the stage is going to have an exceedingly ephemeral vogue. We are not sure that the present exploitation of the subject will not work more harm than good. However that may be, there is no question that novelists and playwrights are finding it an unusually rich field at the present time. First there was Miss Robins's story of last winter, and then the play, *Any Night,* which was presented at the Princess Theatre in New York under the direction of Mr. Holbrook Glynn. The beginning of the present theatrical season has already produced two plays in the same vein, *The Lure* and *The Fight.* Finally, in book form, appears Mr. Witter Bynner's little play, *Tiger.* While,

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on account of its subject, we are not willing to endorse *Tiger,* it would be unfair, since we mention it at all, not to say that it is a bit of work exceedingly well done.

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The Pension Vauquer

In the Literary Baedeker for the July issue there was a footnote to the effect that number 24 Rue Tournefort, the Pension Vauquer of Balzac's *Père Goriot,* had recently been torn down. Here is a letter to the writer of the series from Mr. Burton Egbert Stevenson which pleasantly contradicts that statement. The letter bears the date of August 17, 1913.

I have news that will bring joy to your heart—the Pension Vauquer is *not* torn down, nor is there any indication that it is going to be. I was there this morning—five blocks down from the Pantheon and then to the right—number 24 Rue Tournefort—shabby, disreputable, and romantic. The great gate into the courtyard is open; one can enter; the concierge comes to her window and looks at you inquiringly, then smiles sympathetically when you tell her why you have come, and motions you inside. There it is—with its shabby house on the street side and on the left, with the ragged garden in the right-hand corner behind its iron railing; the old well, no longer used; and glimpses into the interior through the open windows—indeed the "show place among all the shrines of great fiction."

One thing has changed here in Paris. One can no longer, alas! mount to the imperiale of the Madeleine-Bastille bus. The busses on that line and on most of the others inside the town are now one-storied affairs, where one must sit inside.

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN'S LIBRARY

BY ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

Librarian of the St. Louis Public Library

I—Books as Room-mates

The selection of anybody or anything that one is to live with—animate or inanimate—is always an event of moment. But the precise importance of the act, and the way in which it must be done, are closely conditioned by the degree of intimacy of that life and by its relationships. One does not select a cook and a wife in the same way or for the same reasons. A suit of clothes and a picture are not chosen for the same qualities. And a book—which is a curious compound of the animate and the inanimate—the recorded soul of a human being clothed in paper and ink—may be selected for reasons that affect only its inanimate part or its soul as well. If it is to serve only as a decoration ("books do furnish a room so!" as we frequently hear it said) the soul may be disregarded; even the paper-and-ink parts of the clothing may be absent. Why should we laugh at the newly rich who lines his "library" with dummies? He knows what he wants, and governs his selection accordingly. The man who buys books because it is the thing to have them, or because he thinks he will some day read them, or because he chooses to be considered "the owner of a library," will want the paper and ink part as well as the binding; but just what it may contain is of secondary importance. The "collector," who wants the books for their fine bindings or the rarity of the edition or the eminence of their former owners, will consider these points, and these only, in making his choice. He is not forming a library at all in the proper sense, and it is only chance that has made the objects of his solicitude books rather than postage-stamps, or pottery, or old

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guns. His zeal is commendable enough, but it does not bring him within our present purview.

We shall consider only the man who wants his books as room-mates—so near to him that from his accustomed seat he can reach out a hand and select almost any one of them. For such close relationship love is the only tolerable condition. The test to be applied here for ownership is the test of personal liking—that, and only that. This means a small collection, except under conditions that we shall consider later. I am inclined to think of a private library as Poe thought of a poem—that a large one is a contradiction in terms. And even the small library is too often a misfit—no indication of its owner's abilities, or tastes, or aspirations. The trouble is that human nature, as in the days of old, still seeks for "a sign." We are readier to do something pointed out by others than to strike out in ways of our own. And yet every advance in civilisation is begun with some unaccustomed act, scandalising or surprising or amusing our less progressive neighbours.

Particularly do we seem to lack originality in the choice of reading. We demand lists of books that some one else thinks we ought to read or might enjoy, while the great ocean of literature lies all around us to be tested, and cherished or cast aside, as we will.

In taking our physical nutriment we are not so dependent on others' tastes. The invalid, indeed, may obediently eat what his physician commands, and here and there we see a spineless soul who consumes breakfast food or condiment simply because he has seen it advertised over the trolley-car windows or in the pages of his daily paper; but we largely eat what we like. At any rate, no sane person goes about asking for lists of foodstuffs or demanding guidance in a course of eating. There is no reason why we should not be at least as independent in our choice of mental nutriment as of physical food. It is proper, we may suppose, to assume that the man who desires to own books has at least read a few, and that among these are one or two that he really likes, probably novels. Selecting one of these, let him re-read it, not critically, but for the mere joy of it. Having done so, let him ask himself, "Why do I like this book?" For the mere story? for the character-drawing? for the description of localities or customs? If the description of locality particularly pleased him, he will probably like another book about the same place, or a neighbouring place, or another place with similar characteristics. After turning over the leaves of a dozen such books, whether fiction or non-fiction, it will be strange if he does not meet with some paragraph, some chapter-heading, or even some picture that kindles a desire to test the book further. The reading of it may not reveal a book to be owned and re-read; but at least it may lead, by some hint, some allusion, the jogging of some forgotten memory, to another book, or another kind of book, to be read and tested. After a little of this, the reader will find that, instead of wondering what he ought to read, he will have before him hundreds of books that he wants to read and has no time to read. Instead of asking some one for a list that means nothing to him but a present task with possible disenchantment, he will have a list of his own, each one chosen for a purpose and each certainly productive of the joy of testing as well as bearing the possibility of intimate love and ownership.

Having reached this stage, it may be proper for him to ask advice, for in decrying the blind following of a leader at the outset, I do not mean to exclude the book-buyer from all contact with other human minds. It is one thing to ask, "What shall I read?" and another to say, "I am looking up books on Peru; can you recommend one that you have read?" Only it should be remembered that asking and taking advice are two different things. We may laugh at the man who advises with all his friends and then goes his own way after all; but this may have been the very wisest course. To disregard advice wrong-

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headedly is foolish; to do so because amid all the possible ways pointed out to you, you recognise your own as best, and take it, is the height of wisdom. And in this matter of book-selection one is not confined to a single path. He may have his own way and take the advice of all his friends besides. He may test his own book on Peru and all those that his friends have named to him. He may like none well enough to buy it, or he may love and purchase all—though this is scarcely likely. But if he buys not from love but from mere reliance on advice, then he is false to the principles that I am trying my best now to inculcate.

II

It will be noted that in the method of book-selection here recommended—the following out of threads of personal interest—it is absolutely necessary to have access to a large collection of books to be tested. Fortunately, in the modern public library we have an institution, developed in its present form within the past quarter-century, that fulfils this condition, especially since its adoption of the free-access system by which at least part of its books may be seen and handled with absolute freedom by users. The universal employment of classified arrangement on the shelves enables the user to go without delay to a collection of works on Arctic exploration, or wireless telegraphy, or the German drama, or whatever may be the special subject in which he wishes to subject books to his test. And the prevalence of the circulating feature—the facility with which books may be borrowed for home use, makes the careful reading of the final test possible under the most favourable conditions. All this would have been impossible fifty years ago. That the trend of the public library, an institution thought by some to make the private ownership of books unnecessary, should have thus been toward conditions that favour the most intelligent and rational selection of books for one's own library is certainly interesting, if not surprising.

The public library may thus perform important functions in the selection of books for private ownership, serving as a great storehouse for reference and for testing one's likes and dislikes. If one can afford it, of course, he may own books for these purposes also, as well as the small, intimate, personal collection that I have chosen to call his library *par excellence*. There must, of course, be some place where the book is seen and handled for the first time. The beginner can not tell much from catalogues. This place of first intention may be the public library, or the house of a friend, or a good bookstore. A bookstore can never fulfil the complete functions of a testing laboratory, but to one who desires to own the books that he is testing, as well as those that have passed the test, it is superior in most respects to a public library for the preliminary handling. The ease with which books may be inspected in our best bookstores often puts our public libraries to shame. And not only so, but the bookstore, being a commercial enterprise, naturally carries duplicates in far greater numbers than the library. Where the latter can afford a dozen copies of a popular work, the store has hundreds, and a goodly number of them are piled together on its show counters. There is no danger that the book will be "out," or even that it will be in the hands of another curious experimenter. All frequenters are possible customers, and if you are such not only *in posse* but *in esse,* every door will fly open to you.

The real book-enthusiast, of course, will make his tests wherever he finds his material—at library and store, at railway stall and in private collection. The advertisements in the trolley cars and the reviews in the papers and magazines are all so much scent on the trails that he seeks.

The mass of technical literature—the books and magazines about books—the lists, and the lists of lists, and the lists of lists of lists—is confusion worse confounded to the tyro, and it is increasing daily in bulk and complexity. For the

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man who is beginning to purchase books as room-mates it is better to disregard it all. Later, when he has his bearings, he may profitably use it as "scent"—to use the metaphor employed above. He will never purchase from it directly for his inner circle, but it may guide him to books, especially new ones, that he may want to test. The confirmed book-buyer will spend precious hours running over reviews and lists and auction catalogues with this in view.

It has been suggested above that the branching tree of interest, which alone can bear fruit of good reading, may have its root in the reading of a book. It may, of course, take its origin equally well in anything that may stimulate interest. Most men of active minds have these foci of interest entirely apart from books, but it is remarkable how many of them, even those with scholarly and bookish tastes, have failed to realise that these interests may be led, enlarged and expanded by reading. The reason for this is not far to seek. Not so very long ago the subjects of books were predominantly "scholarly"—they were literary, philosophical, speculative. They did not touch daily life or its practical needs in more than one point out of every hundred. The result is that while the traditionally bred man looks to books for information on history, poetry, philosophy or astronomy, he would never think of going to them for data on carpentry or plumbing, for directions regarding factory cost-keeping or the sailing of small boats, for instruction in potato-culture or the dressing of windows for advertising purposes. Even those who know vaguely that there are books on all these subjects, and on a thousand others quite as practical, are astonished when they first discover the volume of literature that is available regarding them. The content of our current literature has in fact become enormously enlarged on the side that brings it nearer to life—the life of action, in distinction to the life of speculation or of emotion, which has always been well represented in literature.

The man whose interest is already strong in some subject, such as boat-building, may send for a catalogue of works on the subject, which will give him all he wants to do for years in looking over books, picking out those for testing, reading them and selecting what he wants for intimate companionship. It is only within the last few years that the public library has discovered this huge, growing annex to literature. It has, indeed, been so tardy in its recognition, that hundreds of special libraries have sprung up, gathered by individuals, firms, associations and companies that are specially interested. We thus have club libraries on yachting or fishing, insurance libraries owned by the great companies, libraries on chemical technology, electric engineering or pottery, collected by industrial organisations. The Bell Telephone Company alone has collected and uses constantly no less than five of these industrial libraries on as many subjects connected with the operation of its lines. Many of these libraries, of course, are necessary independently of the existence of great public collections, but many others owe their existence solely to the unaccountable neglect of this great field by the organisations whose particular business it is to get close to the public needs.

Where the book-expert himself has thus erred it is not remarkable that the layman in most cases remains ignorant. Trained to consider a library as a collection of books on literature, history and the pure sciences, it is not remarkable that the content of these special libraries has in most cases remained to him a closed book.

Nor must another influence in this direction, far removed from the scholarly, be overlooked. The so-called "practical man," accustomed to look on all "book-learning" as impractical and idealistic, can not quite accustom himself to this invasion of his field by the forces of print and paper. To him a book on plumbing is as ridiculous as one on the Fourth Dimension. Doubtless he has some reason, for at one time exact knowledge of

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plumbing and of English composition did not reside in the same person, and the latter was often favoured at the expense of the former. This is now rarely the case, but to the "practical" man the fact that information is put down in print still militates against its accuracy.

Readers of this magazine may possibly remember a series of comic pictures, running through the daily papers, whose hero was "Book-Taught Bilkins." Bilkins relied on the information to be obtained from books, and made himself ridiculous, in one instance after another, until he had fatigued the public taste. The significant thing was the reliance of the artist, apparently well founded, on the public recognition, as an elementary fact, of the inherent absurdity of getting anything "practical" out of a book. Thus the uneducated, as well as the educated, classes hold the opinion that books are for the "scholarly" and the "literary" alone.

The book-buyer, of course, may go too far in his reaction against this feeling. If he is a man with a hobby he may become seriously one-sided by following too literally the method of book-selection along lines of personal interest. He may find himself, for instance, collecting a whole library on bee-culture, or aviation, or gardening, or pedagogy. Not that this in itself is to be condemned. He may do it; but he should not leave other things undone. He should search himself, even as if he were apparently devoid of all interests, for those germs of interest that he must possess in other directions. The enthusiastic gardener will be a better man if his library has in it well-thumbed volumes of history, economics or travel; the mechanic will not be harmed by a love of the poets and the essayists; the man who is crazy about numismatics will advantage himself by the perusal of novels. Only—and this cannot be repeated too often—the reading and the owning of all these books must proceed from interest and not from a sense of duty. One's intimate library will reflect his own personality. If he is an "all-round" man, it will be an "all-round" library; if he is a faddist, it will be a faddish library; if his tastes are inferior, it will be an inferior library. If the inferior man fills his room with superior books and thinks that he is "improving" himself by that act alone, he is committing a crime against himself. Desire for inprovement is commendable, but improvement should—and it always can—proceed in the paths of interest.

III

The requirement that the books in a real, permanent library—the books that are one's room-mates—should be intimate friends, bars out, almost without exception, the "complete works" of any author whatever. When I see on a friend's shelves, nicely bound "sets" of Dickens, Thackeray, Scott and George Eliot, I grieve—not so much because I doubt his taste as because he should have so erred in judgment as to think that his proper and commendable love for the immortal works of these authors should necessitate his taking to his bosom also the balderdash, the "pot-boilers," the failures, among their writings. It is as if, when you invite a dear friend, you should at the same time ask all the rest of the village, including fools, criminals and idiots. Every man and every book should be loved on his own merits.

Once in a while, to be sure, we find a reader whose enthusiasm for an author is so great as to glorify all his inferior works. If such a man really loves every bit that Stevenson, or Pater, or Lamb ever wrote, I have nothing to say against his set of "works"; but such cases are surely unusual.

And if the "complete works" must be banished, what shall we say of the fortuitous "set"—the books forced together, good and bad, put into uniform, and placed on the market in the hope—too often warranted—that the good will sell the bad? Shall we buy the *Great African Humorists,* the *Patagonian Statesmen,* the *Hawaiian Scientists?* I have indeed written in vain if it is necessary to waste space at this point in answering such a question. These "sets," absurdly high-priced, in innumerable vol-

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umes, are rarely to be acquired through the ordinary channels of trade; they are sold by agents, through personal solicitation, and often on the instalment plan, and they have been largely the means of throwing an honourable profession into disrepute. Certain works are necessarily and properly sold by subscription; and it is a pity that it has become necessary—as it has—to warn the inexperienced purchaser that he must buy of agents only after careful consideration and the advice of those who know. In any town where there is a public library the telephone will bring such advice willingly from the librarian.

I shall be told, I am sure, that all this is very vague, especially as compared with the delightful directness and definiteness of the adviser who hands you a list of books. This is true. Original work is always more vague and unsatisfactory to a certain type of mind than imitation. The joy of copying can never equal the joy of creation; but it is attained at the expense of far less energy. The trouble is that no one can tell his neighbour exactly how to be original.

It may be of interest, in closing these words of advice to prospective book-owners, to say a word about the decline of private ownership of books, which some critics say is upon us. In particular, we occasionally hear the complaint that the public library, by its free lending of books, is discouraging the book-owning habit. This complaint does not come from the publisher and bookseller so often as it did once; for these, apparently, are gradually accepting the librarian's point of view, which is that the public library, by fostering the reading habit on a large scale—a vastly larger scale than that on which it can offer the public loan of books—has been also encouraging a commercial demand for literature. And this is doubtless the broader point of view. The existence of cheap restaurants does not lessen the number of housekeepers; nor does the free school interfere with schools and colleges that give education for a fee. In fact, the number of such institutions has multiplied since the free school came into being. Create a demand by creating or stimulating an interest, and you have created a market.

As I have just said, this broader view is coming to be accepted by the book trade. But there is an occasional scholar, one of those who are, at bottom, doubtful of the expediency of educating the masses, who utters a belief that private book-buying is becoming a thing of the past, owing to the activity of the public library. For instance, a writer in *The Providence Journal* recently expressed himself thus: "We are simply doing our best to pauperise readers. They know that they do not need to buy books; a benevolent fate will provide them gratis; and so they go without."

The question is, *do* they go without? The yearly reports of the publishing houses do not support such an idea. The very writers who bewail the influence of the Library also lament the flood of literature, overwhelming in its mass, however light and frothy in its quality, that issues yearly from the presses. Booksellers will tell you that comparatively little of this goes to libraries. Librarians have for years been striving vainly to persuade the book trade that the bulk of their purchases entitles them to special consideration in the way of discounts. We are assured in return that we are wrong—that the amount of our purchases, compared with those that go into private hands, is inconsiderable. There is still, therefore, a vast amount of private ownership of books.

To encourage this ownership, to increase its amount and to enhance its quality, should be the aim of every one who is interested in popular education, and this can best be done, not by advising purchasers to buy books about which they care nothing, but by pointing out to them the way to realise their own personal interests, to extend and expand them by book-reading and book-ownership, and so finally to gather a collection of books that will be the expression of personality instead of merely the embodiment of somebody's catalogue.

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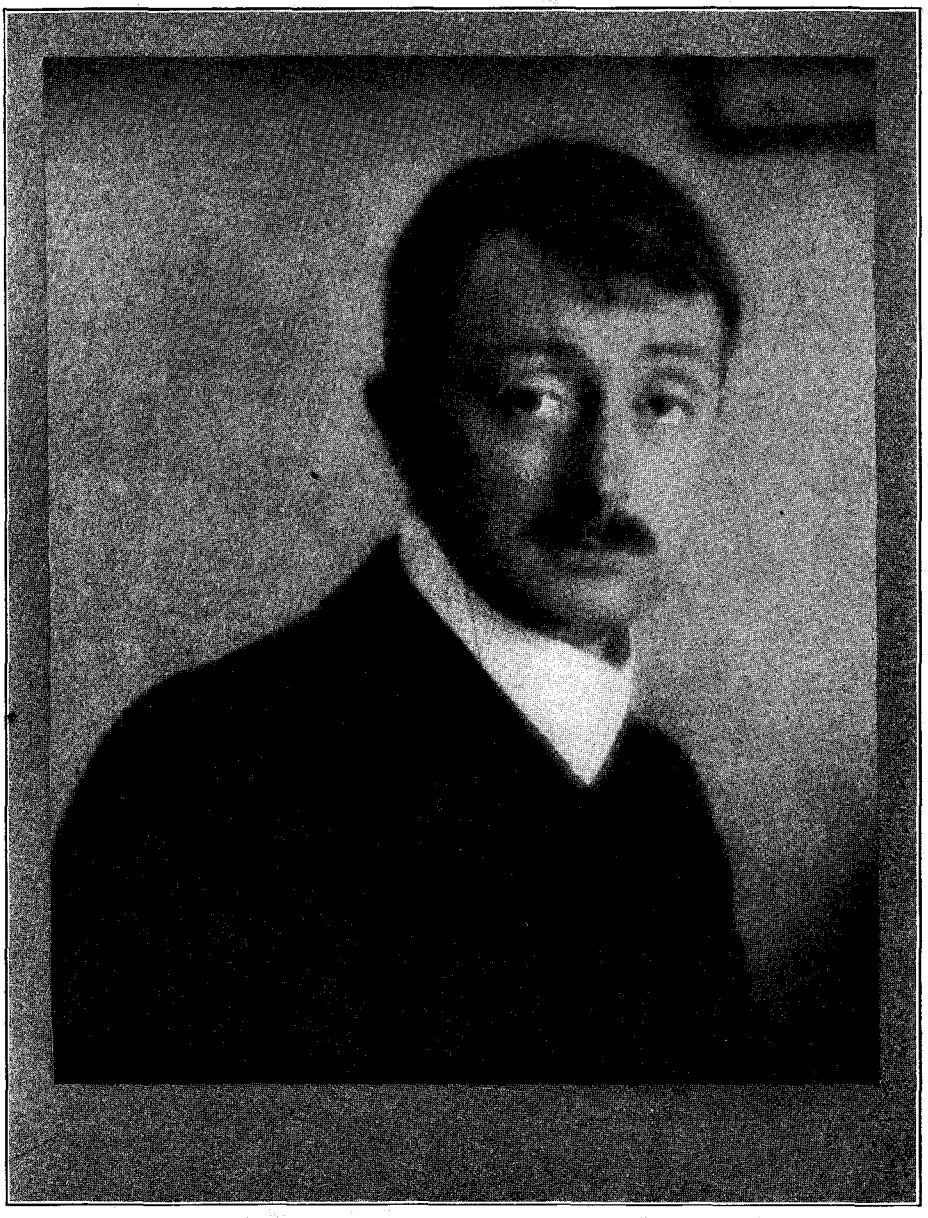
LITERARY PORTRAITS BY A. L. COBURN



Courtesy of Mitchell Kennerley

JOHN MASEFIELD

These portraits are from "Men of Mark," by Alvan Langdon Coburn
Published by Mitchell Kennerley

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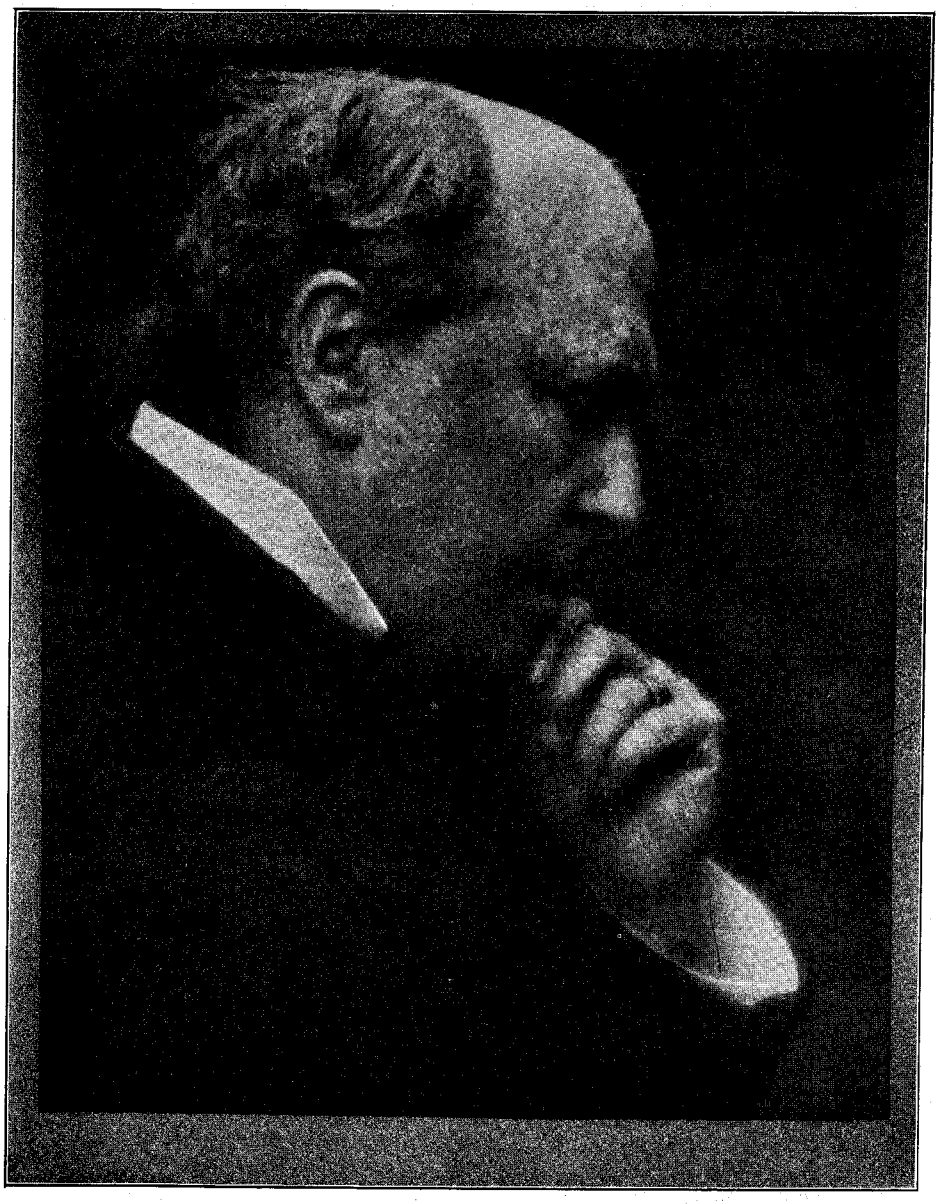

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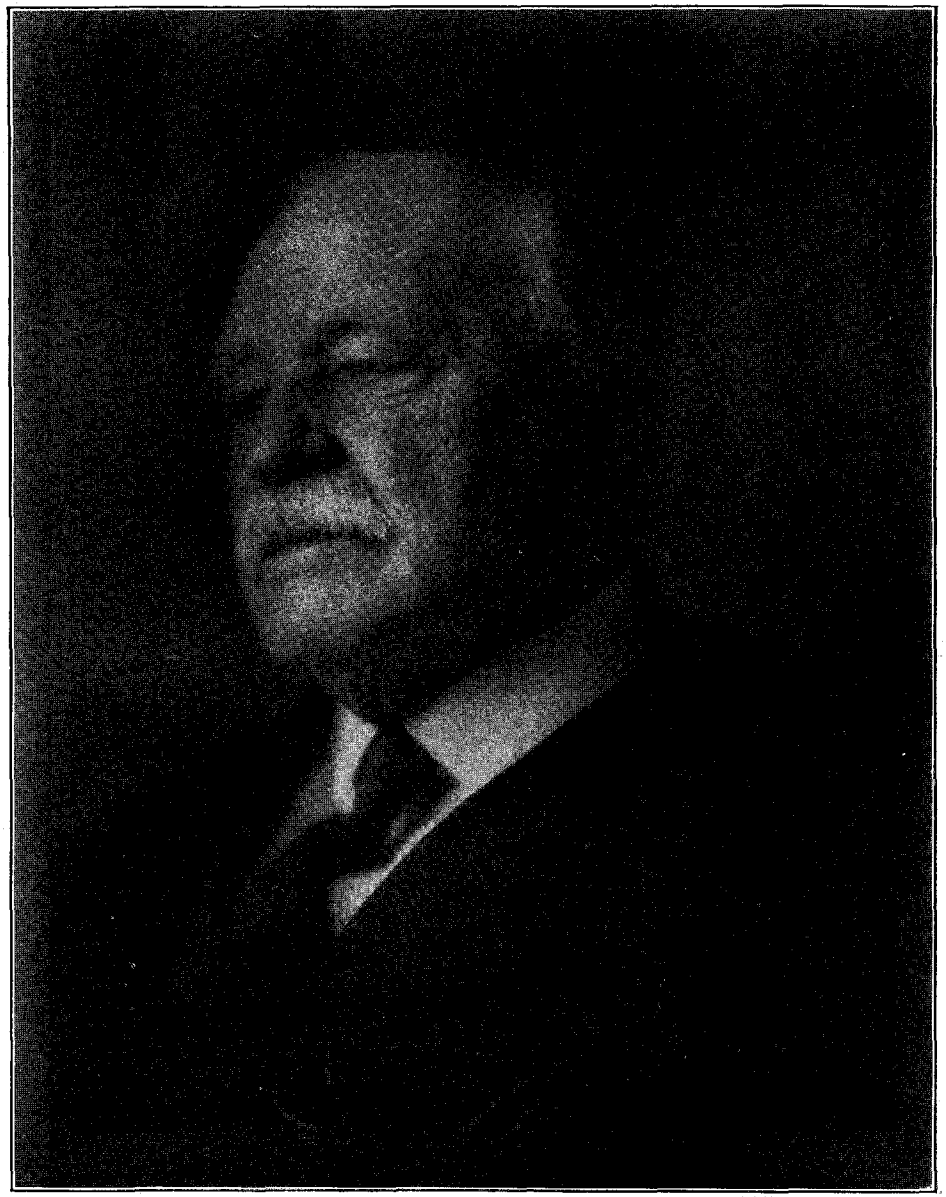

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WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

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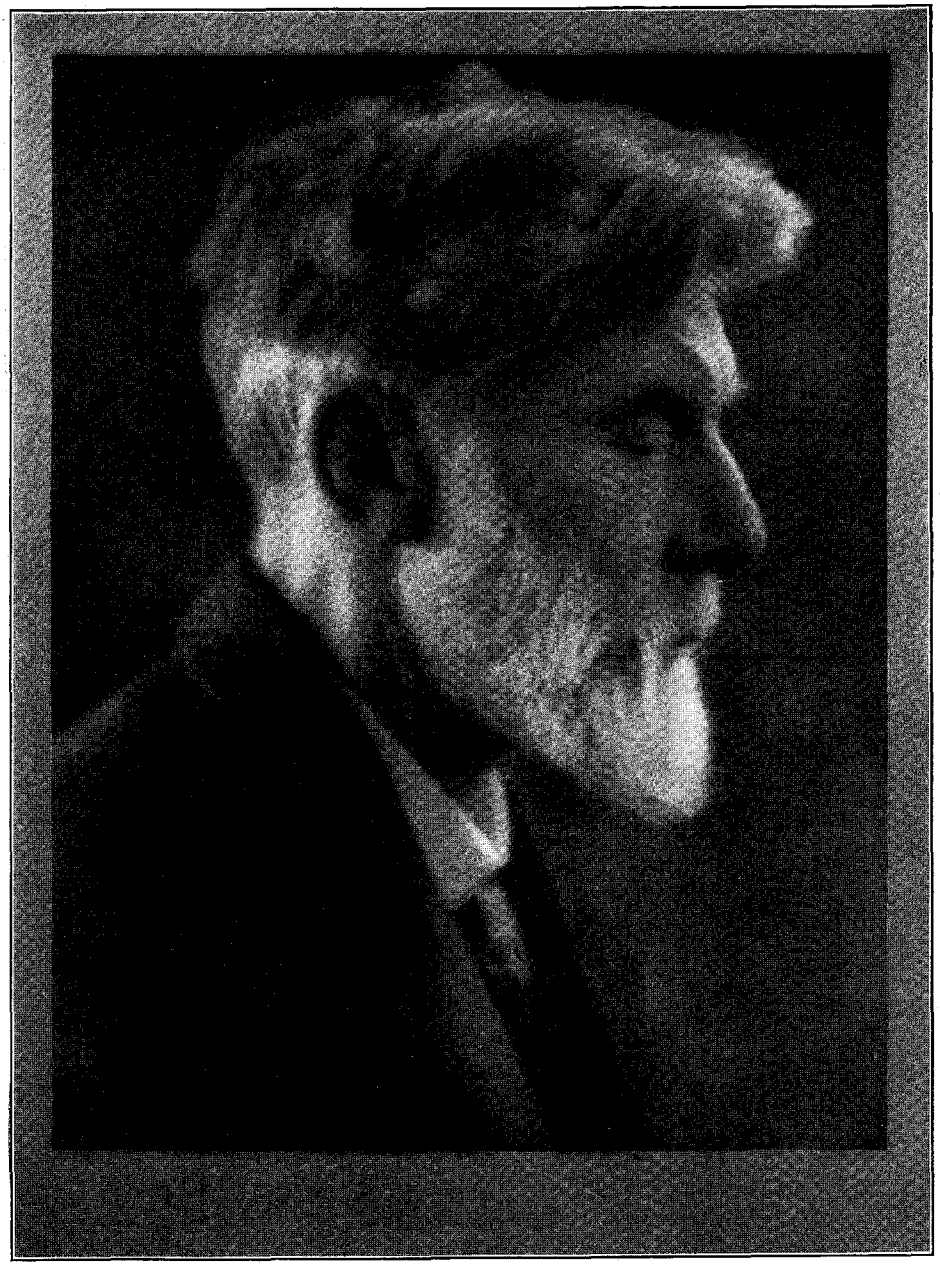

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ROBERT BRIDGES

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GEORGE MOORE

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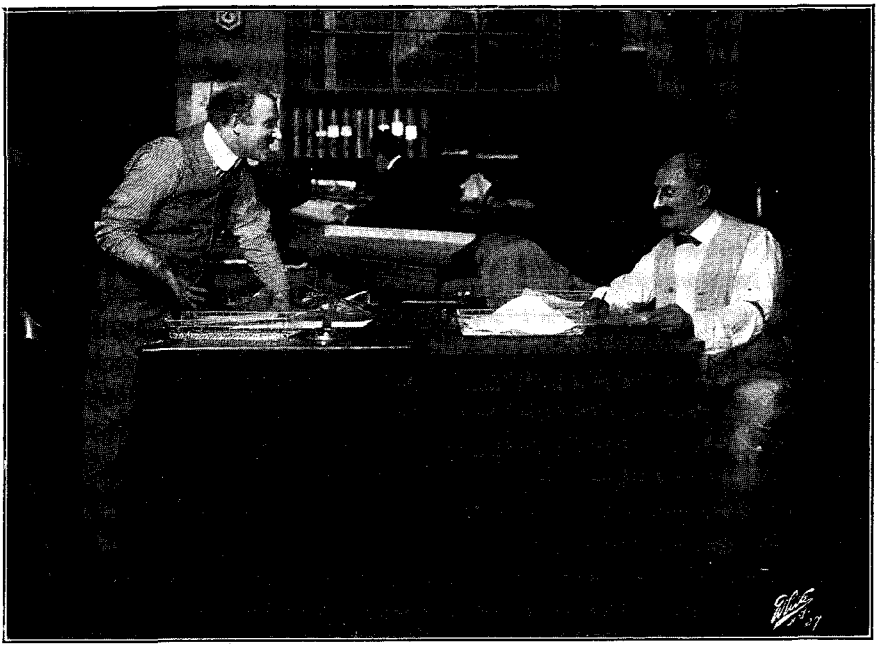
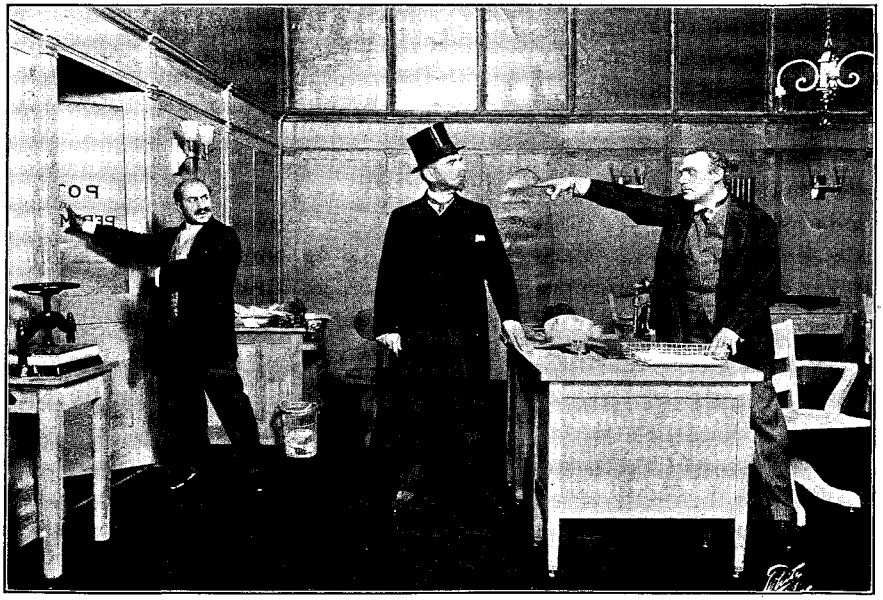
THE DRAMA IN ILLUSTRATION



"POTASH AND PERLMUTTER"—ACT I

"Abe Potash and Mawruss Perlmutter have relinquished none of their popularity by stepping bodily out of the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post* into a Broadway theatre; and the comedy in which their amiable wranglings are exhibited is the most successful entertainment of the early autumn season."



"POTASH AND PERLMUTTER"—ACT II

Potash and Perlmutter summarily eject a book-agent whom, for a time, they have suavely welcomed, under the impression that he is a rich and famous banker.

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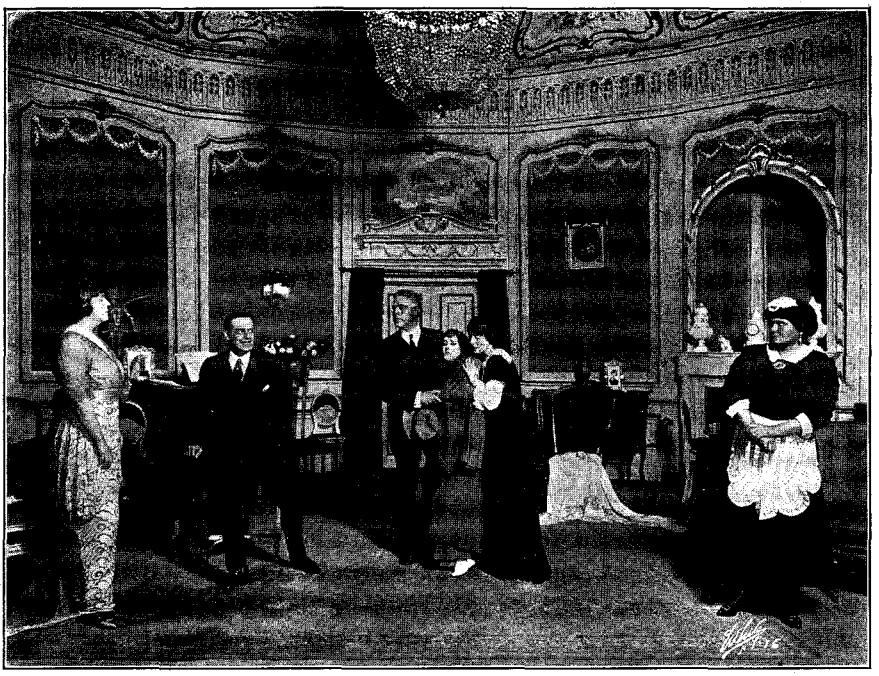
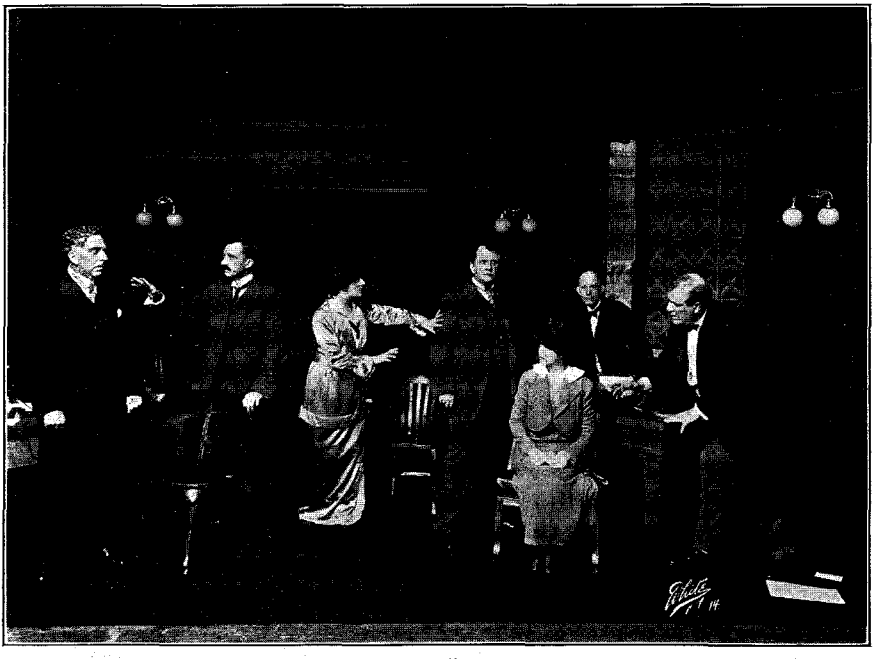


"THE LURE"—ACT II

The hero is a federal agent who is fighting a white slave gang. In the second act, he enters a house of prostitution, and rescues the heroine and another girl from the clutches of the malefactors.



"THE FIGHT"—ACT III

"The grafting politicians organise a run on the heroine's bank, which all but reduces her to ruin; but from minute to minute she manages to hold off the impending disaster by one clever expedient after another, until she finally succeeds in beating her opponents at their own game."

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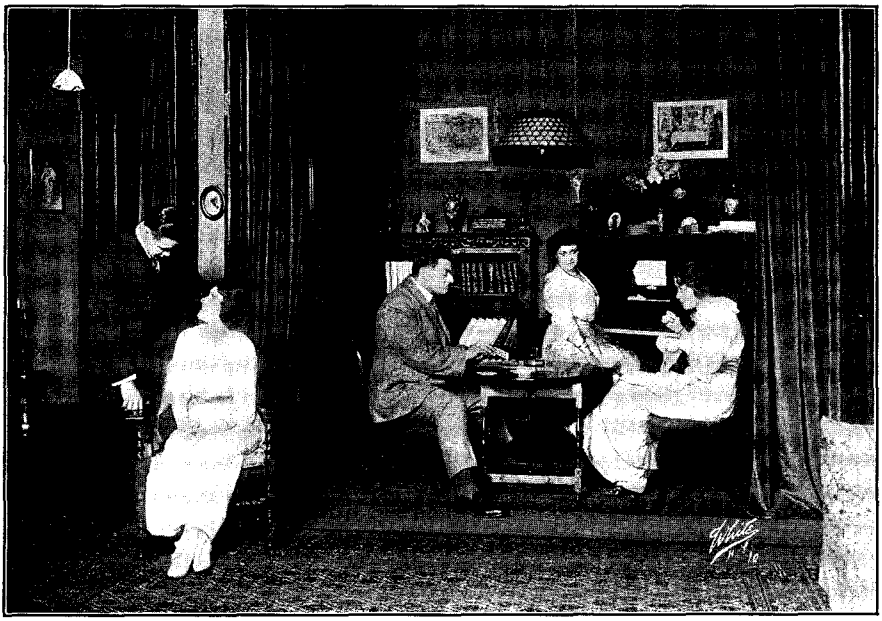
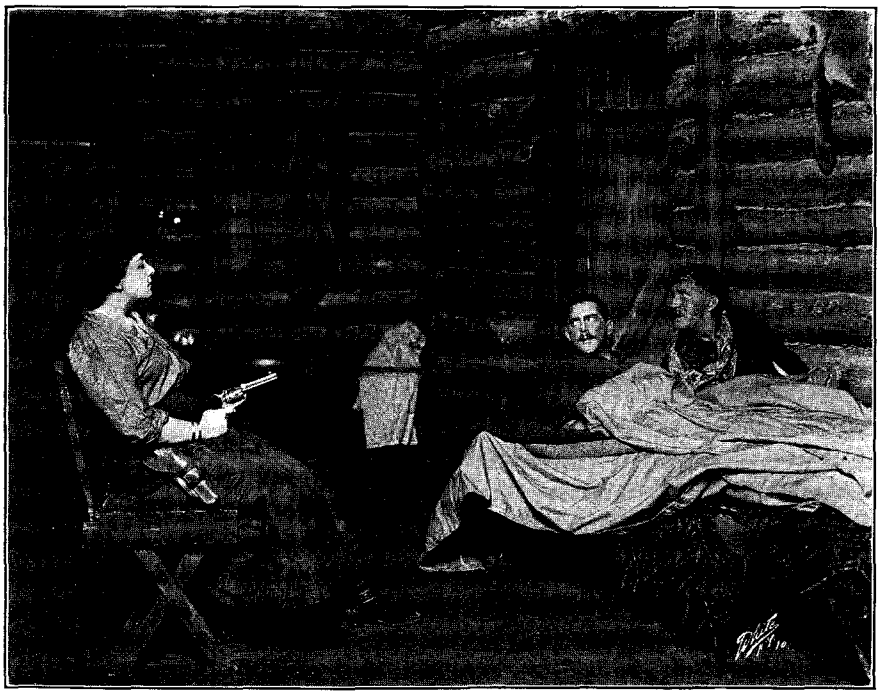


"HER OWN MONEY"—ACT II

"This comedy sets forth an interesting study of the trivial and intimate details of the daily lives of two couples who are doomed to worry continually about matters of money."



"BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE"—ACT II

The hero, together with a professional bad man of the mountains, is captured at the pistol's point by the daughter of the sheriff of a wild county in Colorado.

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TIMELY TOPICS IN THE THEATRE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THE American drama at the present time seems to be hovering in a state of transition between that initial period during which it was made up of mere theatrical machinery and discussed no topics of serious importance to the public, and that still future period during which it will ascend to the revelation of permanent realities of life. Meanwhile, it is devoted mainly to an exhibition of the events of the hour and a discussion of the topics of the day.

Our most successful playwrights, for the moment, are those who hold their noses close to their newspapers. They gather what is being talked about in the daily press and set it forth upon the stage before a public that naturally wants to see what it has been reading of for many months. As one topic after another is promoted to the first pages of our journals, it also comes forward in our theatres and assumes the centre of the stage. Three or four seasons ago, the favourite subject for discussion in our drama was the iniquity of big business, last year it was the methods used by malefactors to evade our laws, and this fall it seems to be the white slave traffic. An interest in these public evils having previously been worked up in the press, our playwrights have taken advantage of the occasion to show the public what the public has been reading about.

There is no surer avenue than this to immediate success within the theatre; and yet it is scarcely necessary for the critic to point out that in thus allying their work with journalism our playwrights are withholding it from literature. Our one most serious handicap to the development of a national drama that shall have some value as literature is the craze of our theatre for keeping, as the phrase is, up to date. In this endeavour to make our work, at all costs, timely, we label our plays as belonging to the vintage of 1911, 1912, or 1913; whereas in the best plays of our British contemporaries—like *Mid-Channel,* for example, or *Don,* or *What Every Woman Knows*—there is nothing to indicate precisely the year when they were written. But Time is sure to take revenge on all things timely; and these British plays will still seem new a dozen years from now, whereas our dated efforts will be out of date, like the journals of yesteryear, fit only to make soft padding under carpets.

In the interesting preface to his recently published play, entitled *The Divine Gift,** Mr. Henry Arthur Jones remarks, "No play that has lived has set out to tackle the latest newspaper and political problems in the spirit and by the methods of the social reformer. If I may whisper a caution to young and aspiring playwrights, I would say, 'Never choose for your theme a burning question of the hour, unless you wish merely for a success that will burn out in an hour. If you wish your plays to live, choose permanent themes and universal types of characters.'"

These words of the sagacious mentor of the modern British drama sum up what is mainly the matter with our American drama at the present time. It deals with types of character that are local instead of being universal, and discusses themes that, instead of being permanent, are merely temporary. Our playwrights think too little of the ultimate aim of art and too much of the immediate aim of social reform. Reform is the only enterprise that annihilates its own existence by success; and, when

*The Divine Gift. A Play in Three Acts. By Henry Arthur Jones. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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once a current topic has been settled, there can arise no reason for reopening discussion of the point. The more successful our journalistic plays may be, the more quickly must they go to a grave of their own digging. But a drama that expounds the great recurrent problems of humanity may remain as immortal as the human race itself.

On the other hand, however, in these years while we are waiting for the great American drama that is to be, it is surely better that our playwrights should attack the social problems of the hour than that they should discuss no problems whatsoever. Our theatre has advanced far from that initial period when it merely discoursed sweet nothings to awaken easy tears. The newspaper is nearer to life than the picture storybook; and it is but another step from the newspaper to the novel. If we are merely lighting candles that will burn out in an hour, we are at least casting a momentary light upon some problems that, for the moment, are in need of illumination; and, in discussing the white slave traffic on the stage, we have moved nearer to the mood of literature than our Victorian predecessors stood when they exhibited a matinée-hero plucking the petals of a daisy and murmuring, "She loves me" and "She loves me not." Though some of us may not particularly like what our playwrights are at present discussing in the theatre, it is at least a reassuring sign that they are discussing something.

This opinion, which is based upon a very earnest interest in the development of the American drama through its present mood of journalism to its future mood of literature, has recently been opposed by a certain portion of the public. These people, who, only a year ago, applauded the timely and fashionable plays in which a slippery evasion of the law was speciously set forth in the light of a virtue to be emulated, have been shocked by the shift of journalistic attention to those devices by which innocent young girls are allured, against their will, into a life of shame. They have been so shocked that they have written letters to the newspapers deploring what they call the "immorality" of two plays in which the white slave trade is discussed, either as the main theme, or as a subsidiary feature, of the action; and those same newspapers which for months have been printing on their leading pages the very facts out of which these dramas have been fabricated have come forth with Victorian editorials in which a whole thesaurus has been ransacked to furnish synonyms for the adjective "indecent" to hurl against these plays. The burden of most of the letters published has been this:—"What is our stage coming to? Of course I have not seen either of these vicious plays, for I would not debase myself by attending such an obscene exhibition; but what if my daughter should see them?" After several days of this sort of clamour, the police were called upon to exercise the last resort of censorship; and at the moment when this article was written, a police-magistrate was solemnly endeavouring to decide whether or not to stop all further exhibition of the two plays in question,—namely *The Lure* and *The Fight*.

In the midst of such a hullabaloo as this, it seems useless for the critic of the drama to reiterate the axiom that the morality of a play depends not at all upon its subject-matter but upon the integrity and sanity of mind with which that subject-matter is set forth. The only test of morals in the drama is the test of truthfulness. A play is immoral if, in defiance of the laws of civilised society, it makes a hero of a gentlemanly burglar, or if it extols the undeniable picturesqueness of the crime of arson without also reminding the audience of its inconvenience to the neighbours; but it is not immoral if it sets forth sexual iniquity as a thing to be abhorred. This point is obvious to any thinking mind; but it never seems to occur to city-magistrates. "What is the play about?", is asked by these officials. "Incest" [let us imagine] is the answer. "That's indecent; arrest the manager," remarks the

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moral magistrate. The play in question, incidentally, is *Œdipus the King*.

No good citizen would deny that it is the duty of the police to prevent public exhibitions of indecency; but most sane citizens must be amazed by the illogical manner in which the police are called upon to exercise this censorship. Nobody ever objects to the public appearance in our music-halls of notorious courtesans whose only bid for popularity is the sinister allurement of their salacious reputation; nobody complains of the exhibitions of a certain manager whose boast is that his chorus-girls make a keener sexual appeal than those employed by any of his rivals; and nobody ever thinks of asking the police to aid us to escape the prurient vulgarity of many of our so-called musical comedies. No scandalised parent writes a letter to the editor asking, "What if my daughter should see these entertainments, in which vice is made to look alluring to untutored minds?" Oddly enough, the interference of the police is invoked only in the case of serious and earnest dramas, like *Mrs. Warren's Profession* for example. The presumption is that the young person may be seriously injured by listening to the sober thoughts of Mr. Shaw, whereas the same young person can be nothing less than edified by watching a certain vaudeville performer take off most of her clothes and execute a series of erotic gyrations.

In the midst of this welter of illogic, there is little that can effectively be said in defence of the inherent right of the serious dramatist to discuss any subject whatsoever, provided only that he never tells a lie; for it is extremely difficult to meet the opposition on any common ground. It would be easy enough for the critic to determine whether or not a given drama told the truth about the white slave traffic,—whether or not, in other words, it offered a moral representation of its subject-matter; but such a reasonable procedure would make little impression upon the parent who writes, "What if my daughter should see it?" And the case would scarcely be closed by the entirely reasonable answer, "My dear sir, if she is *your* daughter, I infer that she really ought to see this play, since doubtless you have kept her ignorant of the social dangers it reveals."

With both the merits and the defects, as works of art, of the two plays which have called forth this recent clamour, it shall be our purpose presently to deal, but meanwhile, even if their defects were greater than they are, it would be our duty to defend these plays from attacks which have been directed not against any alleged deficiencies in their integrity as representations of life, but solely against the fact that they have dealt with a subject which, in itself, constitutes the greatest shame of our contemporary social system. It is the duty of the critic to defend the serious drama against those who would impose upon it that conspiracy of silence concerning all phases of sexual iniquity which is our latest lingering heritage from the Victorian period; for this passive conspiracy of silence has wrought more harm to our social system than many active crimes like forgery and theft. The very possibility of seduction is rooted in the fact that innocent girls are unprepared to fight against it because of their tragic unawareness of the methods of attack. The time is past when ignorance can be considered a defence to virtue. And surely, as a public policy, it is worth our while to call a harmless blush into the cheeks of a thousand girls if by doing so we may ultimately save one soul, of all that thousand, from disaster.

Any analysis of sexual iniquity upon the stage which is at all truthful in its elements must have the effect of disgusting the impressionable observer with the phase of life that it attacks; it cannot possibly act as an allurement to vice or as a stimulus to prurient imagining. If a play that deals with prostitution is shocking to the audience, that very fact is in itself a proof that the playwright has not committed the unpardonable sin of confusing right with wrong and making evil seem attractive. If the author falsifies the facts of life by sentimen-

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talising them, the public will revolt against his piece and condemn it to financial failure; but if, in spite of that unpleasantness of tone which must necessarily attend a truthful handling of the theme, the public is willing to patronise the play in large numbers, there can be no sane reason for asking the police to prohibit the performance. The police might be better occupied in fighting the actual iniquity that owes its insidious continuance to public prudery than in suppressing a counterfeit presentment of it whose avowed purpose is to inform the theatre-going public of the nature of the evil to be fought.

"THE LURE"

Whatever opinion may be held of the dramatic value of *The Lure,* there can be no question of the integrity of the author's purpose in setting forth this study of the methods employed by white slave traders to lead young girls astray. The piece was written by Mr. George Scarborough, a trained newspaper writer, who has had, however, no previous experience as a playwright. For several years he has been engaged, as a special agent, in combating the organised evil which he has depicted in this play, and his subject-matter has been gathered from his own actual experience in this public service. In view of this fact, it seems unfair to impugn his motives in setting forth *The Lure* on the ground that he must have known that his play would make money because its subject-matter has been so much exploited latterly in the pages of those newspapers which, since his piece appeared, have chosen to accuse him of indelicacy. A man who has something to say may be pardoned for evincing a desire that it should be heard by large numbers of the public. His play shows an earnest effort to state facts without falsification; no passage of it is indecent or impure; and if its second act is shocking to a portion of the public, it is only because the sad conditions it exhibits are necessarily abhorrent to all sensitive minds. This much being said, we may proceed to consider the piece upon its merits as a work of art.

So considered, it exhibits two defects. First of all, the methods employed by the white slave gang to lure the heroine into their toils are of so elementary and obvious a nature that it seems incredible that she should have been so easily entrapped, since she has been depicted in the first act as a working girl of sound sense and considerable experience. The play would have been more unpleasant, but would have taught a more serviceable lesson, if the girl had been led astray by means more subtle and insidious. The method expounded in the dialogue, for instance, as having been employed to entrap another victim who subsequently sought release in suicide would have offered a more dramatic subject for the main intrigue.

In the second place, it is difficult to believe in the behaviour of the hero at the climax of the play. This young man is a Federal agent who is fighting the malefactors. In the second act he enters a house of prostitution in search of a girl who has disappeared from her home in the country, and finds there the heroine, whom, in the preceding act, he has all but asked to marry him. It is to be presumed that a man of his experience would see at once that the girl he loves had been lured to this place against her will. Naturally, his first act would be to get her out of the house; and only afterwards could it occur to him to waste any time in asking how she got there. So, at least, a real man would behave in such a situation. Instead, this hero behaves like a veritable puppet of the theatre, and, instead of endeavouring to shield the girl from harm, denounces her as a vicious creature and tells her at great length that frailty is the name of woman. This passage rings untrue. That is the way that heroes always behave in melodrama; but we can never quite repress the hope that, in the next play that we may see, some lover may not show himself so ready to believe the worst of a woman whom, up to the cli-

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macteric curtain-fall, he has never seen any reason to distrust.

But, in noticing these defects, we should also record that, except for them, the characters are true to life, that the plot is plausibly planned and solidly constructed, and that the dialogue is sincerely written in a simple and natural vernacular. Considered solely as a dramatic composition, this first play of Mr. Scarborough's is well worth seeing.

"THE FIGHT"

The interference of the police should not blind the rational observer to the fact that the main theme of Mr. Bayard Veiller's melodrama, called *The Fight,* is not the white slave traffic but another timely topic of greater ultimate importance to the public,—namely, the potential influence of women in politics in those States where woman suffrage is already an established fact.

The scene is set in Colorado. The heroine is an efficient business woman who has succeeded her father as president of a large trust company. She is nominated for mayor on a reform ticket; and the play depicts her fight for election against the organised opposition of a corrupt gang of politicians.

In plotting the swiftly changing phases of this conflict, Mr. Veiller has displayed an extraordinary ingenuity of invention. In the third act, the grafting politicians organise a run on the heroine's bank, which all but reduces her to ruin; but from minute to minute she manages to hold off the impending disaster by one clever expedient after another, until, in the last act, she finally succeeds in beating her opponents at their own game and winning the election. These two acts exhibit, even more emphatically than the same author's very successful melodrama entitled *Within the Law,* his keen sense of theatric values and his ability to arrange a series of events in an ascending scale of interest by a masterly employment of suspense and of surprise. The characters, also, are more consistently drawn than those of his earlier melodrama; and, though the dialogue is lacking in distinction of tone, it is at all points swift and apt and serviceable. On the strength of its third act alone, *The Fight* must be accepted as an admirable piece of craftsmanship.

It was technically necessary in his second act that Mr. Veiller should set forth an emphatic exhibition of one or another of the terrible social evils which justify the intrusion of such women as the heroine in politics. In choosing the evil of involuntary prostitution, he was doubtless guided by that trend of journalistic discussion which had already pushed this matter forward as the topic of the year; but it would hardly be fair to blame a melodramatist for determining to tell his public what he knows to be already in the public mind. On the other hand, it must also be pointed out that Mr. Veiller might have treated any other flagrant social abuse as the topic of his second act without weakening the fabric of his play.

For instance, this act might easily have been devoted to a revelation of the iniquity of forcing little children to work long hours every day in factories, in defiance of the labour laws. A hint of this possibility was, indeed, afforded in the first act, when a child labourer was introduced as a sort of human exhibit to explain the need of that reform for which the heroine was fighting; but this promising bit of dramatic material was discarded, instead of being developed, in the second act.

Having decided, however, to set his second act in a brothel, Mr. Veiller strove too hard for an emphatic appeal to the emotions and succeeded only in making an effect that was theatrical and artificial. Instead of inventing a new incident to exhibit the horror of the trade of prostitution, he merely repeated the too familiar narrative of an unexpected encounter in a brothel between a father and his own daughter. This incident was used last season by Mr. Edward Ellis in his photographic sketch called *Any Night,* and has been employed

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more recently by Mr. Witter Bynner in his poetic tragedy entitled *Tiger**; but it has been, of course, a commonplace of the drama ever since the days of *Le Roi S'Amuse*. This scene is never quite appealing, because it can be brought about only by an inordinate stretching of the long arm of coincidence. In Mr. Veiller's play it undeniably fails to make the dramatic effect that the author intended; and since this passage was not necessitated by his theme, we can only conclude that the play would have been a better work of art without it.

It ought not to be necessary to add that this conclusion is merely a matter of dramatic criticism, and that it carries with it no concurrence with those who would deny to Mr. Veiller the right to say his say upon a topic of the times.

"THE FAMILY CUPBOARD"

The Family Cupboard, by Mr. Owen Davis, discusses a theme of greater ultimate importance than the more timely topic we have thus far been considering. It tells the story of a whole family that has been drifting, morally, down hill; and the burden of the narrative is that the sins of the parents may be visited upon the children.

At the outset we are presented with the familiar situation of a husband and wife who have grown out of touch with each other, in middle life, because of his immersion in his business and her preoccupation with society. For some years they have been, as the phrase is, merely friends; and the husband has quite naturally succumbed to the temptation to set up a secondary home with a chorus-girl who is more easily affectionate. Discovering this intrigue, the wife sues for a divorce, and thus divides the family; for the son sides with her, and the daughter sympathises with her father.

Disgusted and repentant, the husband casts aside the chorus-girl; and that vindictive little creature resolves to be revenged upon him. She manages to pick up his son and allure that inexperienced youth into a proposal of marriage. When he discovers that the little lady of his dreams has been the mistress of his own father, he at once prepares to kill himself; and his hand is stayed only by the Providential fact that both his parents rush to his rooms and resolve to end their differences by mutual forgiveness.

This is an earnest and an interesting play. The character of the chorus-girl seems a little inconsistent because of the rapid variation of her moods; but the other leading characters are true to life. The play is admirably plotted; and its many scenes of tensity are skilfully relieved by the interposition of passages of natural, though somewhat vulgar, comedy. This is the best play that Mr. Davis has written since he forsook the realm of cheap melodrama and aspired to the higher regions of dramatic art. Not only does it reveal the hand of an accomplished craftsman of the theatre, but it shows a commendable sincerity in its endeavour to realise an important aspect of contemporary life.

"HER OWN MONEY"

Mr. Mark L. Swan has discussed a less emphatic theme in *Her Own Money,* but one which is of wider application to the general life of every day. The message of his comedy is that a great deal of marital infelicity might be avoided if husbands and wives would come to a definite understanding of the financial basis of the partnership of marriage.

In Mr. Swan's play, a husband is cornered in a business crisis which makes it necessary for him to raise two thousand dollars at once in order to protect a previous investment and reap a handsome profit. During the course of several years, his wife has secretly saved this sum out of the money that he has given her for their household expenses; but she now hesitates to lend it to him lest he should neglect to pay it back. Her reason for this hesitancy is that, shortly after their marriage, she had loaned him five hundred dollars of her own money, whereupon he had incorpo-

*Tiger. By Witter Bynner. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

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rated it in his growing business, instead of returning it in cash. In this situation, the wife now takes recourse to an amiable subterfuge. She lends the full sum to a friendly neighbour, who in turn advances it, on business terms, to her husband. The husband swings his deal and returns the money to the neighbour; but when the latter makes out a cheque to the order of the heroine, his own wife observes the operation through a window, and, being an abnormally jealous woman, kicks up a disturbance that leads to a disclosure of the whole affair. .

All of this affords material for an interesting study of the trivial and intimate details of the daily lives of two couples who are doomed to worry continually about matters of money. Thus far the characters are true to life and the dialogue which they exchange is real. But, at the climax of his comedy, the author has tried for a big scene, which whirls him away from his anchorage of actuality and sets him tossing on the high seas of theatrical extravagance.

The husband turns so angry at the double dealing of his wife that he calls her hard names and leaves his happy home forever,—only to return, duly repentant, after the lapse of several months, to ask her for that forgiveness which, in comedies, is granted without question of desert. It seems incredible that a man so generous and reasonable as the husband has been shown to be in the initial act should raise so violent a row about so small a matter. Leaving home forever is a more serious undertaking than many playwrights seem to realise: it is so difficult to live in comfort without one's safety-razor.

"POTASH AND PERLMUTTER"

Abe Potash and Mawruss Perlmutter, manufacturers of cloaks and suitings, have relinquished none of their popularity by stepping bodily out of the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post* into a Broadway theatre; and the comedy in which their amiable wranglings are exhibited is the most successful entertainment of the early autumn season.

The piece has little merit as a play. The story of a Russian refugee which is used to hold the plot together is sentimental and unreal; and, owing to this weakness in its framework, the play breaks into a multitude of little pieces. But these fragments are richly humorous in dialogue and afford the actors ample opportunity for reality of characterisation. The two leading parts are admirably played; and Potash and Perlmutter appeal to us as veritable human beings, even at those moments when the flimsy plot which they are forwarding becomes most obviously artificial. The managers have not announced the name of the playwright who employed the paste and scissors to prepare this entertainment for the stage; but this omission need not be regretted, since the full credit for the popularity of the piece should be assigned to Mr. Montague Glass for his creation of the central characters.

"BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE"

Believe Me, Xantippe is a slangy and light-hearted farce, written by Mr. Frederick Ballard while he was working at Harvard University, as a graduate student, under Professor George Pierce Baker. A pleasing feature of the piece is that it smacks as little of Harvard as it does of the darker moods of the journalistic drama of New York. Its aim is merely to amuse; and this aim it easily accomplishes.

The hero is a rich young man who has been bothered so much by burglars that he has become emphatically impressed with the inefficiency of the police. In a ranting mood, he makes a large bet with two of his friends that he can commit a crime and successfully elude arrest for an entire year without ever leaving the limits of the United States. The bet being taken, he executes a forgery, and, with a few hours' start from his pursuers, begins his adventurous career.

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The year is nearly up, when he is captured by the daughter of the sheriff of a wild county of Colorado, who has recognised him by his use of the slang phrase, "Believe Me, Xantippe," which he has been unable utterly to discard, despite his best endeavours. But when his friends arrive on the last day of the year, it is decided that the stakes must go to the hero, since the girl who jailed him at the pistol's point was not a duly appointed officer of the law.

This plot is embroidered with a great deal of amiable foolery. The last act is not so funny as its predecessors, for the obvious reason that the author has tried to make it more so; but until the last act the piece maintains a certain sort of mad consistency that keeps it truly humorous.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS"

Where Ignorance Is Bliss is an artificial comedy translated by Mr. Philip Littell from the Hungarian of Ferenc Molnar, the author of *The Devil*. It offers an interesting study of two contrasted histrionic temperaments; but, in spite of its veracity of characterisation, it remains so obviously a fabric of the theatre that it reminds the auditor less of life than any of the less skilful journalistic plays which have been set beside it by our American authors. After all, it seems better to discuss a merely momentary topic in the theatre than to discuss a topic which has no bearing whatsoever on the lives of such people as come to see the play.

The leading figures in this comedy are an actor and an actress who, having been married for several months, have begun to get upon each other's nerves. The actor realises that the psychologic moment has arrived for his wife to fall in love with some one else, and resolves to insure himself against fate by becoming his own rival. Pretending to depart for a brief tour of the provinces, he disguises himself as a young military count, and in this character lays siege to the affections of the actress. His suit is sufficiently successful to set him in a turmoil of artistic pride and human jealousy; and, discarding his disguise, he suddenly returns in his own person to upbraid his wife for her potential infidelity. But her cleverness is equal to his own. She assures him that the only reason why she responded to the advances of the pretended count is that she penetrated the disguise from the first and merely wished to find out how far her husband would be willing to proceed in the enactment of the comedy.

The action of this piece seems somewhat attenuated, because material which might have been compressed into a one-act sketch has been stretched out into three acts merely by minute analysis of the mental evolutions of the characters. But the comedy is psychologically sound; and considerable humour is incorporated in the lines.

DIRGE

BY LOUIS V. LEDOUX

UNDER the laurel sleeping
White is her woodland pall,
Dead in the laurel's keeping
She whom the thrushes call.
Winds of the south are weeping;
Softly the blossoms fall.

Idly the laurel bloweth,
Idly the thrushes long,
She whom the woodland knoweth,
Death, did she do thee wrong?
Brief in the laurel gloweth,
Fades in the bloom of song.

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THE TATTLER

I. Still Further Adventures of Magazine Manuscripts

"Hush! Do I Whisper the Secrets of the Vehmgericht?"

In the long series of fireside tales having to do with the jocose experiences of the manuscript in magazine-editorial and theatrical channels, there remains a phase of the manuscript travelogue without which our statistical cinematograph would be minus one of its most illustrative films. In order that this moving picture may be supplied, we will explore into the actual adventures of three manuscripts submitted to the best known of the "popular" magazines (that is, magazines of the special article-fiction variety, rather than of the specialist group) during the last nine months; we will trail these manuscripts in turn into and out of the various editorial jungles until at last they beheld the fair cheques on the horizon; and we will repeat the tales of their adventures with rejection slips (or letters of regret) as those tales were given to the present writer by the writers whose names appeared on the respective contributions. For the purpose of giving our film the stamp of constructive value, it is to be brought to the attention of the reader that the three writers dealt with are by no means of the large "unknown" group, but are one and all regular and well-known contributors to the periodicals. The adventure of magazine manuscript No. 1, which was in the form of a short fiction story—about five thousand words in length—was narrated to the present writer by the author in these words:

"The tale in question was of the 'love story' species, tanged with a dash of aeronautical melodrama. I sent it first to a weekly and it came back from my friend, the associate editor, in six days' time. In the letter that came back with the manuscript, it was inferred that my story had been rejected because the editor in point believed that while the airship was coming into its own in warfare and other things, it was certainly going out of its own in fiction. 'Overdone,' in a word, was his objection. I believed, however, that I had treated the thing differently. I realised that the airship *had* been done to death in fiction *as* the airship, and had attempted to silhouette it into a tale in a new way. I then sent the story to one of the metropolitan monthly magazines for which I had already written several stories, a magazine of considerable dignity and distinction, and back came my manuscript in two weeks. The letter read:

"A well-written story, but beyond a certain reading pleasure that is to be gained from it, the story, when finished and laid aside, leaves no deep resident impression on the reader's mind.

"I giggled. Then I laughed. I knew I could slyly doctor the story in the last eight paragraphs and tuck a pseudo-moral into it and that I could then sell it to this magazine as easily as I could fall out of a tree (I had done the same trick with this same magazine once before, when I needed some money quick), but I liked the story too well to vaudevillise it, to 'sell its honour.' So I sent it to one of the fifteen-cent magazines with a very large circulation—and it came back also within two weeks.

"The objection raised by the editors of this magazine was to this general effect: 'Your story is all right, but it lacks the one sensational thing we insist upon for all of our fiction, whether serial or short. We want the stuff that will startle and surprise our readers, make 'em gasp and hurry to the news-stand

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month after month.' If I had been in need of funds, I knew that I could also doctor up my story in a jiffy to meet the curious demands of *this* magazine—and get a quick market for it. But, again, I was not in the mood to commercialise a story into which I had put much respectable ink and in which I still retained faith. With a couple of new dialogue paragraphs, I might have inserted a so-called 'spicy punch' into the story; I might have awed pink-cheeked virgins with my 'daring'; but I didn't. I sent my little vagrant along to another well-known monthly that was a bit more conservative. The editor of this publication is a dear friend of mine, and he called me up over the telephone four or five days after he had received my story to tell me how sorry he was. "I want a story of yours; you know our readers like your stuff; but I don't like this last yarn you've sent us. The people in it are too prosaic. Give us some of your old kind—dukes, earls and that sort of thing. That's what our readers want to read about! They'll accept a duke as romantic right off the reel, where it would take you half an hour of writing to prove to them a plain young American was half as romantic, even if he were actually a hundred times more so. They're a funny lot, these American readers of magazine short stories. But it is wisest always to peddle them what they *think* they want.'

"My manuscript's next adventure was with the editor of a magazine that is issued more than once a month. He wrote me a note of 'regrets,' stating that he was disappointed in this last story of mine because it lacked 'action.' 'And you know,' he wrote, 'that action is what we're after first, last and all the time.' As a matter of fact, my story had every kind of action in it but the 'action' that is deduced from dynamite bombs, revolvers, record-breaking automobiles and murders at midnight. To be sure, I had not killed anybody in my story; I had not even threatened any one with death. That is probably why my story did not find a resting place in this last office. Next, my story went to a weekly publication of wide national circulation. It soon came back from the aforementioned weekly publication of wide national circulation. This was the explanation of the rejection: 'We do not wish any more romance at present, as we are overstocked with that sort of thing. Give us smashing scientific fiction—create babies in a laboratory out of bicarbonate of soda mixed with witch hazel or something like that, you know—or give us romance, if you *must,* with a flavour of baseball rather than aeroplanes, of polo, say, or of golf.' And, with a sigh, I sent my story to a monthly publication to which I had never previously submitted one of my manuscripts.

"This publication sent me a very polite note, assuring me that its editors would be very glad to buy my story if I made a couple of changes in it. In the first place, the editors didn't want my heroine to be an orphan, 'inasmuch as the orphan-heroine is out of date, we believe,' and they didn't want my hero to be quite so 'fresh.' 'The young American is undoubtedly invested with this quality to a very marked degree,' they advised me, 'but we believe readers are beginning to tire of such "freshness." We compromised. I agreed to strike out the word 'orphan,' and give Eloise a couple of parents who were travelling in France (to get them out of the way for the time being). The editors agreed that Johnston might retain his 'freshness.' And thus did the adventures of my short-story manuscript come to an end. The adventures, I believe, are thoroughly typical."

An established writer of light specials, that is, special articles of a semi-humorous slant, next outlined to the present writer the adventures of one of his manuscripts. "I have never written an article I have not sold," he explained. "Usually I detail the idea for a prospective article to one of the editors of one of the magazines for which I do work on and off and get the order for it in advance. When I got the idea for the article with which I am dealing here, I

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was out in the country and, as I liked the idea immensely, proceeded to write the article without negotiating for its sale beforehand. 'I wouldn't have any trouble at all in disposing of it,' I promised myself. When the article was finished, I sent the manuscript to the first magazine with which I had done business. The editor hustled it back to me and wrote that while he had laughed long and heartily over the article, he would not dare print it because he was afraid he might offend certain interests mentioned in it. I knew that the 'certain interests' mentioned owned some of the stock of the magazine in point, understood, and sent my manuscript to publication number two—a weekly. Back it came. The editor wrote: 'I do not believe that so serious a subject as you have taken ought under any circumstances be treated in a humorous way. This is a very funny story, but I would not care to let the readers of this magazine view such a subject in such a light.'

"My article now proceeded to a monthly magazine and proceeded back to me, in turn, two weeks later. 'We will buy your article,' read the letter, 'if you will disguise more heavily the identity of the big figures you talk about and now mention by names easily recognisable. As we do not believe you will agree to this and as it might hurt your article to comply with our suggestion, we are returning the manuscript to you.' Has any one ever read a more delicious paradox? The magazine did not want to take the chance of hurting any one's feelings. Rather would it have spoiled an article, although why it should want to *buy* that spoiled article, I certainly am at a loss to guess.

"I sent the article after this to another monthly publication. It was returned with the comment that the publication in question would print nothing that poked fun at any high official in the nation. Besides, so ran the comment, the publication concerned objected to references to alcohol on the wing. The next publication that rejected my article—a monthly—did so on the ground that it believed the public wanted reading matter of a more serious nature. 'The reading public seems to want less and less humorous matter each year,' was the gorgeously humorous criticism that came to me. Once again after this adventure did my manuscript come back to me before it was finally sold. The magazine editor who rejected it wrote me to the effect that 'humorous writing, however efficient and pleasing, always seems to leave a feeling of dissatisfaction, of "something missing," in the reader. The latter, as a consequence, is disappointed just as a theatregoer is disappointed at a farce, no matter how ludicrous and mirth-prokoving that farce may be.'"

Come we to the narrative of the third representative of the contributing group, to the writer of poetry. The man speaking is one of the most frequent and regular contributors of verse to the periodical publications and, as a consequence, the adventures of one of his manuscripts takes on an added light for the verse contributors of the laity.

"I wrote a set of verses descriptive of an Italian labourer's dream of warm, fragrant, sunlit home in the cold of a drab and inhospitable American winter. These verses travelled to exactly eleven magazine offices before they found a haven in the twelfth. From six of the eleven magazines that rejected my poem, I received no word of explanation as to why the verses had failed of acceptance, but the reasons offered by the other five magazines will, I am sure, prove sufficiently illuminating. I will set down these objections just as they came to me:

I. "'I am sorry not to be able to accept the enclosed poem, particularly as your work has always proved so agreeable to us in the other instances when you have favoured us. My reasons for rejecting the enclosed, however, may interest you. In the first place, if I may, as editor, express a personal opinion, I believe it is almost impossible to get the average American magazine reader to view the Italian emigrant he knows so well as a soiled street paver or a sewer

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digger with any eye to romance. In the second place, I hold that magazine poetry falls naturally within three and precisely three limits—1. Patriotism; 2. Love; and 3. Description. And, as before "patriotism" I put the adjective American, you will understand why I am returning your verses to you.'

II. "'We do not care for your verses because they do not possess that final note of "uplift" that is so essential to all successful magazine literature of the day and its arbitrary demands. Your final note is one of disappointed longing. If the Italian is unhappy, the reader will miss the sense of "uplift" and will not care for the poem!'

III. "'We do not believe magazine readers care for poems over three stanzas long. This is the era of the short story, the short special article—and the *short* poem.'

IV. "'Your verse is excellent, but your theme is not suitable to the purposes of this magazine. We make it a point never to print poems dealing either with "heimweh" or "wanderlust".'

V. "'This poem is altogether too short for its theme. It is too much like a fragment of a poem. Amplify it and let us see it again.'"

Thus come we to the conclusion of the adventures in the magazine circle of three typical—if above the average—manuscripts. The purpose of these chronicles has been primarily to permit the "adventures" to shed their own innocent little light on some of the curious byways of the editorial room and on some of the fragrant clashes of editorial opinion and attitude. Difference of minds, however—be it remembered—makes, if not always for speedy cheques, at least for other material forms of progress!

George Jean Nathan.

THE SORCERESS OF THE MOON

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENET

Its gates are griffin-guarded gates,
Its towers of yellow marble hewn.
Resplendent glints each sparkling stud
Of rubies red as pigeon's blood,
Of pearls as white as the swan's neck,
Of diamonds without flaw or fleck
That crust its towers, and glitter thence
Along its cloudy battlements.
And far within its portals waits
The sorceress of the moon!

This palace I have seen afar
When crimson, gold, and purple cloud
Made all the west a blaze of flame,
Ere twilight from her cloisters came
To walk the heavens with nunlike pace
And downcast eyes and wistful face.
Then all its wonder crumbling lies
In splendid wreckage on the skies.
But now—ah, see! Its raptures rise
Impossible and proud.

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So fling a bridle of delight
Upon the wildest dream of all,
And, as Mahomet 'strode the back
Of the white beast called Alborac,
We too shall thunder up the west
With rich caparison and crest,
Wind horn before those marvellous gates,
Daring their guard, and find who waits
Withdrawn in splendour infinite
In that vast presence-hall!

Her brows would make the calla gray.
Her hair is soft and dark as night.
Her purple daïs canopy
Bears stars in golden broidery.
She wields a slight and silvern wand
To summon spirits from beyond.
And all the wandering winds in tune
Sing to the sorceress of the moon
With airiest music, and alway
Swoon in her haze of light.

Yet hers are griffin-guarded gates!
Minds in her presence madden soon!
Her gaze is strange; and to sustain
Her glamorous eyes means joy and pain
Mixed in such wise, the soul is caught
Spellbound, bewildered passing thought.
Oh glance not long, but shun her sight
While still thy heart desires delight,
Where, deep within the sunset, waits
The sorceress of the moon!

LITERARY VIENNA

BY AMELIA VON ENDE

INTELLECTUAL and sentimental, sophisticated and naïve, over-refined in its tastes and primitive in its instincts: this is Vienna. Clinging with pathetic attachment to old ideals, rooted in the innate and original nature of the place and the people, yet eager to embrace the gospel and welcome the achievements of a new time; unable to give up the past for the future and ever dallying on the threshold: this, too, is Vienna. A city of many physiognomies and of puzzling psychology it is, for a variety of racial elements have gone into its making: Celt, Roman, Teuton, Hun and Turk have fought for its possession, closely pressed has it been on one side by the Tchechs, on the other by the Magyars, in the court circles affiliated with Spain, later with Italy, and finally permeated in all its strata by the Hebrews. A potpourri of miscellaneous elements, that have all left a permanent imprint upon its physiognomy and have been absorbed and assimilated. For although the German element by its numerical preponderance has become the fundamental stock of the population, has refined and

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polished the Magyar and the Slav, as it has been refined and polished by the Latins, there are times when the city seems simultaneously to reflect all the factors that went into its making and when they seem to have blended into such a homogeneous entity that one might justly speak of a Viennese race.

But while Vienna at least appears as a harmonious structure, Austria is not an organic entity; it is an accidental and heterogeneous conglomerate of states into the possession of which the dynasty came by marriage, states whose people were never completely assimilated into the body politic. The presence of these really foreign bodies has been a source of endless inner struggles; they are an irrepressible leaven of unrest which hampers not only the economic expansion of the empire, but also its intellectual evolution. Oldest in culture of the great German-speaking cities, Vienna has not been able, in spite of the enormous quantity of talent which it has bred and nursed, to become something like a leader. On the contrary, it has stayed behind in the course of modern progress, retarded by an environment split up by racial and religious differences into factions that are at war with one another.

To maintain peace in such a country requires an extraordinary diplomacy with all its complicated machinery of official and unofficial monœuvres. A courtly art it is, and the people, always ambitious to emulate the example of the rulers, consciously or unconsciously acquired it, until it became a feature of their character. They learned to support repression with a smile, servile at first, then suave, and finally stereotyped into the typical "Wiener Lächeln," behind which is concealed the people's real self. Since the paramount aim of Austrian diplomacy in the empire, which was always on the verge of some unwelcome events, was to prevent anything from *happening,* the people, too, drifted into the frame of mind which resents action. When Leipsic, Zurich and Berlin, younger in years and culture, were already centres of intellectual growth and attracted the attention of all German-speaking nations, Vienna was still outside of the arena.

Grillparzer was the first connecting link, but because he had a will for action, he was systematically side-tracked and deflected from his course. Friedrich Halm, a less pronounced individuality, found readier acceptance among his own people, and by his *Sohn der Wildniss,* a favourite of old-time actors under the name *Ingomar,* even reached America. Bauernfeld followed with conversational comedy, Nestroy with the farce, and in Raimund rose the first playwright indigenous to the soil and reflecting in his works what was to become known as the Viennese character. But Anzengruber was the first to make types of the real people actors in his plays of real life, propounding ponderous problems and pulsating with a powerful vitality, previously unknown in popular drama. Simultaneous with the development of the drama was that of the press and of the Viennese "feuilleton," that exquisite hybrid between a leader and a chat which originated with Saphir and Spitzer and found such a superb master in the Suabian Speidel. As the medium of messages of the widest scope, philosophical, political and æsthetic, it attracted the majority of literary talent, until literary Vienna became inseparably associated with the daily press.

II

This brief survey of the past explains the present. In no other city is the press such a power in the individual life of the authors as in the collective life of its reading public. The Hanslick, Hevesi, Herzl and Pötzl were each and every one connected with some daily, and their comments and criticisms upon life and letters were originally published in its columns. Of this older generation few survive. Pötzl, the portraitist and chronicler of his people, is connected with the *Wiener Neue Tageblatt;* Chiavacci, humourist, playwright and co-editor of the works of Nestroy and Anzengruber, with the *Oesterreichische Volkszeitung;*

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Balduin Groller, the novelist, is the editor of the *Neue Wiener Journal* and vice-president of the association of Vienna authors and journalists, Concordia. Keeping aloof from the current of actuality which he faithfully recorded in his critical chronicles and commentaries of theatrical life in Vienna during the past twenty-five years, Adam Müller-Guttenbrunn, novelist and dramatist, continues his mission as champion of the German element in Austria and Hungary.

But the dean of literary Vienna is a woman. Some years ago a popular German magazine published a photograph, showing an interior with a group of three pleasant old ladies absorbed in a game of cards. One of these was Baroness Marie Ebner-Eschenbach, the greatest novelist of Austria and by many critics considered the greatest woman writing fiction in German. That photograph was very characteristic of the famous author's simple and perhaps old-fashioned mode of life. She clings to the narrow streets of old Vienna within the radius of the "Stephansdom." There in her apartment in the Spiegelgasse, she spends her winters in quiet work and friendly intercourse with a few intimates. The other half of the year she lives in Zdislavitz in Moravia, where she was born as Countess Dubsky, eighty-three years ago. This remoteness from the ephemeral currents of modern life and this just balance of city and country may account for the broad human meaning of her work, which is not of to-day, but of all times. Asked by the Federation of German Women's Clubs to contribute something to their year-book of 1912, she sent two aphorisms, of which one is typical of her Viennese character: "Even the most industrious and busy people should always have some time to lose," and another which is characteristic of her own individuality: "If you want to look, open your eyes; if you want to see, close them."

Baroness von Suttner has been so closely identified with the peace movement that one is apt to forget the large number of books that have given her a place in literature. One of these books of a strong human interest and a touching personal note led to the writer's acquaintance with the author. Dedicated to the memory of her husband, A. Gundeccar Freiherr von Suttner, a writer who probably knew more about the life and lore of the people of the Black and Caspian seas than any of his contemporaries, it reflected the beauty and the harmony of the union between those two rare personalities, whose romance was later told in Frau von Suttner's memoirs. Whoever has once seen her face, framed in waves of silver hair and animated with the inner light and warmth radiating from her eyes, whether it was on the platform where she eloquently pleads her sacred cause, or in the drawing-room where the visitor touching a sympathetic chord is rewarded by a note of charming intimacy, will bear the memory with him through life. There is no better-beloved woman in Austria than Bertha von Suttner. That the convention of Austrian women clubs in Graz this spring, swayed by the war-like mood of the moment, cancelled her address on *woman and the peace movement*, was felt as such an affront by the Woman Suffrage Conference in Vienna, that the homage paid her by the veteran champion, Frau Marianne Hainisch, at a public reception some weeks later was received with endless cheers. Frau von Suttner's seventieth birthday was about the same time celebrated by a banquet at which Balduin Groller conveyed to her the greetings of literary Austria and congratulatory messages were received from all parts of the world. When in Vienna Frau von Suttner also lives in one of the older streets, the Zedlitzgasse.

Typical for the houses of old Vienna is that of Frau Marianne Hainisch in the Rochusgasse. It breathes reverence for the traditions of the city's old culture, yet it is the home of a family in which three generations welcome the new ideals of a new age. To the efforts of Frau Hainisch, who enjoys the distinction of having been the first woman

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in Austria who in a public speech in 1870 officially represented Austrian womanhood, the women of her country owe the educational opportunities and many economic and social advantages which they since acquired. The writer attended a tea which Frau Hainisch gave during the Woman Suffrage Conference in June and met there representatives of the academic and the literary world of Vienna and a great number of foreign guests, among them Mrs. May Wright Sewall. The hostess with her fine spiritual face was a joy to behold: no one would have suspected that the little old lady in the matronly lace cap had just returned from woman's conventions in France and Holland, and would speak that very night in the Haus der Industrie. Three generations of her family were present, all in sympathy with the ideas that have made her home the centre of an intellectual life which admirably blends the very essence of a culture which is of the past with the visions that herald the future. Both as a writer and as speaker Frau Hainisch is a unique representative of literary Vienna.

The racial and religious antagonism which at intervals disturbs the peace of Austria has produced some curious phenomena in the intellectual world of the city. A group of race-purists like those of Germany would restore the Teutons to the original blond-haired, blue-eyed and long-headed type of old and has declared war upon all mixed races. A periodical publication devoted to this movement is called *Ostara-Bücherei der Blonden und Mannesrechtler* and is edited by J. Lanz von Liebenfels, a scholar of unusual erudition, who applies the results of his research in anthropology, Biblical theology and Hindoo theosophy, economics, and so forth, to this problem. Why the movement is coupled with a rabid hostility toward woman, forbidding them "on principle" to visit the offices of the magazine, even when accompanied by men, the writer did not fathom; for the language used in speaking of the sex was far from encouraging the desire for personal acquaintance with the editors. The existence of this magazine and of a club devoted to the same propaganda is proof that Vienna is as much given to strange idiosyncrasies and cults as other intellectual centres.

In a city where one can daily see placards announcing pilgrimages to Maria Einsiedeln and other places famous for their miracles, or invitations to an "antisemitischer Ausflug," whatever that may be, it is not surprising that racial and religious prejudices seem to affect the decisions of the censor. Arthur Schnitzler is a typical representative of the genuine Viennese type, modified by Hebrew blood and said to be more Viennese than the "Altwiener" themselves, though Schnitzler is too much of an artist to overdo anything. If there was a "Tendenz" in his latest play, *Professor Bernhardy,* which was barred from public performance, he did not unduly emphasise it. Dealing with the persecution of a humane Jewish physician at the head of a hospital, who had objected to the appearance of a priest at the bed of a dying woman who believed she was getting well, it was undoubtedly based upon observations and experiences during the time when he himself was a medical practitioner. But the author whose *Liebelei* (*Flirt*), and more recently *Anatol,* have made him one of the most highly esteemed representatives of modern German drama in America, is not likely to be crushed by this official blow. For he has since published *Frau Beate und ihr Sohn,* a story with an unusually strong plot, typical for the analytical spirit of the young generation in European countries, but even in its hopeless pessimism admirable for its exquisite form.

Hugo von Hofmannsthal is another specimen of this literary craftsmanship which is as truly Viennese as is the undernote of sadness which belies the eternal Viennese smile. A scion of the old aristocracy of Austria, the temperament of which partakes of Teuton and Latin elements and is tinged with the world-weariness of an effete civilisation, he made a somewhat sensational début as a youth of seventeen, when he pub-

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MARIE EBNER-ESCHENBACH, THE DEAN OF LITERARY VIENNA. IN A NARROW STREET OF OLD VIENNA SHE SPENDS HER WINTERS IN QUIET WORK AND FRIENDLY INTERCOURSE WITH A FEW INTIMATES. THE OTHER HALF OF THE YEAR SHE SPENDS IN MORAVIA, WHERE SHE WAS BORN, AS COUNTESS DUBSKY, EIGHTY-THREE YEARS AGO

lished the amazingly precocious and sadly sophisticated dramatic study, *Gestern* (*Yesterday*). The works which he has since produced hardly reflect the ideas and the sentiments of a man who has sounded the depths, scaled the heights and sensed the full compass of human existence. They make one think of the author, isolated upon a solitary peak and looking down with a curious, rather than sympathetic interest upon the ebb and tide of joy and sorrow in the lives of the ordinary mortals below. Hofmannsthal loves to delve deep into ancient lore and recast its figures in the mould of his spirit, until they reappear as intensely personal creations, and though he has not always buried his traces and hid the sources of his inspiration, he has handled his themes with a subtlety and refinement that are inimitable and that reconcile with their touch of decadence. His works convey no breath of the future, but rather of the past, and it is doubtful whether he would ever have reached American audiences had it not been through the medium of the music of Richard Strauss. Hofmannsthal lives quietly in Rodaun, a rural community sufficiently remote from Vienna to keep aloof from phases of its life that might jar his sensitive æsthetic conscience, yet near enough to keep in touch with the small circle of the elect admitted to share his acquaintance.

Of the other Austrian dramatists that have recently been much discussed, if not performed, Karl Schönherr is a Tyrolese by birth and, like Schnitzler, a physician by profession. His early literary work was devoted to the folklore and the poetry of his native province, but his later work is no less firmly rooted in the soil and the people. Thus his plays not only continue the tradition of Anzengruber in form, but have also much of the spirit of his dramatic ancestor. Schönherr, however, is the son of a later period and his reading of life is modified by the philosophy of his age. He has been very much in the foreground since he was awarded the Schiller prize a few years ago, and his recent play, *Glaube und Heimat,* was widely and favourably discussed. But he stands apart from his

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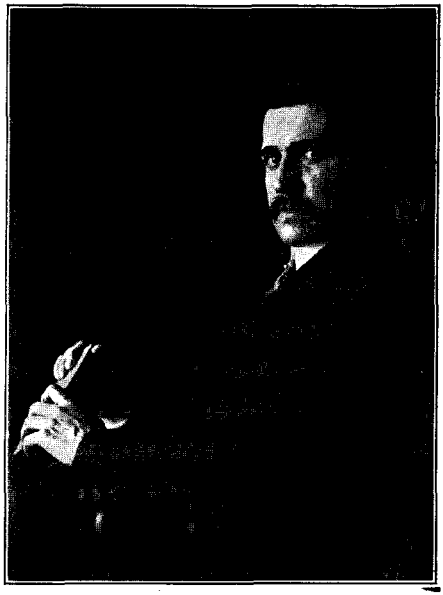
contemporaries and co-workers in Vienna, and their courtly suavity has not smoothed the sharp angles of his rugged mountaineer type. Perhaps he has a secret contempt for their cosmopolitan culture, for their conventions and their controversies.

For the spirit of factional separatism which so disastrously disturbs the political and social atmosphere of Austria, seriously affects the literary world of Vienna. Native and resident writers affirm almost unanimously that it is a hotbed of open and hidden warfare and that cliques and cabals make and unmake reputations and careers. The power of the press is uncanny in its far-reaching influence upon public opinion.

BERTHA VON SUTTNER. THERE IS NO BETTER-BELOVED WOMAN IN AUSTRIA. THAT THE CONVENTION OF AUSTRIAN WOMEN CLUBS IN GRAZ THIS SPRING, SWAYED BY THE WAR-LIKE MOOD OF THE MOMENT, CANCELLED HER ADDRESS ON WOMAN AND THE PEACE MOVEMENT, WAS FELT AS SUCH AN AFFRONT BY THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONFERENCE IN VIENNA, THAT THE HOMAGE PAID HER BY THE VETERAN CHAMPION, FRAU MARIANNE HAINISCH, AT A PUBLIC RECEPTION SOME WEEKS LATER, WAS RECEIVED WITH ENDLESS CHEERS



HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL. A SCION OF THE OLD AUSTRIAN ARISTOCRACY. HE MADE A SENSATIONAL DÉBUT AS A YOUTH OF SEVENTEEN

One large daily is said to be able by systematic boom or boycott to bring a writer into the coveted limelight or doom him to obscurity. The inertia which is typical of the Viennese temperament and resents taking a determined stand on any question, favours such autocracy. The result has been deplorable, not only for a healthy development of literary life in Austria, but also for the individual writers outside of the sacred *cenacle* of those approved and accepted by the invisible powers that decide their professional fate. But for the editors and publishers of Germany who are unaffected by the local animosities that direct the tide of criticism in Vienna, not a few Viennese writers might never have found their way into print. This state of affairs accounts for the number of Viennese that have settled in German or Italian cities, or in Paris, in order to enjoy a more wholesome atmosphere or find a broader field of activity. Berlin, especially, the great literary market, has captured not a few of those voluntary

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exiles, among them Dr. Karl Federn, Grete Meisel-Hess and Max Reinhardt.

But there remains in Vienna a group of uncompromising independents, whose resolute opposition against the opportunism and the commercialism of the all-powerful press, acts as an antiseptic and a tonic. There is eccentricity within their ranks, but it is coupled with rare honesty and sincerity. The writer became aware of this quickening leaven at a dinner in the home of Frau Eugenie Schwarzwald, directress of a girls' lyceum, of girls' collegiate courses and the first co-educational academy established in Vienna. Very Austrian in looks and manner, brilliant, quick-witted, plain-spoken, but full of live sympathy backed by intelligence and erudition, this woman with the big mind and big heart seems a born leader. Her husband, Dr. Schwarzwald, political economist and lecturer, is her faithful collaborator in the pedagogical enterprises with which she has become identified, the latest being the establishment of a school on the Semmering near Vienna. The number of striking individualities at that informal gathering was amazing. There were writers, artists, musicians and educators, men and women, all wonderfully alive, enthusiastic, responsive to anything that deviates from the beaten track and is a sincere expression of personality, or an inevitable product of artistic evolution. A young Dutch woman with a very sympathetic voice and remarkable musical feeling sang selections from the *Gurrelieder* of Jens Peter Jacobsen, one of the earlier works of Arnold Schönberg.

A painter of personalities rather than "fair women" would have found abundant material for character heads. The man with the sensitive face of a dreamer was Adolf Loos, architect, writer and lecturer, and an idealist of a kind extremely rare in our time. The quiet, serious man in the attitude of an attentive listener was Dr. Paul Stefan, whose biography of Gustav Mahler is not unknown to American readers. The young man of few words and almost timid manner was Dr. Albert Ehrenstein, whose recent stories under the title *Der Selbstmord eines Katers,* reflect a spirit closely related to Laurence Sterne and Jean Paul, and yet an unmistakable product of modern intellectualism. The man with the sharply chiselled profile, remotely suggesting that of Anton Seidl, was Dr. Sigmund Pissinski, a musical critic, who has recently moved to Berlin,

BALDUIN GROLLER

where he edits the *Signale* and champions the cause of Schönberg. The man with the clear calm eyes of the born observer and the kindly smile was Dr. Robert Scheu, dramatist, essayist and satirist of rare calibre, a highly esteemed contributor of *Simplisissimus* and president of the Kulturpolitische Gesellschaft. The man with the keen glance of the critic and the air of a scholar was Dr. Schwarzwald. The conversation was effervescent with an indefinable quality which neither the term *wiener Geist* nor

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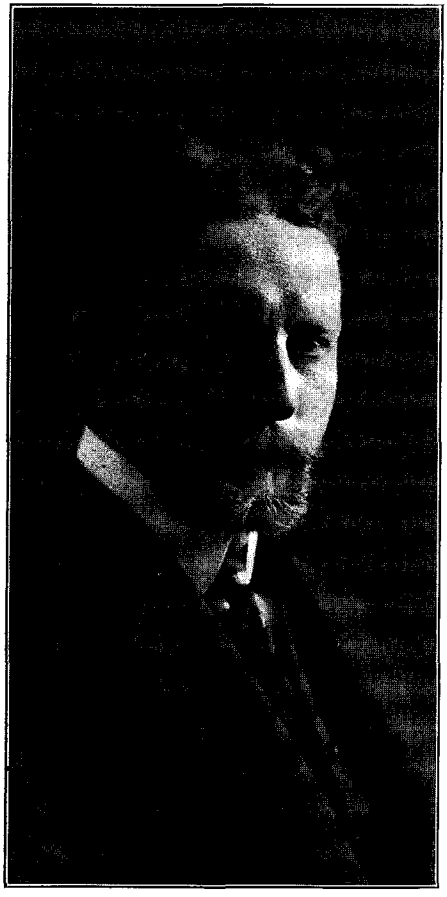
the French *esprit* seems to cover. It was general and spontaneous, touched upon many subjects and echoed with many names, among which the most frequently heard were those of Peter Altenberg, Arnold Schönberg, Oscar Kokoschka and Karl Kraus.

At mention of the latter name the average Vienna citizen is likely to exclaim: "Ach, der Fackel-Kraus!"—this being the limit of his knowledge. The resident with some pretence of being well informed may add: "Der-Narr!" But to men and women of independent judgment Karl Kraus, the editor of *Die Fackel* (*The Torch*), is one of those sublime "fools" from the ranks of which come the champions, the heroes and the martyrs of truth and justice. As such he is recognised by Germany's greatest writers, Dehmel, Thomas Mann, Frank Wedekind and others. Fifteen years ago his little magazine for the first time threw its glaring flashlight upon the Hydra of journalistic corruption in Vienna and made the malefactors writhe and turn upon him in frantic wrath. It speaks for the moral fibre of the man that no amount of persecution has hindered him from continuing that fight, which he gradually directed against everything in the social structure and in municipal management that was a disgrace to modern humanity. The little one-man magazine has found its way upon all news-stands of Austria and Germany, and the author of it has made for himself a unique reputation as a writer and as a speaker. When a lecture by Kraus is announced in any German-speaking community, the auditorium is crowded, and when he appears upon the platform, his face illumined with the eyes of a seeker and the fearlessness of a fighter for an ideal, there is reverence in the silence which falls upon the audience. He has the oratory of the old prophets of his race and the earnestness and fervour reflected in the unforgettable head of Michael Angelo's Moses. To meet the man whom the choicest minds among his contemporaries consider the greatest ethical force in German letters to-day, and one of his Viennese colleagues calls the conscience of our time, was a great temptation. But the man who is so much in the public eye is in his private life of an almost morbid reserve, and beyond a few intimate friends, is personally unknown to the wide circle of admirers which he has won through his books of aphorisms, keen-edged like blades of Damascene steel, yet coming down with the force of a sledge-hammer, and essays, plain and unadorned in diction, yet radiant with the light of genius.



FRANZ KARL GINZKEY. HE IS A MODERN INCARNATION OF THE GERMAN TROUBADOURS OF NOBLE LINEAGE WHOSE SONGS CONVEY TO A MORE PROSAIC PRESENCE A FLAVOUR OF THE CHIVALROUS WORSHIP OF WOMEN IN A MORE ROMANTIC PAST

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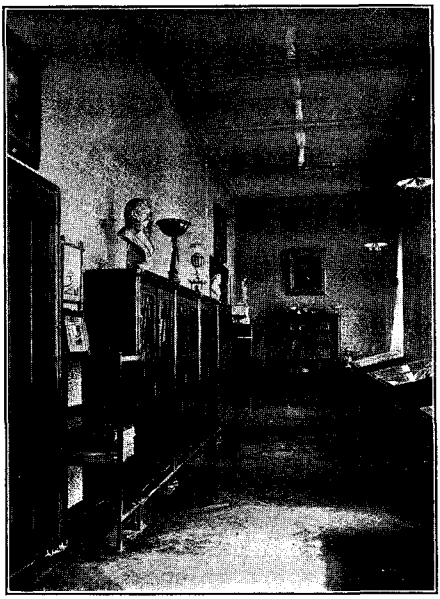
With Dr. Robert Scheu the writer had an interesting talk in his office at the Commercial Museum-Oesterreichische Handels-museum—of which he is secretary. His powerful one-act play suggesting the Wagner-Nietzsche conflict, *Der letzte Abend* (*The Last Evening*), is an admirable bit of dramatic writing. He has written a number of other plays, some in collaboration with Dr. Otto Stoessl, a treatise on *Kulturpolitik*, which is a term of his own coinage, some essays and a choice book of humour, *Alltag eines Fröhlichen*. This last work most directly reflects his unique individuality, and with the light touch of Jean Paul in its whimsical manner and the sting of Börne in its satire bids fair to rank high in Germany's library of humour. He has the gift of uttering his heresies with an insinuating grace and a captivating smile which contrast strangely with his rather veristic wording and win even that reader who does not agree with him. For there is a saneness and a wholesomeness in the spirit of his books which is not too frequent in the works of the modern school, whether of Germany or of Austria.



GRILLPARZER'S LIBRARY IN THE HISTORICAL MUSEUM OF VIENNA

PETER ALTENBERG. HE IS ONE OF THE "CHARACTERS" OF VIENNA, AND IS POINTED OUT TO THE FOREIGN VISITOR LIKE THE STEPHANSDOM OR THE BURGTHEATER

Dr. jur Otto Stoessl, novelist and dramatist, and author of valuable critical studies on Conrad Ferdinand Meyer and Gottfried Keller, lives as a railroad official in a charming suburb of Vienna, Ober St. Veit, in a house designed by himself and surrounded by a garden in which he delights to work. A picture of healthy manhood he seems, of distinct Teutonic type, with a ruddy complexion and a frank and genial expression. Remarkably calm and well-poised, he shows no trace of bitterness in his admission that he lives among his fellow-citizens almost as a foreigner would. He confessed that but for the encouragement of German editors and publishers he would probably have never become known. Like his friends and co-workers he is painfully aware of the lack of initiative among the Austrians, and especially the Viennese; he calls it the heritage of their old and heterogeneous culture and their capital or stock-in-trade. Like his col-

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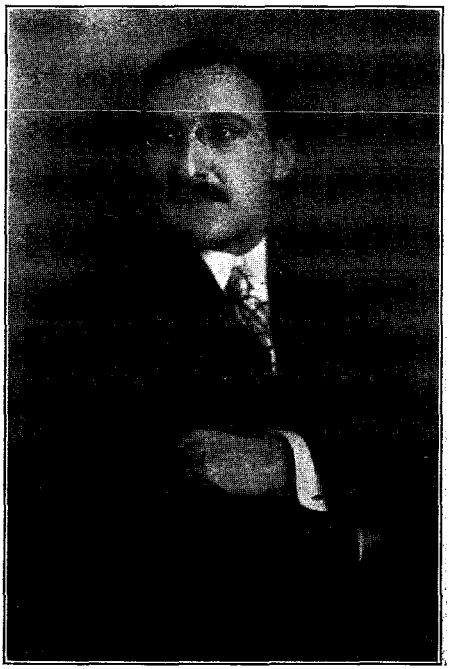
ALFONS PETZOLD. A VIENNESE, SPRUNG FROM THE PEOPLE, WHO STRUGGLED FOR MANY YEARS TO EARN HIS LIVING AS AN UNSKILLED LABOURER

leagues he is astonishingly well informed about America and profoundly interested in the problems that confront the republic.

Rich in suggestion was the morning spent with Adolf Loos. A secessionist from the conventional ideals of his profession and the code of traditional æsthetics, he claims in his writings and his lectures that style should be the natural expression of the needs and purposes of a building and of the character of its time, and startled the Viennese, nurtured upon the Rococo and "Barock" of their ancestors, by declaring that ornament is —sin. The simple, straight lines and the Puritan plainness of the façade of the much-discussed Looshaus on the Michaelerplatz, opposite the elaborately ornate entrance to the Hofburg, demonstrate this paradox as applied to a modern business building. They also prove his rare sense of the fitness of things; for such a building is not supposed to rival the splendour of an old imperial residence. The interior with its apparently unlimited space, highly polished mahogany and dull-green floor covering illustrates another point of his æsthetic creed: that rich material makes ornament superfluous. Loos has travelled in England and America, and their influence is evident in the new style which he is admitted to have created.

IV

A visit to the studio of Oscar Kokoschka, the poet-painter, brought the writer into the presence of a young man of boyish face and modest manner, slow and shy of speech, but honest and frank of expression: a Parsifal type. An extreme individualist, like Karl Kraus, Kokoschka resents comparison with others, but his book, *Die träumenden Knaben* (*The Dreaming Boys*), which is a remarkable product of the Wiener Werkstätten in its make-up, is dedicated to



STEFAN ZWEIG, WHO INTRODUCED TO GERMAN READERS THE BELGIAN, VERHAEREN, THE FRENCHMAN, ROMAIN ROLLAND, AND THE AMERICAN, WALT WHITMAN

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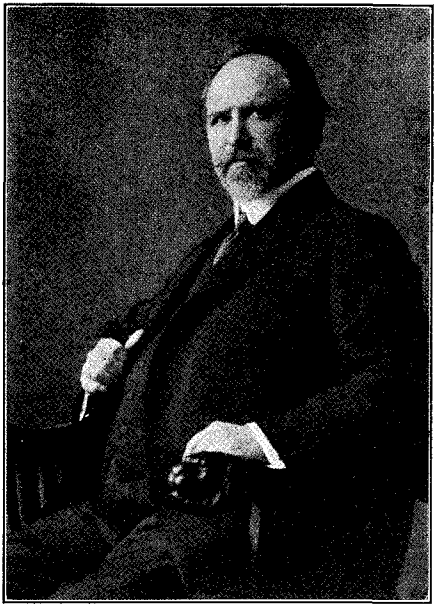
Gustav Klimt, and his work has not a few features that recall the art of the great Austrian secessionist. Kokoschka had just become engaged to the widow of the lamented Gustav Mahler, Alma Maria Schindler-Mahler, herself a gifted musician, and the effect which this marriage was likely to have upon his further development was the subject of much conjecture on the part of his friends. That the engagement has since been broken by the poet-painter, because Frau Mahler enjoys an income from her late husband's works, is remarkably in harmony with the unworldly idealism of Kokoschka. In Alfred Grünwald, a young man with a sensitive, thoughtful face, the writer met a poet-architect of unusual distinction. A half-hour in the studio of Else Wiesenthal, a dancer and representative of the school of physical culture which translated music into motion and dating back to Delsarte was so



ADAM MÜLLER-GUTTENBRUNN

HERMANN BAHR. AN ADMIRER OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, AND A SYMPATHISER WITH AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS. LIKE ZWEIG, HE IS DEVOTED TO WALT WHITMAN

signally advanced by Isadora Duncan and bids fair to become an educational factor of great value in the "rhythmical gymnastics" of Dalcroze, completed the impression that this group of independents is a remarkable proof of the kinship and the community of all arts.

Peter Altenberg, who was frequently spoken of by these men and women, is one of the "characters" in Vienna that are pointed out to the foreign visitor even by unliterary residents like the Stephansdom or the Burgtheater. It is indeed impossible to forget that figure, whether you meet him on the "Ring" or in a café, or see him sporting in the waves of his beloved Lido, not unlike a Böcklin triton. Curious commentaries of the life about him are his books; full of droll fancies, delicate sentiments, delightful pictures, alternating with the effusions of a humour, drastic, bizarre and grotesque. The fragmentary quality of these miniature sketches and brief aphorisms is often irritating; their point is sometimes lost to the foreign reader. But re-read in the light of a personal impression, however fugitive, or in the

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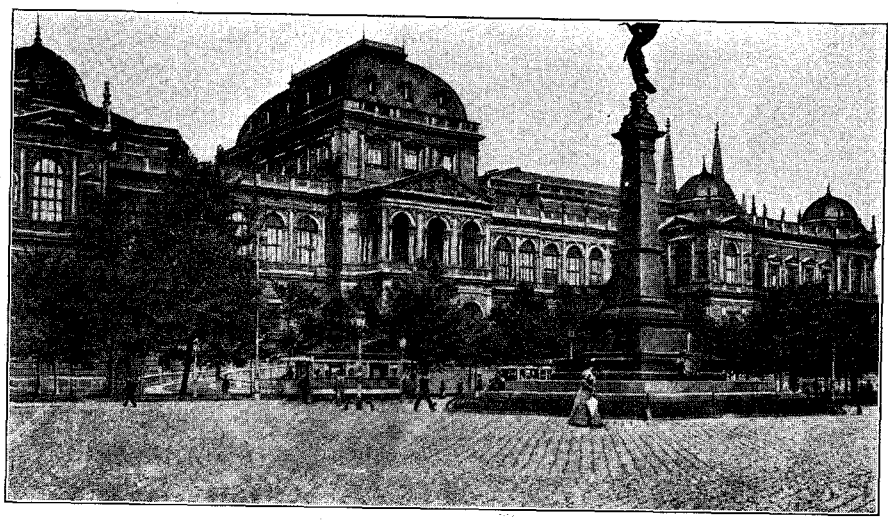
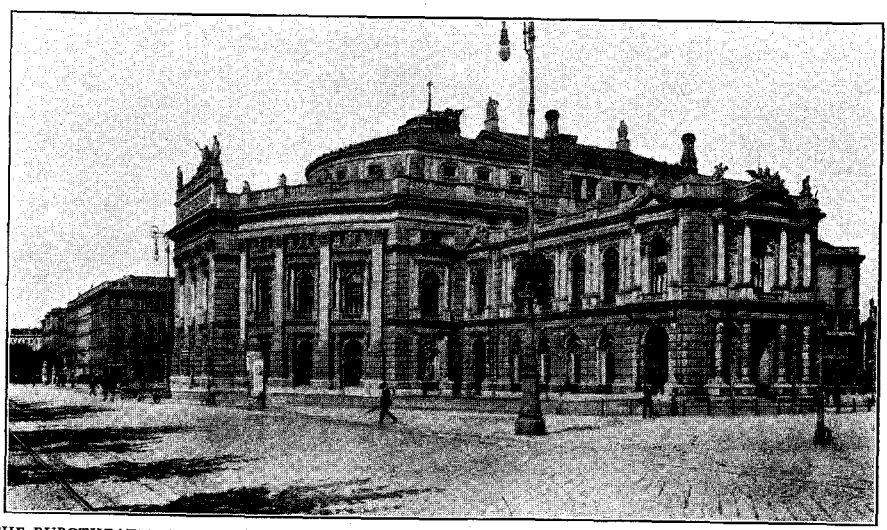


THE UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA

light of the numerous anecdotes that circulate about him, their author steps from their pages and comes very close to his reader. A boy at heart and an old man in mind, naïve and impressionable, yet sophisticated and pessimistic, he is one of the most puzzling examples of the dualism sometimes found in types of an old culture. The man who on seeing the pigeons of St. Mark's fed on Indian corn could in all sincerity exclaim: "Those poor pigeons—cannot people give them something more digestible?" is certainly a unique personality, even in Vienna.

A writer who has lived there long enough to be counted among the Viennese writers, though he himself protests against being identified with "literary Vienna," is Jacob Wassermann, the novelist who by his *Geschichte der Renate Fuchs* some years ago created a modern woman type which has had a numerous progeny in German fiction. Wasser-



THE BURGTHEATER OF VIENNA, WHICH HAS, FOR GENERATIONS, SENT THE ACTORS AND ACTRESSES TRAINED UPON ITS STAGE TO THEATRES ALL OVER THE WORLD

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mann lives in Grinzing, a curious old rural place with a wooden crucifix in the main street and houses with roofs sloping low down. The modern apartment-building at one corner seemed incongruous; so did the old-fashioned motto on the walls of the entrance-hall. It is, however, not surprising that the author who, in his psychology, seems a compound of past and present, chose it for his home. He made his entrance into the room, suggesting taste and comfort in its furnishings, with a library of historical and philosophical works, a grand piano and some good pictures, in a simple, pleasing manner. He has a sensitive face, earnest eyes and a sympathetic voice. Not an Austrian by birth, but a South-German, he seems *deraciné* by race or circumstance and admits his isolation. He thinks literature too reflective to-day, too much the result of abstraction. Speaking of his latest book, *Der Mann von vierzig Jahren,* which writer considers his best piece of fiction, he remarked that it had been lived and written and lay already so far behind him that it impressed him almost as something foreign.

V

Among the writers whose name is of frequent occurrence in the German magazines is that of Dr. Stefan Zweig, a lyric poet, critic and translator of unusual gifts. He is an enthusiast and a hero-worshipper of a type rather rare among the young intellectuals of the present. He introduced to German readers Emile Verhaeren, the Belgian poet, about whom he has written a monograph and of whom he has translated a selection of poems and some dramas. Another writer whom he profoundly admires is Romain Rolland, and of our Walt Whitman he speaks with something like reverence. These three names are proof of his catholic taste and fine discernment. Although an opponent of the feminist movement, which could not well be ignored, since he called on the writer during the Vienna Woman Suffrage Conference and again after her return from the International Congress at Budapest, he has at least one woman in the ranks of those personalities to whom he devotes a certain cult: Ellen Key. He has been in America as a visitor to the Panama Canal, which he considers a stupendous achievement and has celebrated in a feuilleton which reads like a prose poem. In an essay on the rhythm of New York he has pointed out some striking features that distinguish American cities from those of the Old World. He says that the latter are most beautiful at rest, the former most repulsive, because their attractiveness is founded upon their stirring reality, their power upon the rhythm of their life. They were dead heaps of stones to him on Sundays, but on weekdays they resounded with a music of barbarous grandeur. "The rhythm of New York is the first manifestation of the American feeling of life; whoever can sense it, understands the tense will-power that vibrates in all nerves of this unlimited country." A tribute which shows a penetrative insight uncommon among the foreign literati that visit our shores.

Vienna has a rather large number of lyric poets, foremost among them Richard Schaukal, who is a "K. k. Ministerialrat" and at the head of the cabinet of public works, "Paul Wilhelm," which is the pseudonym for Wilhelm Dworaczek, Count Ginzkey, who is connected with the military-geographical institute, and Alfons Petzold. Franz Karl Ginzkey is a modern incarnation of the German troubadours of noble lineage whose songs convey to a more prosaic present a flavour of the chivalrous worship of woman in a more romantic past. This being a year of woman conventions, Count Ginzkey was asked his opinion of woman suffrage, and admitted that he finds himself haunted by a doubt; although he opines that it were well to give women their long-coveted and honestly earned rights, social and political, he wonders whether women so freed would be willing as before to sacrifice all for love and would deplore it as an irreparable loss, were women by their admission to masculine duties to be as completely absorbed by them as men are.

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Alfons Petzold is a Viennese of quite another type. Sprung from the people, he had struggled for many years to earn his living as an unskilled labourer. But during his years of hard toil and periods of sickness, he never lost the deep desire for self-culture, and the educational opportunities offered by the "Volksheim," an institution resembling our social settlements, enabled him to pursue his quest. He longed for artistic self-expression, and after a long period of involuntary idleness during a serious illness in a hospital, the poetical gift slumbering in his soul was set free. Dr. Josef Luitpold Stern, the editor of *Der Strom,* and Karl Henckell, the sympathetic appreciator, brought him out, and he is today one of the most talked-of figures in the younger generation of German poets. His books of verse reflect the wholesome philosophy of one who has learned the wisdom of acceptance. He has told the story of his life in a lecture recently published, and most of his poems and admirable prose sketches are founded upon his experiences. But there is no bitterness in his reflections, and for purely artistic perfection his work is an astonishing achievement.

VI

That the social atmosphere of Vienna may in time alienate even those who are apparently rooted in and inseparably identified with that city, is suggested by the recent removal of Hermann Bahr to Salzburg, which gave the writer something of a shock, because "Literary Vienna" without Bahr is unthinkable. "Das Tschaperl," "Der Krampus," "Der Franzl"—who could have written them but a man who was as much a Wiener as they? So a stop-over at Salzburg was procured and on a day of genuine Salzburg weather, during a heavy downpour of rain, the writer met the author, whose *Concert* is the most popular modern German drama on the American stage. He occupies an apartment in the Arenberg Schloss, spacious and high-ceilinged like old castle halls. There was something refreshingly breezy and cordial in his manner; delightfully unconventional and suggestive of outdoor life was his dark green "Jägerjoppe," a sort of sweater. The patriarchal beard, awe-inspiring in its length, seemed incongruous. But in the animated conversation which set in, this impression was forgotten. Dr. Bahr has come to Salzburg, the ancient seat of his family, with his wife, the famous singer, Anna Mildenberg-Bahr, because it assures him greater quiet and composure than Vienna. He had been on the programme of the Congress in Budapest as speaker in the men's league for woman suffrage, but had been obliged to cancel his engagement, so this was the first topic to present itself. Being of the opinion that universal suffrage should include women, Dr. Bahr finds the attitude of the Englishmen incomprehensible, and since an outsider cannot fathom the situation in that country, would reserve his judgment of the militants. The insularity of the English makes it difficult for any foreigner to understand them, even the Germans, who are related to them, finding it easier to understand an Italian than an Englishman. Bahr admires Shaw, but Shaw is Irish, and the work by Shaw which is his favourite is *John Bull's Other Island.*

For America and the Americans Dr. Bahr seems to have much sympathy. He had said in a recent volume of essays that Whitman had discovered for art a new type of man, the democratic man. He told the writer with visible regret that an American woman who had heard him lecture on Whitman at the University of Bonn, had said that Whitman had no standing and was practically unknown in America. He keeps record of the ever-increasing Whitman literature and considers Leon Bazalgette's biography the best, American works not excepted. He seemed very eager to know whether the young generation in America cherished the heritage of Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman, asked whether the latter was getting into the brain and the blood of the people, and seemed of all the foreign authors who have asked the same question the one most familiar with current intellectual life in our

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country. He is an admirer of William James, and inquired about the attitude of Americans toward Bergson. Speaking of the drama, he remarked that Germany had always been confounding the two kinds of drama, the one a serious work of art, the other for the entertainment of the people, forgetting that Goethe himself had said that the theatre should be a place of amusement and the dramatist make concessions to the public. Dr. Bahr enjoys a great reputation as a lecturer, his wife as a singer, and it occurred to the writer that the American manager who could induce the two to visit this country would find his reward.

To the impartial outsider who looks back upon the long procession of striking individualities that collectively represent literary Vienna, from Ebner-Eschenbach to Hermann Bahr, the hopeless view which most of them take of their city seems but a symptom of the pessimism which like a *basso ostinato* runs through their personal confessions and reflects one side of their racial temperament. For Vienna has institutions and personalities that have in no small degree directed and modified the course of modern science, letters and art. The department of psychology at its university has a direct bearing upon modern German letters, for Professor Freud has a following among the younger writers, critics like Wittels and novelists like Grete Meisel-Hess, which has spread his influence far beyond the circle of his associates and students in psychological research. The Burgtheater has for generations sent the actors and actresses trained upon its stage to theatres all over the world. The late Max Burkhardt, as its director, set his seal upon the development of modern drama. Another native Viennese, Max Reinhardt, is now revolutionising stagecraft in Germany and other countries. The Secession received its cue from the Viennese journalist Hevesi, who coined the phrase "Der Zeit ihre Kunst, der Kunst ihre Freiheit," which may be freely rendered "Each period its art, each art its freedom." The founder of the arts and crafts movement in Germany, Josef Olbrich, was a pupil and protegé of Otto Wagner, Vienna's master-builder and forerunner of Adolf Loos. To music Vienna has contributed Anton Bruckner, Gustav Mahler and others. A city that harbours such institutions and has produced such personalities can surely stand comparison with any other centre of modern intellectual life, though this life may pulsate through its veins more slowly than it does elsewhere. For Vienna infected by the spirit of modern Berlin would no longer be Vienna.

LAUNCELOT AND GAWAINE

BY RICHARD HOVEY

A POET loved two women. One was dark,
Luxuriant with the beauty of the south,
A heart of fire; and this one he forsook.
The other slender, fair, with wide grey eyes,
Who loved him with a still intensity
That made her heart a shrine; to her he clave,
And he was faithful to her to the end.
And when the poet died, a song was found
Which he had writ of Launcelot and Gawaine;
And when the women read it, one cried out:
"Where got he Launcelot? Gawaine I know—
He drew that picture from a looking-glass!
Sleek, lying, treacherous, golden tongued Gawaine!"
The other, smiling, murmured "Launcelot!"

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RUDYARD KIPLING'S "UNITED STATES"

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

I

In a general way Rudyard Kipling may be said to have discovered the United States before he discovered the land of his forefathers. He had sung of England as a birthright, carrying back to India vivid impressions of the scenes of his school days at the United Services College at Westward Ho, North Devon, which he afterward turned to account in "Baa Baa Black Sheep," the earlier chapters of *The Light That Failed,* and *Stalky and Company*. But the real discovery of England was the rediscovery. In the years of his first achievement as a journalist in India England was vague and symbolic, the mother of the many sturdy sons about the Seven Seas, the "Power House of the Line." The England that he knows to-day is a rediscovery of comparatively recent years. He came to know it only after his departure from his home in Vermont and his settling down to live in Rottingdean. This discovery, or rediscovery, he has credited to the motor car. By means of the car he learned of a land full of stupefying marvels and mysteries. In it he has been able to travel in six hours from the land of the *Ingoldsby Legends* by way of the Norman Conquest and the Barons War into Richard Jeffries country and so through the Regency and into Gilbert White's country. Of a morning he has seen the Assizes, javelin-men and all, come into a cathedral town; by noon he has skirted a new-built convent for expelled French nuns; before sundown he has watched the Channel Fleet, off Selsea Bill; and after dark he has nearly broken a fox's back on a Roman road. "You who were born and bred in the land," he cries, "take such trifles for granted, but to me it is still miraculous that if I want petrol in a hurry I must either pass the place where Sir John Lade lived, or the garden where Jack Cade was killed. In Africa one has only to put the miles under and go on; but in England the dead, twelve coffin deep, clutch hold of my wheels at every turn, till I sometimes wonder that the very road does not bleed. *That* is the real joy of motoring—the exploration of this amazing England.

But it was a much younger man, a cockier and more flippant man, who landed in San Francisco some twenty-four or twenty-five years ago, with not the slightest spirit of reverence for his surroundings beyond the fact that California was hallowed ground by virtue of its association with the tales of Bret Harte. As he entered the harbour through the Golden Gate he saw with great joy that the block house which guarded its mouth "could be silenced by two gunboats from Hong Kong with safety, comfort, and dispatch. Also, there was not a single American vessel of war in the harbour." For he had come with a grievance upon him—the grievance of the pirated English books. Whether this grievance was real or affected matters not. He carried it with him up every San Franciscan hill and into every side street. Through it he saw every aspect of the city's life and every one of its monuments, the Palace Hotel, the Cliff House, and even the Bohemian Club, where he was entertained as a guest, and whose hospitality he repaid with an ingratitude of which only extreme youth could possibly be capable. But that was the Kipling of two or three and twenty, nursing imaginary wrongs, and quite ready to sacrifice fairness for what he deemed to be a smartly turned phrase. It is a Kipling that a certain middle-aged gentleman living in Batemans, Burwash, Sussex, to-day probably remembers with a blush.

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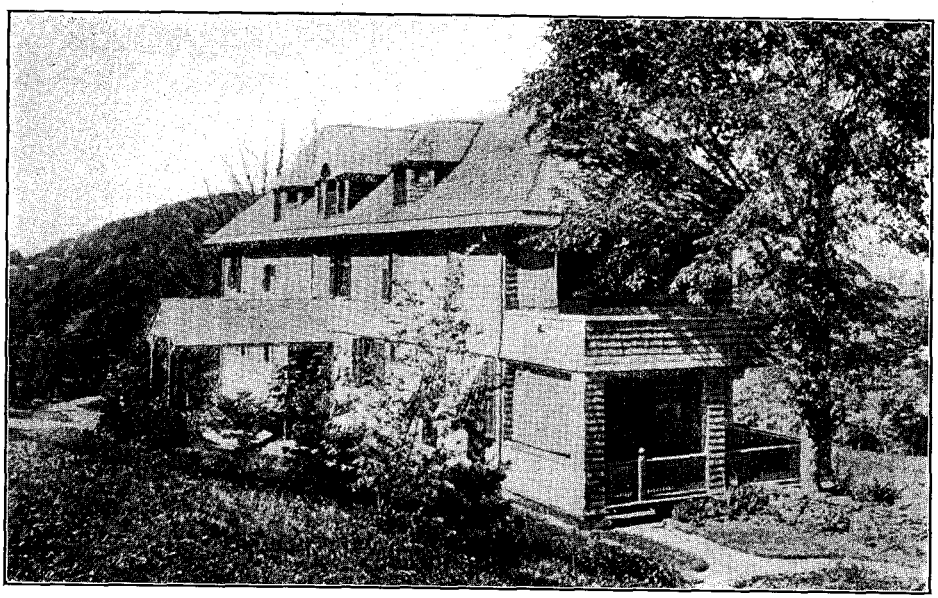
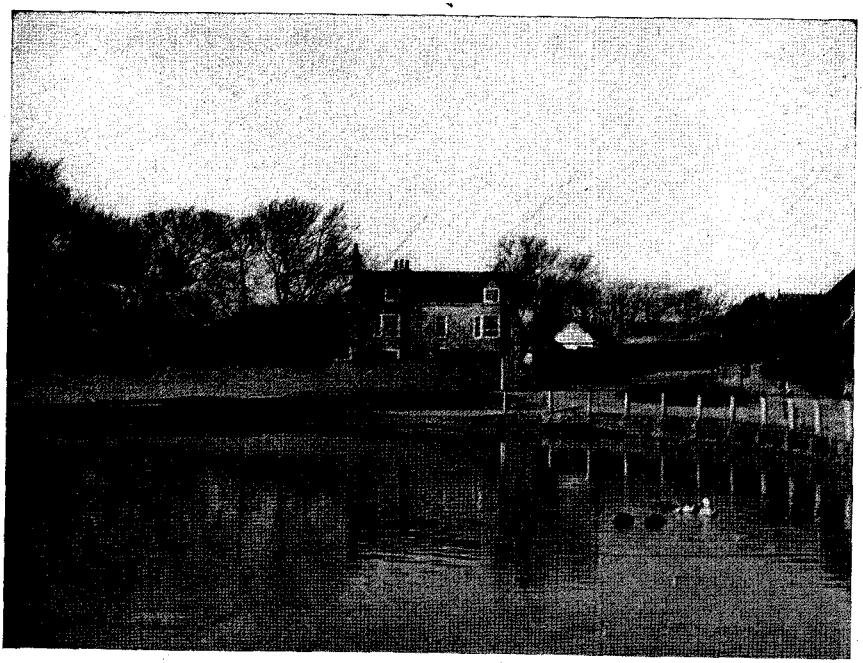


THE NAULAKHA. KIPLING'S VERMONT HOME. THERE WAS A TIME, SOON AFTER HIS MARRIAGE, WHEN IT SEEMED AS IF MR. KIPLING WAS DESTINED TO LIVE PERMANENTLY IN THE UNITED STATES"



THE ELMS, ROTTINGDEAN, WHERE RUDYARD KIPLING REDISCOVERED GREAT BRITAIN. FOR THE PAST TWO OR THREE YEARS MR. KIPLING HAS BEEN LIVING AT BATEMAN'S, BURWASH, SUSSEX

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II

If Rudyard Kipling's United States meant nothing else it would be worth while merely for that wonderfully spirited transcontinental flight of the *Constance* as described in *Captains Courageous*. How vivid is the picture! The millionaire Cheyne's raw new palace in San Diego, the heartbroken father, and the grief-maddened mother, dreaming day and night of the son drowning in the grey seas off the Newfoundland Banks. Then the telegram from Harvey announcing his rescue by the fishing schooner, the mother's shriek that rang through the echoing house, the Napoleonic masterfulness of Cheyne's secretary moving his assistant to the Morse as a general brings brigades into action and planning out the route of the *Constance*. Then the frenzy of that dash over waters, and mountain ranges, and plains, the train creeping in the drought of the desert, the six-foot drivers hammering their way upgrade, the needle of the speed indicator wagging to and fro, until the limited whirled the *Constance* into Buffalo and the arms of the New York Central and Hudson River, who slid her gradefully into Albany, where the Boston and Albany completed the run from tidewater to tidewater,—total time, eighty-seven hours and thirty-five minutes, or three days, fifteen hours and a half. Harvey was waiting for them.

But long before Rudyard Kipling first saw the hills of San Francisco from the deck of the *City of Pekin* he had made the city the background of one of his stories. This was "The Shadow of His Hand," which was one of a series of sketches then known as *Turnovers* which he wrote for the *Allahabad Pioneer* and other papers. Some of these stories and sketches were incorporated in his authorised work; others, for various reasons, he discarded and wished forgotten. For some twenty years these latter were known only to the collector, until, in the autumn of 1909, a New York publishing house introduced them to the public in book form under the title *Abaft the Funnel*. "The Shadow of His Hand," the early story with the San Francisco setting, was one of those which Kipling wished forgotten. Justly so, for it contained a line quite as repellent as a certain memorable passage in "Black Jack." Somewhat later Kipling made brief use of San Francisco in the introduction to the story called "The Mutiny of the Mavericks." But to follow the Kipling trail on that first journey of discovery as outlined in *American Notes*. Having had his say about San Franciscan reporters, cable cars, hotel clerks, bunco steerers, climate, and clubs, Kipling proceeded to Portland, Oregon, and fished gloriously for salmon in the Columbia River. The sincerity of his hostility in earlier pages of the *Notes* has always been open to question; there has never been any doubt of the genuineness of his enthusiasm when he wrote of his conquest of the fish described in the language of a native as "a fighter from Fightersville." Then he visited the Yellowstone Park, which he found to be laid out like Ollendorf, in exercises of progressive difficulty. Astride the clouds he peered down the mouth of the Devil's Bethesda, hobnobbed with Uncle Sam's troopers, made comparisons of American versus British manners, and did the Grand Canyon in company with the Henry James maiden from New Hampshire. Then, on to Chicago with its stock yards, Buffalo with its wheat elevators, and New York, in his eyes defenceless against foreign attack, the city of "heavenly loot."

That first trail did not touch Colorado. Yet it was in that State that he laid Topaz City, the scene of Nick Carver's real estate schemes, and the beginning and the end of *The Naulakha*. Nor did it touch Kansas. Yet it was from Kansas that, as narrated in "A Walking Delegate," came the "wall-eyed, yellow frame house of a horse," whose avowed purpose in life was to talk of his inalienable rights, and to stir up the other equines on the Vermont farm to a sense of their wrongs and to revolution against the tyrant Man. The wall-

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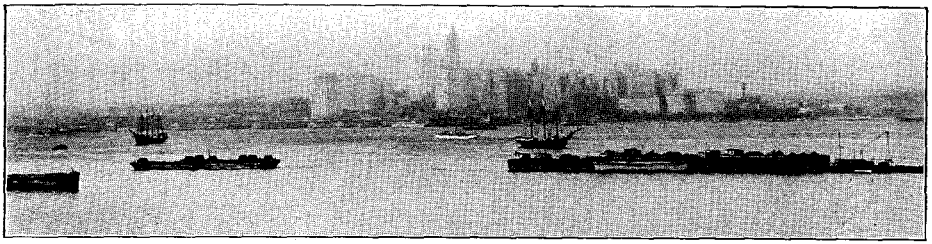

"OYEZ! OYEZ! OYEZ! PRINCES, DUKES, AND BARONS OF THE HIGH SEAS! KNOW YE BY THESE PRESENTS, WE ARE THE 'DIMBULA,' FIFTEEN DAYS NINE HOURS FROM LIVERPOOL, HAVING CROSSED THE ATLANTIC WITH FOUR THOUSAND TON OF CARGO FOR THE FIRST TIME IN OUR CAREER! WE HAVE NOT FOUNDERED. WE ARE HERE. 'EER! 'EER! WE ARE NOT DISABLED. BUT WE HAVE HAD A TIME WHOLLY UNPARALLELED IN THE ANNALS OF SHIP-BUILDING! OUR DECKS WERE SWEPT! WE PITCHED; WE ROLLED! WE THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO DIE! HI! HI! BUT WE DIDN'T. WE WISH TO GIVE NOTICE THAT WE HAVE COME TO NEW YORK ALL THE WAY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC, THROUGH THE WORST WEATHER IN THE WORLD; AND WE ARE THE 'DIMBULA'! WE ARE-ARR-HA-HA-HA-R-R-R-!"—"THE SHIP THAT FOUND HERSELF"

eyed one is proud of his native State and sings of its glory. "I come from the boundless confines of Kansas, where the noblest of our kind have their abiding place among the sunflowers on the threshold of the setting sun in his glory." And again: "Kansas, sir, needs no advertisement. Her native sons rely on themselves and their native sires. Yes, sir." But the walking delegate is not alone among the horses in State pride. There is Tweezy, lifting up his wise and polite old head, ever the most courteous of horses, loyal in his allegiance to the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. Also Muldoon, the ex car horse, born in Iowa, but swearing by the New York of his adoption. "Any horse dat knows beans gits outer Kansas 'fore dey crip his shoes. I blew in dere from Ioway in de days o' me youth an' innocence, an' I wuz grateful when dey boxed me fer N' York. You can' tell *me* anything about Kansas I don't wanter fergit. De Belt Line stables ain't no Hoffman House, but dey're Vanderbilt's 'longside o' Kansas."

As Muldoon had seen service on the Belt Line, it stands to reason that at some time in his chequered career he must have made the acquaintance of certain other of the Kipling characters. For example, at the southern end of his route, he may have been looking out across New York Bay the very day that the *Dimbula,* "The Ship that Found Herself," came in to the harbour after her first voyage across the Atlantic. If so, this is what Muldoon saw:

It was a glorious, clear, dead calm morning, and in single file, with less than half a mile between each, their bands playing and their tugboats shouting and waving their handkerchiefs, were the *Majestic,* the *Paris,* the *Touraine,* the *Servia,* the *Kaiser Wilhelm II,* and the *Werkendam,* all statelily going out to sea. As the *Dimbula* shifted her helm to give the great boats clear way, the Steam (who knows far too much to mind making an exhibition of himself now and then) shouted:

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Princes, Dukes, and Barons of the High Seas! Know ye by these presents, we are the *Dimbula,* fifteen days nine hours from Liverpool, having crossed the Atlantic with four thousand ton of cargo for the first time in our career! We have not foundered. We are here. *'Eer! 'Eer!* We are not disabled. But we have had a time wholly unparalleled in the annals of ship-building! Our decks were swept! We pitched; we rolled! We thought we were going to die! *Hi! Hi!* But we didn't. We wish to give notice that we have come to New York all the way across the Atlantic, through the worst weather in the world; and we are the *Dimbula!* We are-arr-ha-ha-ha-r-r-r!"

The beautiful line of boats swept by as steadily as the procession of the Seasons. The

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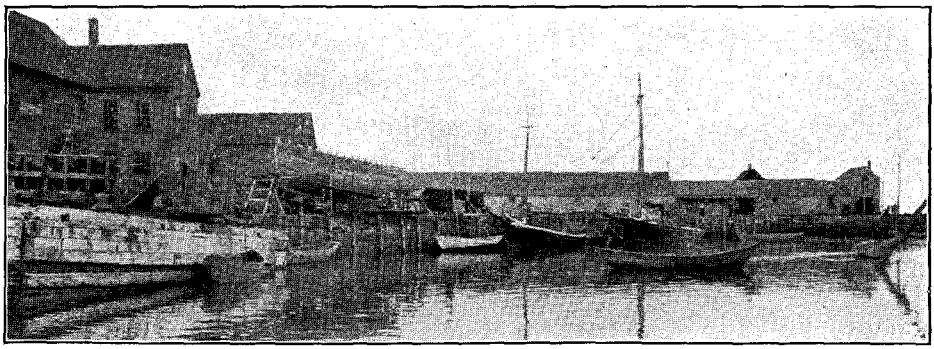
"FAR AWAY FROM THE GREYSTONE WINGS, THE DARK CEDARS, THE FAULTLESS GRAVEL DRIVES, AND THE MINT-SAUCE LAWNS OF HOLT HANGARS RUNS A RIVER CALLED THE HUDSON, WHOSE UNKEMPT BANKS ARE COVERED WITH THE PALACES OF THOSE WEALTHY BEYOND THE DREAMS OF AVARICE. HERE, WHERE THE HOOT OF THE HAVERSTRAW BRICK-BARGE-TUG ANSWERS THE HOWL OF THE LOCOMOTIVE ON EITHER SHORE, YOU SHALL FIND, WITH A COMPLETE INSTALLATION OF ELECTRIC LIGHT, NICKELPLATED BINNACLES, AND A CALLIOPE ATTACHMENT TO HER STEAM-WHISTLE, THE TWELVE-HUNDRED-TON OCEAN-GOING STEAM-YACHT "COLUMBIA," LYING AT HER PRIVATE PIER, TO TAKE TO HIS OFFICE, AT AN AVERAGE SPEED OF SEVENTEEN KNOTS AN HOUR,—AND THE BARGES CAN LOOK OUT FOR THEMSELVES,—WILTON SARGENT, AMERICAN."—"AN ERROR IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION."

Dimbula heard the *Majestic* say, "Humph!" and the *Paris* grunted "How!" and the *Touraine* said, "Oui!" with a little coquettish flicker of steam; and the *Servia* said, "Haw!" and the *Kaiser* and the *Werkendam* said, "Hoch!" Dutch fashion—and that was absolutely all.

Somewhat farther uptown, in the course of the day's work, Muldoon may have run across Wilton Sargent, of "An Error in the Fourth Dimension," in the early, unregenerate and blatant days, when, before he tried to make himself an Englishman at Holt Hangars, he had been in the habit of steaming to office, down the Hudson, in his twelve hundred ton ocean going steam yacht and arriving, by gradations, at Bleecker Street, hanging on to a leather strap between an Irish washerwoman and a German anarchist. Again—for the car horse is said



Courtesy of Thomas H. Baskerville, Esq.

WHARVES OF GLOUCESTER.—"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS"

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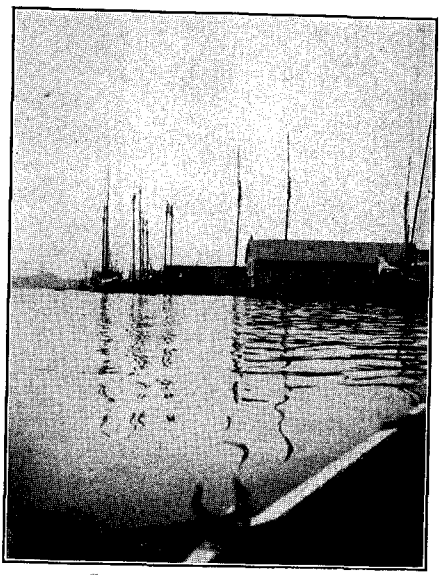
to be a creature of extreme longevity—he may have seen the Wilton Sargent of later years, thoroughly cured of his Anglo mania; once more coming down the river to his office at an average of seventeen knots an hour on his steam yacht *Columbia*.

III

The New England trail of Rudyard Kipling takes us briefly to Vermont, where the writer himself had his home, and occasionally to Boston, association with which city, for example, caused the Compound of "007" to assume an air of intellectual patronage toward other locomotives and to talk loftily of "Constitution" and "temperament" and *"outrecuidance"* and *"faroucherie."* But more seriously it will lead to the Massachusetts fishing village of Gloucester. There, when the *Constance* had been side tracked among freight cars in the railway yard, Cheyne senior and Mrs. Cheyne, in company with the boy so miraculously restored to them, went



Courtesy of Thomas H. Baskerville, Esq.
LOOKING OUT FROM WOUVERMAN'S WHARF.—"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS"

down between the stores full of fishermen's oil skins to Wouverman's wharf where the *We're Here* rode high, her

Courtesy of Thomas H. Baskerville, Esq.
"THE CROOKED STREET, WHICH WAS HALF WHARF AND HALF SHIP'S STORE."—"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

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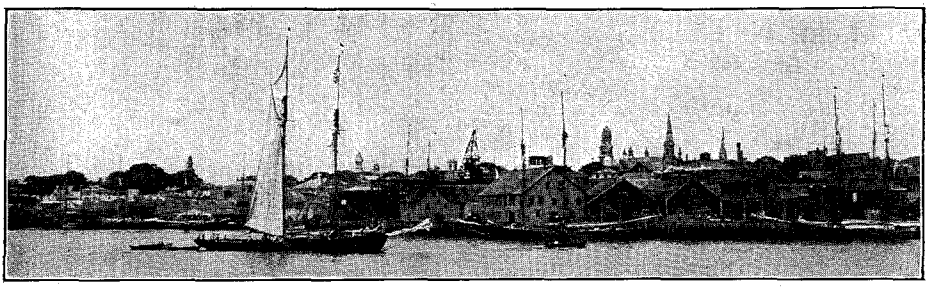
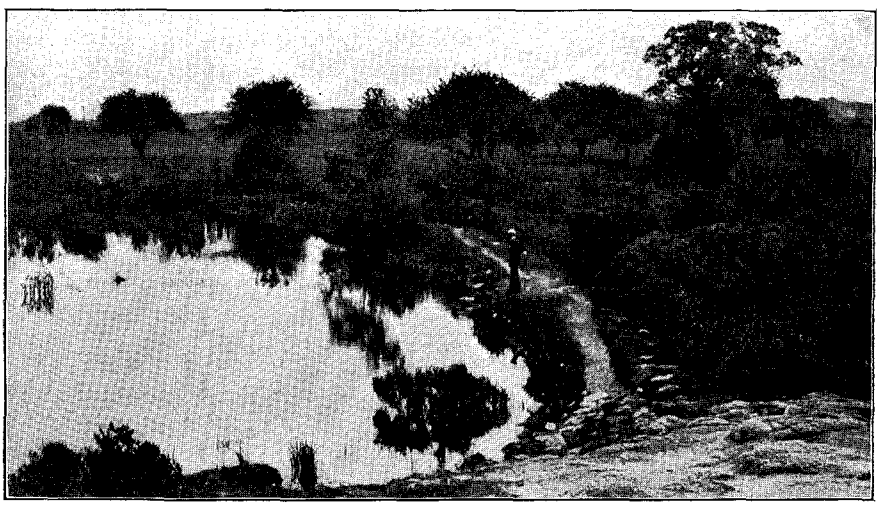


Courtesy of Thomas H. Baskerville, Esq.

"THE STURDY, CLEAR-EYED YOUTH WHO SCANNED THE SHORE FRONT OF GLOUCESTER FROM THE DECK OF THE 'WE'RE HERE' WAS VERY DIFFERENT FROM THE HARVEY CHEYNE OF OTHER DAYS."—"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

Bank flag still flying, all hands busy as beavers in the glorious morning light. To talk over young Dan's future the multi-millionaire and Disko Troop went over to Troop's eighteen hundred dollar blue-trimmed white house, with a retired dorie full of nasturtiums in the front yard and a shuttered parlour which was a museum of oversea plunder. The elder Cheyne found much to interest him in Gloucester. It was a new town in a new land. They made money along the crooked street, which was half wharf and half ship's store; as a leading profession he wished to learn how the noble game was played. Men said that four out of every five fishballs served at New England's Sunday breakfast came from Gloucester and overwhelmed him with figures in proof—statistics of boats, wharf frontage, capital invested, salting, packing, factories, insurance, wages, repairs, and profit. He talked with the owners of large fleets, and coiled himself



Courtesy of Thomas H. Baskerville, Esq.

EASTERN POINT, GLOUCESTER, WHERE MRS. CHEYNE WAS STAYING IN A BOARDING-HOUSE—"A STRANGE ESTABLISHMENT, MANAGED, APPARENTLY, BY THE BOARDERS, WHERE THE TABLE CLOTHS WERE RED AND WHITE CHECKERED, AND THE POPULATION, WHO SEEMED TO HAVE KNOWN ONE ANOTHER INTIMATELY FOR YEARS, ROSE UP AT MIDNIGHT TO MAKE WELSH RAREBITS IF THEY FELT HUNGRY"—"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

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away on chain cables in marine junk-shops. He liked this better than Eastern Point, where Mrs. Cheyne was staying after the rushing transcontinental journey in a boarding house—"a strange establishment, managed, apparently, by the boarders, where the table cloths were red and white checkered and the population, who seemed to have known one another intimately for years, rose up at midnight to make Welsh rarebits if they felt hungry. Gloucester, above all other places, must be held to be the Kipling shrine of the Western Hemisphere. No matter what your individual opinion may be as to the merits or demerits of *Captains Courageous* as a work of fiction, or your estimate of its place among Kipling's books, it is impossible to ignore the splendid, graphic picture of this town and these rugged people who win their meagre living from the sea.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY'S COMPLETE WORKS

BY HERBERT R. HYMAN

THE first complete collection of the works of James Whitcomb Riley in both prose and poetry, containing more than two hundred poems which have never before appeared in any book, will be published this month. It will come as a fitting commemoration of the beloved poet's sixty-second birthday, which he will celebrate on October 7th. The appearance of this work, known as the Biographical Edition, will stand as one of the really important events of recent years in the literary world, and the happiest, no doubt, to the enormous and ever-increasing public who delight in the Hoosier poet and who, for years, have expressed the hope that such an edition would be compiled.

Beginning his career as a country boy who saw and understood the beauties of the homely things, who knew the simple philosophy of a yet simpler life, who gave his fancy a form in words whose melody, so full and appealing, came straight from his heart and found its way into the hearts of all; submitting his verse, in his retiring way, under the plain, home-spun, unattractive name of "Benj. F. Johnson of Boone"; awaking at last to find himself the Poet Laureate of a nation—that has been the experience of James Whitcomb Riley.

He knew the human heart! He knew its underlying love for simple, homely things. He knew the tenderness of sympathy and the power of companionship. He put himself at "you and I" with the world—just "We, Us and Company"—and as he himself has expressed it in the poem to "Poems Here At Home"—

What We want, as I sense it, in the line
O' poetry is somepin' Yours and Mine—
Somepin' with live-stock in it, and outdoors,
And old crick-bottoms, snags, and sycamores;
Putt weeds in—pizen-vines, and underbresh,
As well as Johnny-jump-ups, all so fresh
And sassy-like!—and groun'-squir'ls,—yes, and "We,"
As sayin' is—"We, Us and Company."

No "Ladies' Amaranth" ner "Treasury" book—
Ner "Night Thoughts" nuther—ner no "Lally Rock"!
We want some poetry 'at's to Our taste,
Made out o' truck 'at's jes a-goin' to waste
'Cause smart folks thinks it's altogether too
Outrageous common—'cept fer me and you!—
Which goes to argy, all sich poetry
Is 'bliged to rest its hopes on You and Me.

This poem, written in the summer of

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THE POET AND HIS MOTHER

1892, was preceded by another of a similar nature which was found only a few months ago in the files of the Kokomo *Tribune,* in which publication it appeared on November 8, 1879. Delightfully characteristic in its fervour and whimsicality, it expresses the same thought as the poem written more than a decade later. It shows the "Riley Idea" and reveals the personality of the man. It is one of the poems which will be published in book form for the first time when it appears in the new Biographical Edition. It follows:

THE GINOINE AR-TICKLE

Talkin' o' poetry,—There're few men yit
  'At's got the stuff biled down so's it'll pour
Out sorgum-like, and keeps a year or more
  Jes' sweeter ever' time you tackle it!
W'y all the jinglin' truck 'at hes been writ
  Fer twenty ear and better is so pore
  You cain't find no sap in it any more
'N you'd find juice in puff-balls!—*And I'd quit!*
What people wants is facts, I apperhend;
  And naked Nature is the thing to give
Your writin' basis, eh? And I contend
'At honest work is allus bound to live.
  Now them's my views! 'cause you kin ricommend
  Sich poetry as that from end to end.

In preparing the complete works of James Whitcomb Riley, the publishers have striven to do more than merely present all of his compositions. They have sought to reflect his personality; to show his development, and to give an insight into his life and literary career which never before has been enjoyed even by his closest friends. To this end, his scrap-books and correspondence and the files of the newspapers for which he wrote from time to time came under the scrutiny of his editors. This investigation brought to light a fund of interesting information about the poet's life, his friendships and his career and a vast amount of verse which had never before been published in any of the books of his poems. Also it enabled the editors to learn the exact order and date of composition of the poems and made it possible to arrange them chronologically.

Passing from page to page and from poem to poem, one can watch the development of the poet from the beginning to the present. His personality, his likes and dislikes, his strength and weaknesses are all revealed. Notes in the back of each of the six volumes which make up the Biographical Edition give complete information regarding the circumstances associated with the composition of every poem, its first appearance and subsequent history. A bibliography of all books of Riley poems, as well as a list of all articles in print about him, make it also a reference work. A sketch of the poet, for the most part in his own words, gives an intimate view of his life, and the many illustrations—reproductions of rare photographs of the poet, and many of his most celebrated manuscripts—add a distinct personal touch. Indexes are furnished by titles, by first lines and refrains and by subjects.

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Edmund H. Eitel, Mr. Riley's nephew, who for many years has acted as his secretary, has edited the work. Mr. Riley is not one to preserve his compositions in any systematic fashion. Wherever the spirit moved him he would write—verses, stories, sketches dedicated to friends and acquaintances as tokens of his regard, which he sent away without retaining a copy for himself. Or perhaps he would write something for a friendly editor of a stray little publication who had asked for a verse or a sketch to liven up his columns. Mr. Riley contributed, also, to several Indiana papers, and the files of these, dating back to the early days of his career, were found only after diligent effort. Scattered far and wide, lost to view, many of them, since the time of their composition, Mr. Riley's poems have been collected only after many months of the most careful research and investigation. Indeed, much of this collected information had been forgotten by the poet.

Since he was old enough to appreciate the significance of Mr. Riley's work, Mr. Eitel has been collecting all the material about the poet that he could, and he has utilised these records in the preparation of the Biographical Edition. For much of this information and for his early interest, Mr. Eitel is indebted to his mother, who intuitively and with sisterly pride and affection foresaw the appeal her brother's poetry eventually would make. From Mr. Riley himself, Mr. Eitel has heard the stories of how he came upon the themes of many of his most celebrated poems and learned the history of their composition.

Manuscripts and even the odd fragments the poet left about his room have been saved. Papers of great value were found at the old Riley homestead at Greenfield, Indiana. Of these the most precious is an old notebook, with a mottled, card-board cover, the humble repository of the poet's earliest verse. The first of this dates back to his 'teens and none of it is later than 1871. Quaint and interesting photographs—a child picture of the boy Riley and his mother; old dageurreotypes, made in the days of his youth in the little Indiana town, have been preserved. Photographs of scenes

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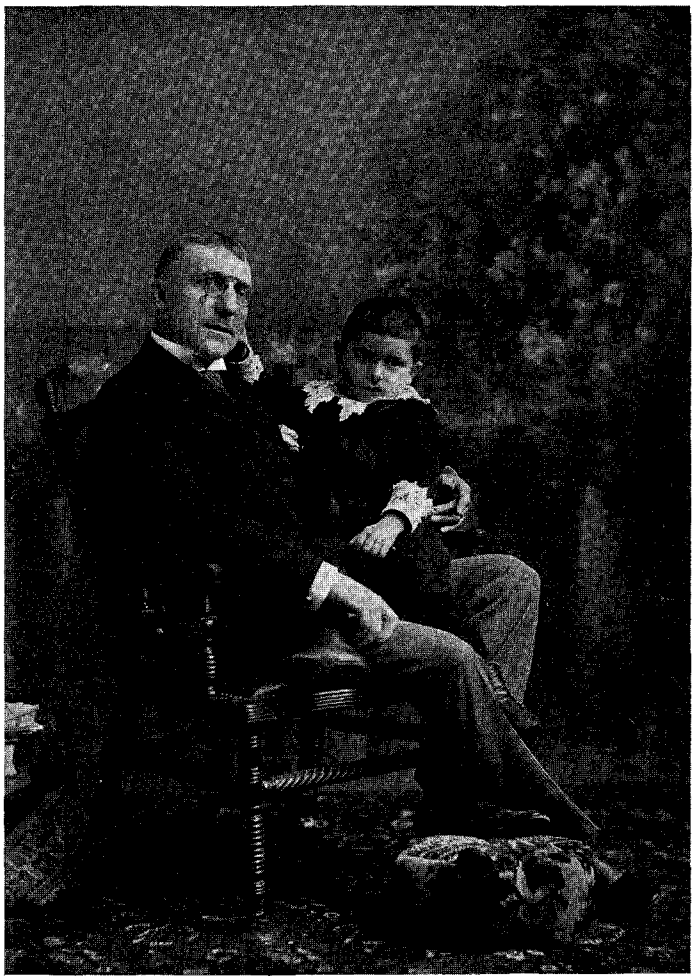
of his boyhood frolics—the old swimmin' hole, later commemorated in the poem, the old Riley homestead and others, were stored away. Useful biographical notes were made on the pictures and the manuscripts, and these have assisted in fixing definitely the time when they were produced. With this excellent foundation it was decided to continue the work with the greatest thoroughness and care. Mr. Riley's friends were canvassed for unpublished verse and his correspondence collected.

Letters came from all parts of the country, from the friends of the poet's friends who had wandered away from Indiana, but who still recalled verses they had read years before and knew where copies might be found. The files of the newspapers at Greenfield, Kokomo, Anderson, and Indianapolis were carefully examined. The old Danbury (Connecticut) *News* furnished some poems which Mr. Riley had once contributed to its columns, and had long since forgotten. All in all, more than



THE POET AND HIS EDITOR. A PICTURE OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY AND HIS NEPHEW, EDMUND H. EITEL, TAKEN IN 1890

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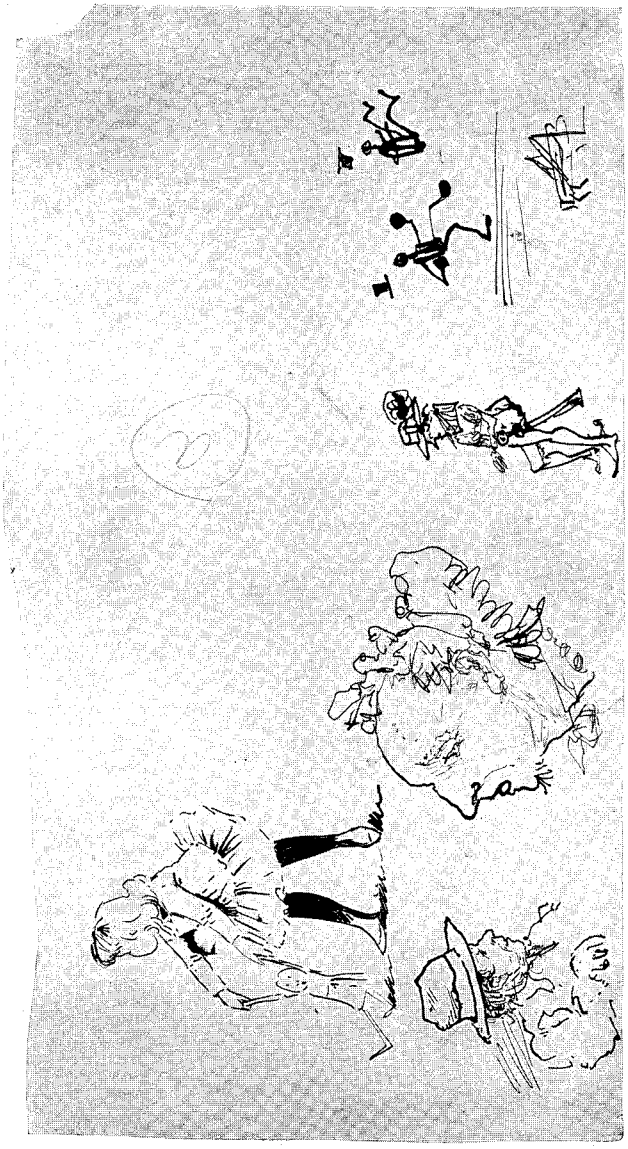

ONE OF THE POET'S EARLY ARTISTIC EFFORTS.—FROM AN OLD SCRAPBOOK

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four hundred poems were brought to light. Mr. Riley has sanctioned the publication of two hundred and twenty of these and has definitely suppressed the remainder—the inconsequential newspaper verse.

The poet himself carefully read the proof of the entire Biographical Edition, subjecting all to his most exacting scrutiny. To watch him in his study working over his compositions is to marvel at his care and his remarkable interest. Weighing each syllable, each word, each phrase, each bit of punctuation; reading the poem over again and again; never stopping until he is sure of every shade of meaning, he has striven to make each composition as it appears in this edition a work so completed that he may say, "This is my poem as I would have it go down to posterity." Thus the Biographical Edition has become the personal edition of James Whitcomb Riley's works. It reproduces the Riley personality which loves all cheery and hopeful things, clings to simplicity, sees the quaintly humorous near at hand and sings life's pathos with compassion.

DON QUIXOTE

BY JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE

KNIGHT of Spain,
Whose chivalry undying
Still lifts its lance o'er fell and plain,
With silken banner bravely flying,
To rescue beauty, break the captive's chain,
To help the lowly in a king's despite,
To challenge wrong with rigid sword of right.
Mad-seeming in a world of greed,
Fantastic mounted on thy bony steed,
Thou travellest the ages
In moonlit mist or sunrise gold,
Thy squire, the droll of common-sense, beside thee,
And heedless of the witlings who deride thee,
Proclaiming thro' thy quaint-robed pages
The pure evangel of the true and bold,
The heart of love and pity fain,
O knight of Spain!

Gentler to-day I know him well—
You, *mi hermano, Don Manuel.*

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LITTLE PICTURES OF O. HENRY

BY ARTHUR W. PAGE

IV—The New York Days—Richard Duffy's Narrative

If in recalling O. Henry as I knew him in New York much should appear of me here and there, it will be obvious that I am simply under the embarrassment of talking about a friend and a crony, to use an old-fashioned word, who with the flash-like movement characteristic of him has become a figure in the literature of our day. The latter high-sounding phrase I use advisedly in view of the critical comment published since his death. I remember, but cannot quote, a remark of the London *Athenæum* about the frequent sparks of immortal fire in his stories, and I have read of professors of literature holding him up as a model. If I could tell this to him, as we used to discuss the word about his stories and the press bureau clippings, he would probably ask me with his indefinably humorous seriousness whether the *Athenæum* bought fiction, because if it did, although he had to deliver a story by three o'clock that afternoon, we would better go to lunch, because it was now one.

In attributing this supposititious remark to him, I am far from suggesting that because I feel I knew somewhat his trick of expression in voice, look and gait and his angle of view, I was an intimate of his. He had the fine, rare quality that attracts good friends but keeps a certain subtle aloofness in the man as in his friends. Others there are in New York who knew him as well as I did, who will bear me out in this. He put on no airs, as the saying is, except perhaps that he could assume a manner of democracy in speaking to a waiter he had to see frequently. O. Henry had a shyness that was without fear, and he never wanted a man to think he knew him so well he could slap him on the back! One day we were looking into a bookseller's window when a man came up and did slap him on the back, saying with perfect cordiality: "Hello, O. Henry!" Porter turned quickly and responded with a smile of flawless manufacture: "Hello!" A few cursory words passed between us and when the man walked away Porter asked me who the man was. "Why, don't you know him?" I answered. "He's Soandso, the publisher." "Oh, is he?" Porter said sardonically, "I almost said to him, 'Name, please.'"

This happened when his pen-name was known from coast to coast, when as it happened within a week I told him of two shop-girls discussing a story of his in a restaurant, and he told me of an apparent cloak and suit manufacturer with a model at dinner, analysing one of his stories as no author probably has ever overheard himself criticised before. The man and the woman knew as much about literature probably as they did about the nebular hypothesis, but that O. Henry story enabled them to eat face to face. Long before this O. Henry was known to a degree in the region of Madison Square, east or west of it, and whither he passed so often to find a shred of the magic carpet of Arabian Nights in Manhattan. During the eight years he lived in New York he was never far from this Square; and I remember the June morning they held his funeral services in the Church of the Transfiguration, when it was all over and I walked back to Fifth Avenue, that I noticed the rim of trees along the Square was only a few blocks away. There were many notables on publishers' lists in the churchyard that day, and many of us plain journeymen with the pen or typewriter, but I often wonder what he would have said if he could have seen a wedding party in beribboned taxicabs drive up just as we were about to go into the

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church. In an instant the taxicabs wheeled away with their ribbons shuddering.

Thus he went back to his home ground in the South, from which he had been an absentee for so many years. In New York meanwhile he was talked about by actors and writers wherever they congregated that evening, and by commuters who read of him in the evening papers on their divers ways out of the city of "The Four Million." His coming to New York, with the resolution "to write for bread," as he said once in a mood of acrid humour, was also dramatic, as is a whisper compared to a subdued tumult of voices. I believe I am correct in saying that outside his immediate family few were aware that O. Henry was entering this "nine-day town" except Gilman Hall, my associate on *Ainslee's Magazine,* the publishers, Messrs. Street and Smith, and myself. For some time we had been buying stories from him, written in his perfect Spencerian copperplate hand that was to become familiar to so many editors. Only then he wrote always with a pen on white paper, whereas once he was established in New York he used a lead pencil sharpened to a needle's point on one of the yellow pads that were always to be seen on his table. The stories he published at this period were laid either in the Southwest or in Central America, and those of the latter countries form the bulk of his first issued volume, *Cabbages and Kings.* It was because we were sure of him as a writer that our publishers willingly advanced the cheque that brought him to New York and assured him a short breathing spell to look round and settle. Also, it was because O. Henry wanted to come. You could always make him do anything he wanted to do, as he had a way of saying, if you were coaxing him into an invitation he had no intention of pursuing into effect.

It was getting late on a fine spring afternoon down at Duane and William Streets when he came to meet us. From the outer gate the boy presented a card bearing the name William Sidney Porter. I don't remember just when we found out that "O. Henry" was merely a pen-name; but think it was during the correspondence arranging that he come to New York. I do remember, however, that when we were preparing our yearly prospectus, we had written to him, asking that he tell us what the initial O. stood for, as we wished to use his photograph and preferred to have his name in full. It was the custom and would make his name stick faster in the minds of readers. With a courteous flourish of appreciation at the honour we were offering him in making him known to the world, he sent us "Olivier," and so he appeared as Olivier Henry in the first publishers' announcement in which his stories were heralded. Later he confided to us, smiling, what a lot of fun he had had in picking out a first name of sufficient advertising effectiveness that began with O.

As happens in these matters, whatever mind picture Gilman Hall or I had formed of him from his letters, his handwriting, his stories, vanished before the impression of the actual man. He wore a dark suit of clothes, I recall, and a four-in-hand tie of bright colour. He carried a black derby, high-crowned, and walked with a springy, noiseless step. To meet him for the first time you felt his most notable quality to be reticence, not a reticence of social timidity, but a reticence of deliberateness. If you also were observing, you would soon understand that his reticence proceeded from the fact that civilly yet masterfully he was taking in every item of the "you" being presented to him to the accompaniment of convention's phrases and ideas, together with the "you" behind this presentation. It was because he was able thus to assemble and sift all the multifarious elements of a personality with sleight-of-hand swiftness that you find him characterising a person or a neighbourhood in a sentence or two; and once I heard him characterise a list of editors he knew each in a phrase.

On his first afternoon in New York we took him on our usual walk uptown

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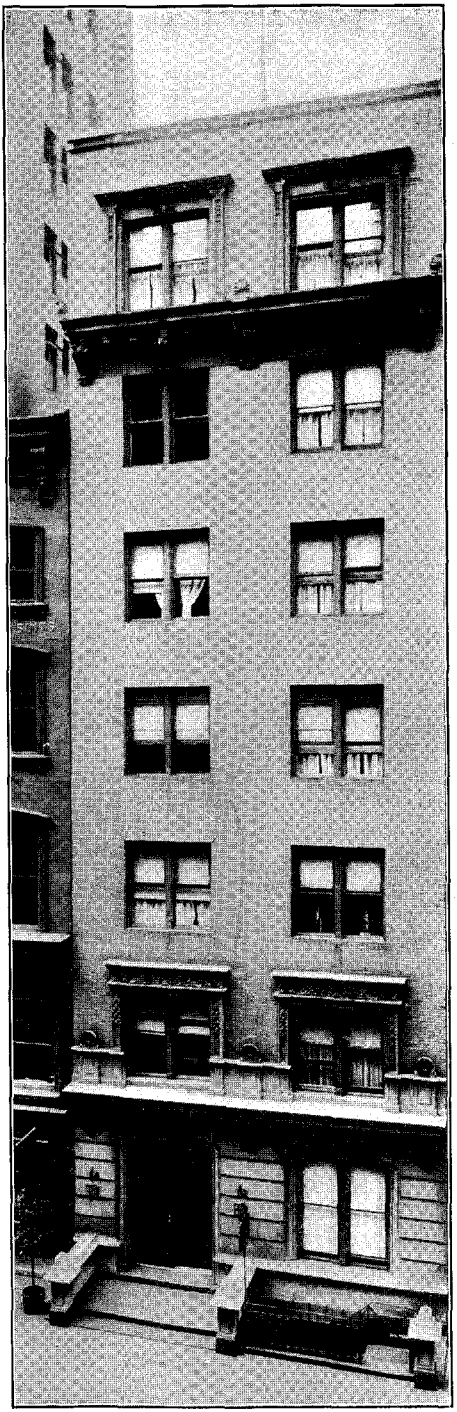
from Duane Street to about Madison Square. That was a long walk for O. Henry, as any who knew him may witness. Another long one was when he walked about a mile over a fairly high hill with me on zigzag path through autumn woods. I showed him plains below us and hills stretching away so far and blue they look like the illimitable sea from the deck of an ocean liner. But it was not until we approached the station from which we were to take the train back to New York that he showed the least sign of animation. "What's the matter, Bill," I asked, "I thought you'd like to see some real country." His answer was: "Kunn'l, how kin you expeck me to appreciate the glories of nature when you walk me over a mounting like that an' I got new shoes on?" Then he stood on one foot and on the other, caressing each aching member for a second or two, and smiled with bashful knowingness so like him.

It was one of his whimsical amusements, I must say here, to speak in a kind of country style of English, as though the English language were an instrument he handled with hesitant unfamiliarity. Thus it happened that a woman who had written to him about his stories and asked if her "lady friend" and she might meet him, informed him afterward: "You mortified me nearly to death, you talked so ungrammatical!"

To return to his first day in New York, on which for the only time he evinced a shade of astonishment or bewilderment, although he always humourously professed his sense of insecurity as an outlander in the big town, Gilman Hall and I tried to interest him in noticing Morgan Robertson, who was passing near the corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, princely dressed in a frock coat and top hat. It was our intention to have him meet fellow-craftsmen from the beginning. In his own way he came to know Morgan Robertson later, but that day he had eyes only for the elevated railroad, and gazing at it, inquired of us, so that we doubted his seriousness, why people were not afraid to ride on such trains, as they



THE CALEDONIA, IN TWENTY-SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK, WHERE O. HENRY LIVED IN HIS LAST YEARS

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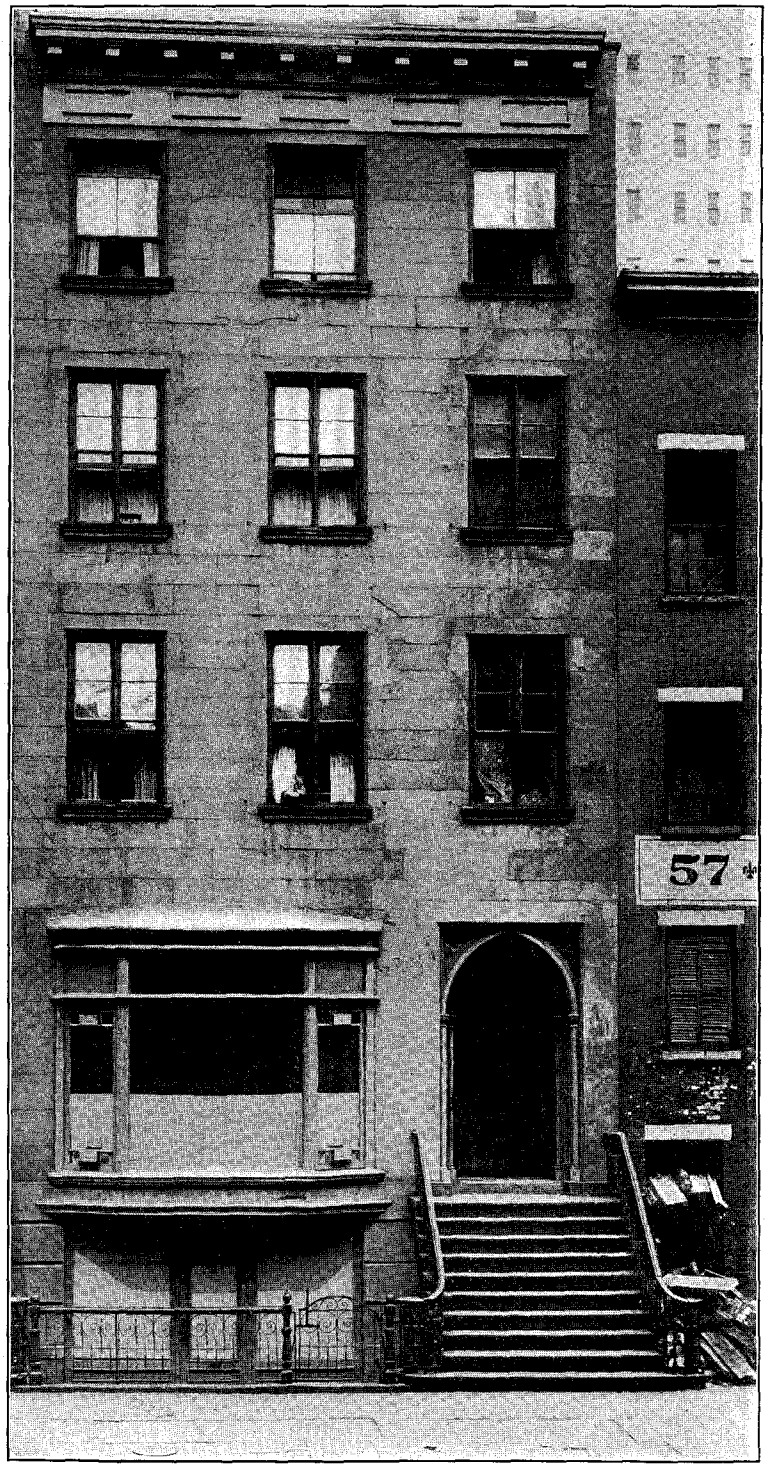

NO. 55 IRVING PLACE. AN EARLY NEW YORK HOME OF O. HENRY

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might so easily fall into the street. Years later a train did fall partly off the track, it will be recalled, through a confusion of signals at the curve at Fifty-third Street and Ninth Avenue. He was not surprised, he told me, which made me remember that in our many roamings about town he would always ride in a surface car or the subway, no matter what distance we had to go.

We never knew just where he stopped the first night in New York, beyond his statement that it was at a hotel not far from the ferry in a neighbourhood of so much noise that he had not been able to sleep. I suppose we were voluminous with suggestions as to where he might care to live, because we felt we had some knowledge of the subject of board and lodging, and because he was the kind of man you'd give your best hat to on short acquaintance, if he needed a hat,—but also he was the kind of man who would get a hat for himself. Within about twenty-four hours he called at the office again to say that he had taken a large room in a French table d'hote hotel in Twenty-fourth Street, between Broadway and Sixth Avenue. Moreover, he brought us a story. In those days he was very prolific. He wrote not only stories, but occasional skits and light verse. In a single number of *Ainslee's,* as I remember, we had three short stories of his, one of which was signed "O. Henry" and the other two with pseudonyms. Of the latter, "While the Auto Waits" was picked out by several newspapers outside New York as an unusually clever short story. But as O. Henry naturally he appeared most frequently, as frequently as monthly publication allows, for to my best recollection, of the many stories we saw of his there were only three about which we said to him, we would rather have another instead. Of these one is a variation on the legend of the Wandering Jew, the main personage of which is called Mike O'Bader. The second is laid in New Orleans and is the fantasy of a man under the influence of absinthe, abounding in rhetorical colour as gorgeous almost as De Quincey, but wholly obscured or outblazoned as to story by its colour The third pictured a scion of Louisiana's seigneur days, living "remote, unfriended and alone" in a country mansion of faded splendour; and this story was published in a magazine that I believe is no longer in print. The Wandering Jew story may be read in his collected works, but I don't know what has become of that weird New Orleans fantasy, in which there was something of Edgar Allan Poe and of Lafcadio Hearn.

I make no pretence at being a critic of O. Henry's work, but offer these data of literary biography as suggestive of the way the man found himself once he got to New York and having his ship, as it were, cast from her moorings with a bound tiller on the criss-crossed charted sea of fiction. Along about this time hove the *Brandur Magazine,* with Major Smith of the Associated Press, who wanted O. Henry to write stories about the Southwest and was willing to pay five cents per word, the price he advertised he would pay for any short story in his view acceptable. As I heard at the time from general report the *Brandur Magazine* was discontinued because Major Smith found it to be too great a burden in connection with his other business interests. O. Henry sold him several stories, and what is more, won the immediate personal interest of Major Smith, as he did with all his publishers. He sold stories to other magazines, and, as he told me, there came a day when he needed greatly a cheque of some months' promise from one of these magazines. Mellifluously, he narrated, the editor answered his request with the statement that he had instructed the treasurer to send the cheque, but apparently the treasurer had not sent it. Posthaste wrote O. Henry to the editor: "Dear Mr. ———: I should advise you to discharge that treasurer and engage one who will obey orders."

Still he lived in West Twenty-fourth Street, although the place had no particular fascination for him. We used to see him every other day or so, at lunch-

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eon, at dinner, or in the evening. Various magazine editors began to look up O. Henry, which was a job somewhat akin to tracing a lost person. While his work was coming under general notice rapidly, he made no effort to push himself into general acquaintance; and all who knew him when he was actually somewhat of a celebrity should be able to say that it was about as easy to induce him to "go anywhere" to meet somebody as it is to have a child take medicine. He was persuaded once to be the guest of a member of the Periodical Publishers' Association on a sail up the Hudson; but when the boat made a stop at Poughkeepsie, O. Henry slipped ashore and took the first train back to New York. Yet he was not unsociable, but a man that liked a few friends round him and who dreaded and avoided a so-called "party" as he did a crowd in the subway.

Thus it happened that while his name had become talked about in magazine circles, there were not many who knew him; and he had been living here for perhaps half a year when an editor came to me, saying with some satisfaction that he had discovered who this elusive new-coming story-writer was and where he could be found. O. Henry was an undergraduate at a certain university, he said, naming it, and he was very desirous to buy some of his work. The man was amazed when I told him that O. Henry had left the office only a quarter of an hour since, that he could be found at his room in West Twenty-fourth Street, and that to the best of our knowledge he had never laid eyes on the particular college mentioned. Later it transpired that when O. Henry's stories made their first stir at the college, a young man foolishly took the credit of their authorship in gossip among his acquaintances and, before he could judge whither his prank or weakness would lead, he received a letter from a magazine of the first rank asking him to contribute. The hoax, so to describe it, was promptly shattered. O. Henry was unconcerned, except to caution us with a smile, to be sure and send all O. Henry cheques to him.

It was at his Twenty-fourth Street room that Robert H. Davis, then of the staff of the New York *World,* ran him to cover, as it were, and concluded a contract with him to furnish one story a week for a year at a fixed salary. It was a gigantic task to face, and I have heard of no other writer who put the same quality of effort and material in his work able to produce one story every seven days for fifty-two successive weeks. The contract was renewed, I believe, and all during this time O. Henry was selling stories to magazines as well. His total of stories amount to two hundred and fifty-one, and when it is considered that they were written in about eight years, one may give him a good mark for industry, especially as he made no professional vaunt about "loving his work." Once when dispirited he said that almost any other way of earning a living was less of a toil than writing. The mood is common to writers, but not so common as to happen to a man who practically had editors or agents of editors sitting on his doorstep requesting copy.

When he undertook his contract with the *World* he moved to have more room and more comfortable surroundings for the new job. But he did not move far, no farther than across Madison Square, in East Twenty-fourth Street, to a house near Fourth Avenue. Across the street stands the Metropolitan Building, although it was not so vast then. He had a bedroom and sitting-room at the rear of the parlour floor with a window that looked out on a typical New York yard, boasting one ailanthus tree frowned upon by time-stained extension walls of other houses. More and more men began to seek him out, and he was glad to see them, for a good deal of loneliness enters into the life of a man that writes fiction during the better part of the day, and when his work is over feels he must move about somewhere to gather new material. Here it was that he received a visit one day from a stranger, who announced that he was a business man, but had decided to change his line. He meant to write stories, and having read

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several of O. Henry's, he was convinced that kind of story would be the best paying proposition. O. Henry liked the man off-hand, but he could not help being amused at his attitude toward a "literary career." I asked what advice he gave the visitor, and he answered: "I told him to go ahead!" The sequel no doubt O. Henry thoroughly enjoyed, for within a few years the stranger had become a best-seller, and continues such.

O. Henry remained only for a few months in these lodgings, having among a dozen reasons for moving the fact that he had more money. Besides, the man of the house did most of the housework, he told me, and there were so many such men in New York, it was not necessary to live under the same roof to have the pleasure of their acquaintance. (Read "Ulysses and the Dog-man" if you wish to see him in hot earnest on this subject.) I asked what business the lady-of-the-house was in, and he explained that she dealt with the incoming and outgoing guests, and she seemed to have enough to do, because he himself was apparently the only lodger that had ever made even a pretence at permanency. While here he often went to breakfast at a restaurant on Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, where he had a favourite waiter. The waiter had seen better restaurants inside and out, and I have no doubt that O. Henry's inclination to tip extravagantly recalled better days. The result was the waiter took him in charge, so that no matter what O. Henry selected from the bill of fare, he would lean down and murmur: "Don't take that, sir. The only thing they've got this morning that's fit to eat is ——" and he would mention the one hope O. Henry had for breakfast.

I follow his movings with his trunks; his bags, his books, a few, but books he read, and his pictures, likewise a few, that were original drawings presented to him, or some familiar printed picture that had caught his fancy, because in his movings you trace his life in New York. His next abiding-place was at 55 Irving Place, as he has said in a letter, "a few doors from old Wash. Irving's house." Here he had almost the entire parlour floor with a window large as a store front, opening only at the sides in long panels. At either one of these panels he would sit for hours watching the world go by along the street, not gazing idly, but noting men and women with penetrating eyes, making guesses at what they did for a living, and what fun they got out of it when they had earned it.

He was a man you could sit with a long while and feel no necessity for talking; but ever so often a passerby would evoke a remark from him that converted an iota of humanity into the embryo of a story. Although he spoke hardly ever to any one in the house except the people who managed it, he had the lodgers all ticketed in his mind. He was friendly but distant with persons of the neighbourhood he was bound to meet regularly, because he lived so long there, and I have often thought he must have persisted as a mysterious man to them simply because he was so far from being communicative. It amused him to observe how curious people are, especially the supposed hustling New Yorker who has no room for any thought beyond his own affairs, and he hits the type off, it will be remembered, in the story called "A Comedy in Rubber." Any one who endeavoured to question him about himself would learn very little, especially if he felt he was being examined as a "literary" exhibit; although when he was in the humour he would give you glimpses of his life in Greensboro and on the ranch to which he had gone as a young man, because he had friends there and because he was said to be delicate in the chest. He would never, however, tell you "the story of his life" as the saying is, but merely let you see some one or some happening in those days gone by that might fit in well with the present moment, for always he lived emphatically in the present, not looking back to yesterday, not very far ahead toward to-morrow. For instance, I first heard of a doctor in Greensboro, who was his uncle, I believe, and something

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of a character to O. Henry at least, when I inquired about a story he was writing,—how it was coming along. Then he told me of the doctor, who when asked about any of his patients, how they, Mr. Soandso, or Mrs. Soandso, was getting along, would invariably reply with omniscience: "Oh, Mrs. Soandso is progressing!" But as O. Henry said: "He never explained which way the patient was progressing, toward better or worse." It was here in Greensboro naturally that he began to have an interest in books, and I recall among those he used to mention as having read at the time, that one night he spoke to me of a copybook of poems written by his mother. He spoke with shy reverence about the poems, which he no doubt remembered, but he did not speak of them particularly. They were merely poems, written by her in her own hand, and as a young man they had come to him.

It was seldom, as I have said, that you found him harking back. He was much more likely to tell you of something that happened at the last restaurant he dined in or in the house where he lived. There was a maid-servant here, Lena, who could provide him a laugh two or three times a week. When he wrote late at night, as he did often, he slept late in the morning. Lena, who had not got past Ellis Island so very long ago, would have half a day's work done by half-past nine or ten o'clock. She would knock at the door and hearing no response would open it with her pass key. Entering, Lena would goose-step to the farthest corner of the room, being so far in it that she could get no farther except by going out through the window into the street. O. Henry's head would be lifted from the pillow in his bed at the rear of the suite. When she heard him stirring, she would call out in a shrill voice attempting to purr: "May I come in, Mister Pawduh?"

He would tell her that she couldn't come in unless she went out first; and out she'd go. While Lena lasted she repeated her performance often, so that it got to be a catch phrase with us when taking something without asking permission, to say, "May I come in, Mister Pawduh?" From Irving Place he went back across the Square to live in a house next to the rectory of Trinity Chapel in West Twenty-fifth Street. But now he moved because the landlady and several lodgers were moving to the same house. From here his next change was to the Caledonia, in West Twenty-sixth Street, whence, as everybody knows, he made his last move to the Polyclinic Hospital, where he died. Here are four notes of his that cover the last story he ever delivered to me, which was written about February of that year. The story runs to about 3500 words and was written in about a week.

DEAR BILL: This is for publication; not as guarantee of good faith. The rest to-morrow if possible—anyhow, a good day's work. Yours,

BILL.

MY DEAR DUFFY:

Here is part of the story I was reasonably sure I could have for you by 4 this afternoon. I think you know that it's better for both sides not to have it spoiled by hurry. I will send in all the rest of it to-morrow afternoon, and I am sure you will like it. Yours as ever,

S. P.

P.S. I always wait for a story to end before I give it a title.

MON CHERE DUFÉ:

Here is some more of the story. I am giving all my attention to the finishing of it. I am rather sanguine of handing you all the rest of it to-morrow. All I can surely promise is that I will put all my time at it until it is completed.

No one could do less—everybody could not do more.

Am pretty sure to-morrow will wind it up. Do the best I can. It will be worth waiting a day longer for, because I think it a good story.

Yours as ever,

S. P.

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TUESDAY.

MY DEAR DUFFY:

Here's all of the story except about 200 words. It will have to be finished to-night. I am so sick that I can't sit up. I'll go home and knock out the rest to-night if I can hold a pencil. I am hugging the radiator with an overcoat on and will be here till about six. You can call me up or come by if you want to.

Sincerely,
S. P.

Some months later, when I saw him for the last time, I asked, as usual, how he felt. He had been really ill in the interval, but he replied with an old jest of his to such a question, smiling: "O, 'I am dying, Egypt, dying.'" He sent a bell-boy out for the morning papers—he read many papers, morning and night, and read them closely—and the boy was gone a long, long while. Finally he said: "I guess I ought to have sent him for to-morrow's papers instead. Then I might have got some."

THE HUMAN COMEDY OF AMERICAN LIFE

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

DURING a recent after-dinner discussion of books and bookmen,—the ideal combination of time, place and mood for a genial disposal of such matters, unburdened by the academic atmosphere,—the following provocative little question was suddenly flung forth: "Does American Fiction yet possess a Comédie Humaine?" Granted, of course, the propounder of the question hastened to add, that the world has so far known only one Balzac, only one novelist of that myriad-sided mind, that countless faceted eye that could look with an equal sympathy and understanding on all the motley phases of human life: nevertheless, *in default of this type of literary* magician, could we not reconstruct, out of the scattered works of one or two or three score American story-tellers a sort of composite Human Comedy of sufficient amplitude of range and dignity of purpose to bear comparison with the audacious bigness of the scheme drawn up by the creator of *Père Goriot* and *Cousine Bette?*

Now, the moment that one starts to answer this question with any degree of seriousness, one realises that it is simply a variant of the older and broader problem of the Hundred Best Books, inasmuch as the answer must always ultimately involve the personal equation and that there will always result as many different sets of American Human Comedies as there are spirits venturous enough to compile them. It is one of those alluring, stimulating questions that may be played with in all sorts of moods, from mere frivolity to deep earnestness; and it is one which must always yield some profit, for it brings home to us, more clearly perhaps than any other method could do, the full significance of Balzac's scheme, with all its merits and defects, and at the same time it gives us a bird's-eye survey of American fiction from a different angle and under the piercing rays of a new searchlight.

But, in fairness, the first step toward drawing up such a list is to come to a clear mutual agreement as to just what we mean by an American Human Comedy. To give the problem a certain practical aspect, let us assume that some publisher had conceived the ambition of reissuing in uniform style, a set of fifty or sixty volumes comprising altogether a series of pictures of American life comprehensive enough in range and big enough in execution to warrant the ambitious title. Naturally, the first step for such a publisher to take would be to define his terms, to explain in his prospectus just what he understands to have been Balzac's own conception of his

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title, and, secondly, how closely and literally he proposes to emulate it.

The origin of Balzac's title is too far a piece of literary commonplace to warrant an expenditure of space at the present moment. It is enough for us to remember that it was simply an adaptation of Dante's title, growing out of the thought that some day an author would be born, big enough to descend into the hell of Paris, the Paris of the restoration, and, like the author of the *Divina Commedia,* return to tell of the horrors he had beheld. But in the practical working out of his scheme, Balzac found it growing to something vastly bigger and finer than the record of an earthly Inferno. It was as early as 1834 that he said: "My work is meant to represent all social effects, without anything being omitted from it, whether situation in life, physiognomy, character of man or woman, manner of living, profession, zone of social existence, childhood, maturity, old age, politics, jurisprudence or war." And in 1840, he phrased it still more sweepingly: "I have undertaken the history of the whole of society: often I have summed up my plan in this simple sentence: A generation is a drama in which four or five thousand people are the chief actors. This drama is my work." In other words, the Human Comedy is, in theory at least, a shorthand form of saying "All the world's a stage."

But, as every one knows, the Comédie Humaine, in its practical working out, was not a carefully preconceived structure, proportioned with mathematical nicety, and with ramifications spreading, like the spokes of a wheel, to touch impartially every side of life. It was, on the contrary, an after-thought, first dimly visioned when its author republished a certain number of his earlier tales under the title *Scenes of Private Life.* And from that time forward, the wonderful mosaic grew, not with steady progress, like the branching of a tree, but here and there at random, yet with ever increasing self-consciousness of the appointed end, the final, colossal summing up of an epoch, a terrestrial Last Judgment of France under the Restoration. That this *ex post facto* method of literary patchwork wrought a disadvantage, and produced, on a broader canvas, a far less logical and symmetrical result than Zola's precisely planned and rigidly executed twenty volumes of the Rougon Macquart annals, no one has had the courage to deny, with the exception of Ferdinand Brunetière who, with characteristic partisanship, enunciated a neat little theory, that, like most pieces of special pleading, is quite transparently fallacious. "Children," wrote the late editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* —the quotation is made from memory, —"in early years show a large amount of individual characteristics which conceal the family likeness; but year by year these independent features tend to fade, until in riper age what we see most plainly are those traits which all the members of a family have in common," and he then proceeds to apply this simile to Balzac's writings, in which the unity of purpose became clearer with ripening years. The argument sounds plausible, until we remember that stories, like the stones in a mosaic, are inanimate and not subject to growth; and that if the stones at the start are a misfit, passing years will not make the joints smoother.

Let us glance for a moment at Balzac's chief subdivisions of the horde of novels, short stories, philosophical discussions, the whole titanic agglomeration of writings, finished, unfinished and merely previsioned, which make up the sum of his vaulting ambition, when at the zenith of his popularity and productive powers. Of the first three-fold division into Studies of Manners, Philosophical Studies and Analytical Studies, we may at once discard the second and third, since the second includes chiefly his fanciful and symbolic tales, not expositions of contemporary life, but sermons in the form of parables; while the third subdivision is mainly a collection of fragments and of empty titles which his physical span of years gave him no opportunity to fill in. The bulk of all

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his finished work and that part of it which constitutes his greatness is amply contained within the six subdivisions of the first group, the *Etudes de Mœurs*.

Let us get this six-fold subdivision before us, for the sake of refreshing our memory:

I. Scenes of Private Life.
II. Scenes of Provincial Life.
III. Scenes of Parisian Life.
IV. Scenes of Political Life.
V. Scenes of Military Life.
VI. Scenes of Country Life.

Even at first sight, there is an obvious lack of logic in this classification: the different subdivisions plainly over-lap, if they do not actually antagonise one another. Every story of private life must be enacted somewhere, if not in Paris, then in some provincial town, and if not there then in the rural districts of the farming country. The man of politics must play his public rôle somewhere, in village or town or metropolis; even the soldier must face the enemy either under the walls of a beleaguered city or in the open spaces between hill and dale. But Balzac attaches a significance of his own to each of his sub-titles: in the words of a recent commentator, "The Scenes of Private Life deal with humanity's childhood and adolescence; the Scenes of Provincial Life, with passions in full development,—calculation, interest, ambition, etc.; the scenes of Parisian Life, with the peculiar tastes, vices and temptations of capitals, that is to say, with passions unbridled." In other words, what Balzac's first sub-title tries to tell us is that, regardless of where we are born or live, the years of "private life" are actually limited to our youth, to the years of illusion, the years in which the inward vision builds a world of its own. Many of the stories of this group fittingly belong to Balzac's own younger years; and if we turn to his own preface, we find that what he sought to do in them was to show the debuts of his heroes in the world; to picture to us the germs of the qualities and vices which were destined to distinguish them later on; and at the same time to make us see that what especially characterises youth is illusion, "that enchanting poetry of the heart, to which old age owes a terrestrial paradise of memories." But when this early impetuosity of youth has waned and the horizon of life has expanded beyond the inner vision of dreamland, it becomes practical, so Balzac would tell us, to subdivide men's lives according to their material environment, the modest and limited opportunities of the provincial town, the vaster chances of the metropolis, the colossal gamble of politics, the rarest and highest stakes of all, on the battle-field. Such is the philosophy of Balzac's scheme, which in actuality was worked out with many inconsistencies, many waverings, many a shifting, in successive editions, of certain stories from one category to another. For the pattern of Balzac's fiction has this in common with life itself, that the design of it is often too big to reveal its full symmetry within the prescribed limits; the separate pieces refuse to slip nicely into place, like the fragments of a puzzle-picture.

Accordingly, in drawing up an experimental American Human Comedy, we must limit our first division, that of Scenes of Private Life, to books in which the horizon line is independent of physical environment, and where the aims and aspirations are coloured by the unconquerable optimism of youth, and the tragedies are the outcome, not of miscalculation, but of disillusion. It is interesting to call to mind that Balzac himself, in the fullest list of titles that has come down to us, opened his Scenes of Private Life with a number of volumes, which he did not live to write, that from their very nature were plainly to be devoted to the study of childhood and early youth. If we were trying to draw up a Human Comedy of American life that should paraphrase the Human Comedy of Balzac's dream, rather than that of his accomplishment, could we do better than to begin with those joyous and irresponsible epics of boy life,

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Mark Twain's inimitable *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn?* And might we not look much farther and fare a hundred times worse than if we agreed upon Miss Alcott's immortal *Little Women* as the wholesomest, tenderest, and altogether most truthful presentment of budding American womanhood? There are a host of more recent claimants for mention under this group: we have not forgotten *Emmy Lou,* that undeniably clever dissection of a child's mind, for the enlightenment and admonition of the adult; and there are the swarming hordes of East Side school children with unwashed faces and unpronounceable names, which Myra Kelly wrought into the fabric of a volume of diverting short tales,—but they are all overhung by the shadow of the *tour de force;* in these modern studies of child life there is not the simple, frank portrayal of actuality but something else, something not quite honest: we feel that the child is being exploited for ulterior motives,—motives ranging all the way from a joke to a sermon. A shining exception is Kate Douglas Wiggin's *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,* a story so spontaneous, so full of childlike tears and laughter, so genuinely alive, that one might for once be forgiven in again abusing the hackneyed symbol and saying that the mantle of Miss Alcott had descended upon the shoulders of Mrs. Riggs.

But, coming down to the actual volumes which open the Comédie Humaine, *Béatrix, Albert Savarus, La Fausse Maitresse,* where shall we look for American equivalents for heroes like Calyste de Guenic, Savarus, Thadée Paz, the type before whom "life opens with a cortège of seductive promises?" Who has given us even an approximate paraphrase of the frail and unhappy heroines of *Une Fille d'Eve, Honorine* and *La Femme de Trente Ans?* The necessary answer is that such a search would be fruitless unless we recognise the gulf dividing the French social and moral code of the Restoration from that of America to-day. To Balzac, a marriage of love meant disillusion and wretchedness; incompatibility had no escape through the divorce courts; infidelity of husband and of wife was a commonplace both in life and in fiction, and the woman who rebelled against the obligations enjoined upon her by marriage courted her own misery and destruction. But if we ask ourselves, What stories have our own best writers given us of youthful lovers, who, following the rosy visions of life's springtide, have overborne obstacles, disregarded sage advice, started boldly upon the great adventure, often sustained by the courage of ignorance?—if we define our quest in this form, there is no dearth of volumes that meet the requirements. There is, first of all, Mr. Howells's *April Hopes,* that masterly study of a young couple destined never quite to meet on common ground, because their moral standards are hopelessly incommensurate; a story which, for all its sympathetic understanding of youth, is almost cruel in its cynical foreshadowing of the inevitable disillusion. Then there is the equally clear-sighted *Three Fates,* by Marion Crawford, remorselessly dissecting the three successive phases of a young man's education in his knowledge of women, and showing, beyond the comfort of a doubt, why each of the three who successively play a part in his destiny is debarred from sharing any further in it. And again, like a breath of clean, sweet air, we have Frank Norris's *Blix,* joyously light-hearted, unquenchably sanguine, untouched by the least fleck of sordidness or worldly dross. It is a wholesome little idyl, written quietly, yet with the surge of a mighty energy behind it.

When we come to the stories of young women who have wrought their own tragedy through a mistaken marriage, or refusal to marry, we face a difficulty of classification. There is no lack of them; the names come flocking. There is, for instance, *The Gospel of Freedom,* by Robert Herrick; there is *The Long, Straight Road,* by George Horton; *The Story of Eva,* by Will Payne; *The Husband's Story,* by David Graham Phil-

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lips, to mention only those of the first rank. Yet these are none of them strictly scenes of private life, in the Balzac sense; they are every one of them scenes of city life as well, scenes in which ambition, self-interest, the woman's craving for the satisfaction of other sides of her nature dominate the primitive home instinct and tempt her to the verge of recklessness, or beyond it. But one volume at least can raise no doubt as to its purely private quality, if it is to be included at all: *The Quick or the Dead,* by Amelie Rives; and the persistence with which its memory has haunted the present writer through a period of thirty years leaves him with no doubt as to its enduring strength.

The second general subdivision, Scenes from Provincial Life, must for our purpose be understood in a somewhat freer sense. To Balzac there were only the two alternatives: you either lived in Paris, or you lived in one of the provinces, Brittany, Gascony, large town or small village, it was all the same,—you were either a Parisian or a provincial. In our composite Human Comedy, we must attach slightly different senses to both the second and third subdivision, understanding by the former the more circumscribed and remoter life of the small town, wherever found, from Maine to Alaska; and by the second, the life of the metropolis, whether it be New York or Washington, Chicago or San Francisco. Under the second division, understood in this sense, the real embarrassment of riches begins; because one of the distinguishing features of American fiction, both the novel and the short story, is the successful picturing of local types, the "claim-staking" by separate authors, of almost every State and territory in the Union. But, no matter how many rival claimants there may be for mention in this category, we may safely go back to Hawthorne as the pioneer depicter of American village life: and of his three New England novels, we may single out as beyond question best fitted for inclusion here *The House of the Seven Gables,* the volume of which Henry James once wrote, "It comes nearer being a picture of contemporary life than either of its companions; it renders, to an initiated reader, the impression of a summer afternoon in an elm-shadowed New England town." And, widely separated as it is, both in time and space, a volume which inevitably comes to mind in this connection is Owen Wister's *Lady Baltimore.* The central incident in Hawthorne's story is, of course, that of poor old Hephzibah Pyncheon, who finds herself obliged in old age to open a little shop for the sale of penny toys and gingerbread. In *Lady Baltimore* the very circumstance from which the title is derived is that of a young woman of birth and position who finds herself obliged to dispense cake behind the counter of a local restaurant.

But, frankly, at this point, definite choice becomes a rather formidable task: there is Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman, with her relentless, haunting pictures of the sad, drab lives of New England spinsters and overworked farmers' wives; there are Sara Orne Jewett and Alice Brown, whose claims are almost equally hard to deny; and there is Mr. Howells himself, with the memorable portrayal of village life in Maine contained in *A Modern Instance.* There is Octave Thanet, with her realistic stories of Iowa, George W. Cable, who did similar service for Louisiana; Booth Tarkington who has shed new glory over the map of Indiana,—the list stretches on endlessly until we come to the California of Bret Harte and Frank Norris and Gertrude Atherton and the Yukon of Jack London. If Balzac's Human Comedy geographically spreads a closely woven network over the entire territory of France, it would be a simple matter to compile an American replica reaching out, octopus-like, to the furthest confines of the Republic.

Unlike its French prototype, the American Human Comedy would inevitably give a very prominent place to Scenes of Country Life. Whether it belongs within the scope of the present

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scheme or not,—and no doubt there would be a wide difference of opinion on this point,—the most world-wide known of all American novels, *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* was enacted chiefly away from crowded centres, on the plantations and among the swamps of the South. The modern novels which celebrate the importance of the life of the soil are so many that they make choice difficult; but certain ones stand out conspicuously: *The Reign of Law,* in which James Lane Allen gives us the epic of the hemp fields, *The Octopus,* the opening volume of Frank Norris's unfinished Epic of the Wheat and the equally imposing romance of the cattle ranch, as given in Owen Wister's somewhat too glorified cowboy, *The Virginian.* There are a score of minor titles that clamour for mention. There is much compelling realism in Hamlin Garland's *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly* and in Emerson Hough's now almost forgotten *Girl of the Halfway House.* There is a persistent sense of the smart and sting of alkali dust, of sun-baked desolation in many an Arizona tale such as *The Desert and the Sown,* and *The Country God Forgot,*—titles that recur teasingly, like a mirage, with the suggestion of others close behind them. But where plot, title or author eludes the memory, it is a pretty sure sign that the book in question lacks the inherent bigness that would justify its inclusion in a series with the present high-sounding name.

It is not until we come to the Scenes of City Life that we begin to get an approximation to Balzac's amplitude of treatment, his unsparing arraignment of human frailties and vices. It would seem as though the surge and whirl of adverse undercurrents, the clash and clangour of street traffic, the flare and glitter of the myriad night-time lights, the whole mad, reckless frolic of the pace that kills, enters the blood of the writer of city life like an insidious wine, infusing something hectic into his very style, to attune it to the feverish pulse-beats of the men and women he describes. There are of course certain worthy volumes of an older generation that could not be ignored in any tentative list of an American Human Comedy, books written when the tension of American city life was not so high, when the home played a larger part and the public restaurant a smaller one than in this era of revelry and rag-time. But the writers who, in the main, come the nearest to mirroring back our metropolitan life with the bigness, the impartiality, the satiric force of the great French realist are just a few novelists of the younger group, disciples of Maupassant and Zola—writers such as Frank Norris, David Graham Phillips, Robert Herrick, Theodore Dreiser, differing widely in method and in purpose, but alike in being fearless, outspoken, keen-sighted, and in caring far less to write what would please than to write the truth.

In spite of the deserved vogue of *The Gilded Age,* the result of Mark Twain's collaboration with Charles Dudley Warner, in spite of the unforgettable figure of Colonel Sellers, it is not inaccurate to say that the American business novel was still something rather exceptional a generation ago, when Mr. Howells, deliberately paraphrasing Balzac's own title, *La Grandeur et Décadence de César Birotteau,* substituted paint for perfumery, conservative Boston for the unashamed profligacy of the French capital, and gave us his humorously pathetic history of *The Rise of Silas Lapham.* Since then, the American business man, in all his varying types, from the unimpeachable honesty of old-fashioned standards to the brazen effrontery of the most modern get-rich-quick methods, has been so abundantly exploited that the chief difficulty lies in choice of titles. There is, first of all, Will Payne's *The Money Captain,*—which might perhaps with equal right be classed among the Scenes of Political Life; there is Robert Herrick's *Memoirs of an American Citizen,* a masterpiece of its kind, in its remorseless self-revelation of an utterly unscrupulous nature that cannot compre-

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hend its own baseness and at the same time cannot understand why happiness is so persistently elusive. There are George Lorrimer's unforgettable *Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son;* there is Ellen Glasgow's *Romance of a Plain Man;* and last, though not necessarily least, *A Certain Rich Man,* by Vaughan Kester. Under this same heading one is tempted to mention once again *The Husband's Story,* since the unscrupulous business methods that raised a young married couple from the obscurity of a New Jersey village to the affluence of upper Fifth Avenue plays as large a part in the volume as does the jarring discord of their private lives. Many another volume by Mr. Phillips might be mentioned in this connection, since from *The Golden Fleece* downward, business corruption, amassed capital, the menace of money, are themes that run more or less through all his books. And similarly, the entire list of Robert Herrick's novels might be added, because, beginning with the solid fortune made in bricks, that dominates *The Gospel of Freedom,* down through *The Common Lot, The Real Life,* even to his recent study of a professional man's struggle between conscience and prosperity, money as a stumbling block to honesty has been interwoven in the very fabric of one and all of his stories. And of course we could not take leave of the Scenes of Business Life without mentioning Edwin Le Fevre's delightfully ironic *Wall Street Stories,* Frederic Isham's *Black Friday,* picturing the memorable panic of 1871, and Frank Norris's *The Pit,* which, although something of an anticlimax, in coming from the author of that far bigger and more virile book, *The Octopus,* is nevertheless one of the best of all American novels of sheer mad, insensate speculation, gambling on a world-wide, titanic, self-destructive scale, and ending in a veritable Waterloo of defeat.

From business to social corruption the transition is easy and natural. The two themes overlap to-day in most of the volumes above cited, just as they formerly did in *César Birotteau* and *La Maison Nucingen.* But if we are looking for volumes in which the mad rush of city life, the dragging currents of the under world, the whole lurid charm of tinsel glitter and wanton display are mirrored back with anything approaching the frankness of Balzac's *Splendeurs et Misères des Courtesanes,* of Zola's *Nana,* of Daudet's *Sapho,* we shall discover that one aspect of American life has been but scantily handled,—at least by writers who really count. Perhaps it is because there is considerably less splendour and more misery in the social class in question in twentieth century America than among the corresponding sisterhood in France of the Restoration. At least, among the few stories of the Half-World which come to mind as deserving even a hesitant mention here, there is a pervading tone of drabness and a conspicuous absence of glitter. *Maggie, a Girl of the Streets,* by Stephen Crane, is not a cheering picture. Neither is Theodore Dreiser's *Jennie Gerhardt,* which in spite of faulty workmanship, remains one of the most relentlessly pessimistic pictures ever drawn of society's merciless attitude toward the woman who has erred. And even the same writer's earlier and better story, *Sister Carrie,* in which his calculating and conscienceless heroine, pretty Carrie Meeber, dances herself blithely out of the ranks of social outcasts and into the favoured circle of foot-light celebrities, the impression left is not one of glittering spectacles and applauding throngs, but of cold, bleak, wind-swept streets, of a long line of pallid, shivering, hungry spectres, waiting patiently for their pittance of stale bread,—and in that line the pitiful remnant of Hurstwood, the once prosperous man of business, who had disintegrated inch by inch in his mad infatuation for this same heartless little baggage, Carrie Meeber.

There is one other volume which it would be an oversight not to mention in connection with the theatrical life of the metropolis; and that is the anonymous volume inscribed cryptically *To M.*

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L. G. It is an uneven piece of work and would have been benefited by vigorous pruning; yet the fact remains that, in the earlier chapters, picturing the life of a child, dragged by vaudeville parents from one cheap theatrical boarding-house to another, it contains a pitiless insistence upon actualities behind the scenes that savours more of the careful realism of the continent than of any contemporary American author.

Just a few of our writers have from time to time attempted to embody the whole life of a big city, with all its aspects, all its countless strata, from the topmost rung of the social ladder to the lowest, in a single volume, a big, comprehensive, symbolic picture that would give us one sweeping, bird's-eye view a collective impression that we might take away with us, saying: this is New York, —or Washington,—or Chicago,—as the case might be: this, the good and evil together, is the sum total of what this city stands for, the net virtues and vices that make up its position in the social, ethical and moral scale of modern life. And almost invariably, such attempts have been failures. The subject is too big, too complex for any single volume, even in the hands of an intellectual giant. Zola alone nearly achieved the impossible in *Paris;* and he did it by the help of a symbolism that sapped the vitality of his men and women, leaving them as bloodless as puppets in a morality play. Frank Norris, ardent disciple of Zola, gave us San Francisco incarnated in *McTeague;* but his canvas was less overcrowded because he limited himself to the lower strata of society, the lower middle class, the petty clerk, the small tradesman, the cheap quack dentist of the title rôle, with his haunting aroma of stale beer, symbolic of shiftlessness and sordid pleasures. Gertrude Atherton also attempted to sum up San Francisco in a more ambitious piece of work, *Ancestors.* In this book there is no denying that we do get a certain impressive amplitude, a surge and sweep of riotous passions, the insolent assurance of amassed wealth, the gilded vice of the favoured classes, the neurotic profligacy of pampered femininity, perversely trailing their silks and satins through the mire of the underworld. The book over-reached itself; it suffered from over-crowding; and yet it deserves the credit of being, so far, the most successful of all the similar attempts to compress within the limits of a single volume the whole changing physiognomy of a city. Arthur Henry made a similarly brave attempt in a now almost forgotten novel, *The Unwritten Law,* in which every phase of New York life is included, from the conservative old Knickerbocker families still clinging to their historic homes around Gramercy Park, to the cheap boarding-house of Waverly Place, the Italian quarter of South Fifth Avenue, the suburbs of Brooklyn, the promiscuity of the Sunday clerk-and-shop-girl exodus to Coney Island. The book came a few years too early, before it had become the vogue to discuss the White Slave problem and kindred topics with quite such frankness. The author undoubtedly tried to do too much; and his story in consequence was partly choked by its own exuberant growth. Yet it contains certain unforgettable scenes of young girls and venerable men and women forced from the straight and honourable path by ignorance, injustice and the crying needs of hunger. In a more modest way, it was a better achievement than Robert Herrick's far more ambitious epic of American success, *A Life for a Life.* This latter story, with its flaunting symbol, the word SUCCESS, insolently flinging forth its challenge in giant letters of fire from a towering electric sign, gives the keynote of Mr. Herrick's mordant satire. He, too, has tried to cover all phases of life, from the poor, overworked little shirtwaist stitcher, mutilated for life by the teeth of the machine she tended, to the sleek man of millions, suffocated in his own vaults by the very mechanism designed to safeguard his treasure. But the fabric of the story is too closely interwoven, the inter-relation

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of the high and the low too forced, too artificial, the whole picture too jumbled, too dimmed by the flare of passions and the smouldering fires of anarchy.

But when we turn aside from attempts to crowd into single volumes more than Balzac himself ever attempted to do in less than an entire group; when, instead, we take up the volumes in which the author has been satisfied to study only the social life of a single social class, then, in just a few cases, we approach very near to the strength and sincerity of the Balzac standard. Two such volumes are Robert Grant's *Unleavened Bread* and Edith Wharton's *House of Mirth*. Selma White, the heroine of the former volume, is one of the few American heroines that refuse to be forgotten. Socially ignorant, intellectually half baked, she nevertheless has in her the unconquerable assurance of the born social climber. Men's love, men's drudgery, men's lives are all fuel to her insatiable thirst for advancement; and though she leaves a juggernaut trail of wreckage behind her, she is bound to achieve her highest ambition, and by her marvellous adaptability, to continue to dazzle and to charm in the highest circles of the national capital, just as she formerly did in the little best sitting-room of her native village. And Lily Bart, in Mrs. Wharton's most important novel, is another equally important type: the woman who, through inheritance and early training, is utterly incompetent, unfitted to take care of herself excepting in the purely parasitic way for which she was intended. She is an adept in the arts of fascination; she can dance and flirt, play bridge, dress with a skill that approaches a fine art, and in all her accomplishments not only can but must spend money like water. And money is the one thing that she does not have, and has never learned how to make. So it is inevitable that she should fall into the snares that always lie in wait for pretty women who are penniless,—that in her inexperience she should do some one of the seemingly harmless things that will open some man's willing purse. And then, when she awakens to the fact that she is in debt, that she has accepted what she cannot pay back, that she is pledged to give an equivalent, she is the type that will shirk the debt if she can, the type that will take and take and never give in return. And perhaps the greatest punishment that awaits this type is to know that all the time happiness is within hand's-reach, if they only had the courage to be poor.

But of all the studies in American fiction of woman and marriage and incompatability in its thousand variations, the most comprehensive and the most probing is Robert Herrick's masterpiece, *Together*. It is so varied that one is almost tempted to conjecture that its author had the ambition to give practical illustration of Balzac's own philosophical study *Le Physiologie du Marriage*. To go into this volume in detail would be beside the present purpose. But it demanded mention here as the biggest single American achievement in relation to the conventional union of the sexes.

Scenes of Political Life have engaged their fair share of attention. *Le Deputé d'Arcis* naturally suggests, as a mere matter of paraphrased title, *The Gentleman from Indiana*. But earlier than that we had Paul Leicester Ford's *Honorable Peter Stirling,* and even earlier Marion Crawford's *American Politician,*—although that was by no means one of the most creditable of its author's performances. Then, too, there comes to mind *The 13th District*, by Brand Whitlock, *Joe Devlin, Boss,* by Churchill Williams, and the quite recent volume by Meredith Nicholson, *A Hoosier Chronicle*.

Scenes of Military Life constitute the division of Balzac's projected scheme that shows the smallest share of accomplishment, containing actually only the meagre showing of one novel and one short story. Similarly, if we discard the sword-and-buckler type of colonial novel, American fiction of the first rank is curiously destitute of war novels. A striking exception is Stephen Crane's *Red*

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Badge of Courage, that astonishing *tour de force* that for sheer visualisation of the smoke of battle ranks with Stendhal's famous episode of Waterloo in *La Chartreuse de Parme.* And there are just a few short war stories by Ambrose Bierce. Of course, we must not forget books like Ellen Glasgow's *The Battleground,* in which we get the echo of the great conflict between South and North, in almost the same identical fashion that Daudet gave us the echo of the Franco-Prussian war in his unforgettable *Siege of Berlin,* and for much the same pious motive. But of the life of the army, in war or in peace, we have little or nothing,—unless we revert to some of the earlier volumes of Captain—as he then was,—Charles King, who at his best almost achieved a certain lasting distinction.

The above survey of a tentative American Human Comedy has been made not without serious intent, yet with the consciousness that no such list can claim to be taken very seriously, because it represents at best merely an individual personal taste,—and perhaps its next reader may draw up an even better one, and one in which a large share of the present list will be conspicuous by its absence.

AMERICAN BACKGROUNDS FOR FICTION

I—Georgia

BY WILL N. HARBEN

When the Bookman mentioned to me its idea of publishing a series of papers concerning "American Backgrounds for Fiction" with the kindly suggestion that I endeavour to present Georgia's advantages in that direction I wondered if there was anything I could say for the reason that I had never thought of the Georgian part of the subject as being of interest or profit to any one save myself and the other native writers of the State.

I reflected over the work of Judge Longstreet, in his *Georgia Scenes,* "Bill Arp's" rural philosophy, Richard Malcolm Johnson's realistic *Dukesborough Tales,* Joel Chandler Harris's novels of plantation life and Negro folk tales, H. S. Edwards's short stories, the fine character studies in the books of Mrs. Corra Harris, and decided that Georgia had produced her full share of literary work founded on the scene and people. I thought of all these writers, but still found myself unable to proceed with my article for the reason that I could not visualise the people and things which had inspired those authors. So, perforce, I asked myself what, after all, had led me to select Georgia for the background for so much of my own fiction. The answer came promptly. It was due to thousands of crowding memories rising out of childhood, youth and middle age, —experiences humorous, dramatic, tragic, but, above all, it was due to my own inborn sympathy and affection for the people and the scene. And now as my mind whirls backward I am asking myself what has any writer in any land found to write about which may not be found in Georgia—granting, of course, the premise that the heart and soul of man is vitally the same the world over, and that these are the only things really worth writing about.

But that is not the chief point. Literary material is only literary material when a writer can get at it, and there is no veil to character so thick as conventionality. A poet or a prophet may be crushed out of existence by the mental mediocrity of his surroundings. Maeterlinck says somewhere that we go about with great thoughts and vast yearnings

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in our souls, seldom daring to open our hearts to our neighbours. I think this is especially true of town and city life. A man in an evening suit studying a wine-list is not so likely to tell you all about his wife's infidelity as a hod-carrier in mud-stained overalls would be. So I think that I got nearer to the heart of humanity by knowing the crude, frank types in the mountains of Georgia than I could by daily intercourse with the most talkative denizens of any metropolis. Did not Tolstoy spend fifty years of his life among the intellectuals and artists of his Europe in such philosophic and religious doubt and despair that he was ready to hang himself? And was it not in the face and faith of a Russian peasant who could neither read nor write that he found his answer to the "Riddle of the Universe"? Is not Bergson saying that intuition is divine insight, and that much book learning oftener kills than aids it? Did not William James treat mysticism with more respect than almost any other feature of his philosophy? and who could imagine a mystic as a Wall Street plunger, or a social climber as easily as a shoemaker in a mountain village? The mountain Georgians are the most unmasked individuals I ever met. They are the spiritual descendants of George Fox and John Wesley, and they were never so interesting as now, when they are throwing off the dogma of their forebears and creating a philosophy for themselves. My city friend will meet me and ask: "How is business? Who do you think will be elected?" The mountain man will want to know if I have read Swedenborg or heard Sam Jones preach. The man of town conventions will stare at the cold face of his dead daughter and make stereotyped replies to wooden sympathies, while the mountain farmer will sob as he leans on the rail fence of his cabin and tell a full-faced group all about the child he has lost, or he may mutely stagger away quite as eloquently under the drab duties of his life.

They really make story-telling easy for a writer, for they are story-tellers themselves. I have often been surprised, as I sat in some country store, or in some whittling or checker-playing group in a court-house yard, to find that a man in brown jean pants, hickory shirt and slouched hat was telling an experience in the best possible form for print. He would be leading up to his situation, keeping back his climax as skilfully, and quoting the speakers of his yarn as accurately as O. Henry at his best.

The metropolitan when he learns that his daughter has disgraced him hides his shame behind his morning paper and consults his lawyer, while the mountaineer takes down his gun from its rack and stalks forth to kill as regardless of consequences as the most primitive man. And what he says to sympathetic friends whom he meets on the way, and what they say to him along with their looks and actions would make undying literature. How can an observant writer fail to find material among such individuals, and amid such scenes? It has been there since the earliest Colonial settlements, enriched even by its clash between the red and white races, as it is now enriched by its clash between the black and the white. The material was there prior to and during the Revolution, before and immediately after the Civil War. The Colonial Georgia gentleman was educated in England, the antebellum Georgian in Boston.

Then there is the question of heredity. I once had the curiosity to follow up the descendants of a noble family who settled at Barbadoes in 1660, moved over to Charleston twelve years late, and lost themselves in the mountains of Georgia. I found one of them on a wagon loaded with cotton one day. He was a stalwart, fine-browed, keen-eyed man of middle age. He had every right to a coat of arms and the right to present his wife or daughter at Court, but he had heard nothing of the origin of his family. In the early days many religious-minded persons were ashamed to boast of their high connections, and they failed to speak of such matters even to

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their children. But from such stock Georgia is getting her best lawyers, best all-round citizens and richest men. Ambition seems to have been asleep and wakened afresh; descendants of leaders are becoming leaders again. The New York papers to-day are giving long accounts of the address by Sir Oliver Lodge before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and I venture to say that not many busy metropolitans as they are shot to their places of business in the subway have given more than a smile of contempt to the subject Lodge thinks is so important. But on a recent visit to Georgia I got at first hand accounts of psychic phenomena that would have kept Hyslop, Hodgson and James busy investigating and taking evidence for months. The clerk of the court in one county was practising telepathy in his own family, as was a doctor with a distant friend. A farmer who believed that the earth was flat knew enough about hypnotism to convince any one that there was such a thing, and moreover, he was as sure as Lodge would be that in the hypnotic trance one of his subjects (his daughter) had astonishing clairvoyant powers, such as seeing happenings at a distance. A physician of good standing offered to bring me sworn testimony that he had spoken to several persons about a haunting impression that a big hotel in a neighbouring town was to burn down two days before the actual conflagration took place, and the mayor of a town who was also a doctor told me that he had been convinced of immortality by the utterances of a dying child who at the time of death revealed important facts unknown to any living person.

These mountain types express themselves in a musical parlance which contains interesting vestiges of old English, Scotch and Irish phraseology, and no other form of expression could be better suited to their thought and needs. Their speech bubbles with fun and ridicule, and a profanity that is often uttered in a spirit so righteous that it disarms criticism. The average man is characterised by the habit of slavery which still lingers in the violence of the poor whites toward one another, as well as toward the inferior race. In recent years certain whites have been dealt with, whipped and even lynched by White Caps evidently to prove that it was not the colour of the misdoer but the crime that was condemned.

But I am convinced that the best work in writing is done after living in material, absorbing it, and then leaving the scene and looking back on it from the distance. Realities in that sort of prospective seem fairly to float in and be caressed by a haze of mystic tenderness. My first Georgia novel was written partly in London, continued among the students at Oxford, and finished in a bedroom of a Paris *pension,* where I and two other American writers worked one cold winter that we might save the expense of more than one fire. All my subsequent novels were written in New York after visits to Georgia. The memory of a single scene—the red sunset beyond a mountain's brow; the steady downpour of rain as I stood sheltered by the moss-grown roof of a deserted old mill; a group of worshippers in a roadside church—will often encourage a beginning, and other recollections will sweep a story onward. Sometimes it is the mental sight of a group of mountain people, old and young, assembled over a fire in a wagon yard adjoining the village square waiting for the stores to open; the trial spurt of a voluntary fire company breaking in a plough horse to a new hose reel; the clangour of church bells on a beautiful Sunday morning as the citizens in their best clothes wend their way from their homes or the barbershop to meeting; the busy square or street when the October breeze is dry and crisp and wagons are loaded with cotton as high as furniture vans, and tattered, earth-stained farmers wait to feel the fat roll of currency for the first time in a year; these are some of the slight things that back up one's fancy in writing local farces and tragedies, joys and heart-breaks.

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I remember, if I may be pardoned for speaking of one of my own books, how the nucleus of *Ann Boyd* came to me. It was Circus Day in a mountain town. The wonderful parade headed by its "world famous beauty," followed by a band-wagon, steam calliope and animals in gilt cages, was about to start. The street was lined on both sides by spectators from far and near. I had a city visitor with me and I was desirous of finding a good place from which to view it all. All the windows of the few upper stories along the way were filled. Then I noticed a long upper veranda on an antiquated storehouse and residence combined situated in the best part of the street. It would have accommodated two hundred sightseers, but not a soul was on it. I recalled that a certain widow had lived in the house ever since the Civil War and that the old-fashioned shutters, now bare of their original green paint, their hinges locked by rust, had not been open for a quarter of a century. It was all due to a scandal connected with the early life of the lone occupant of the building. In my childhood, before her trouble, I had known the woman quite well, and when on this day I suddenly met a grey, careworn creature leaning in a doorway, my heart went out to her and I paused, introduced my friend and had a pleasant chat with her. She seemed to be glad to see me after so many years. Presently we heard the music of the approaching band. The stairway leading to the veranda was within a few feet of us. I glanced toward it longingly and ventured to ask if she would mind our going to it. A change came over her; her pleased face was swept with a frown of fury.

"So that's what you spoke to me for!" she snorted. "Can you use my veranda? No, you can't. You are the same stripe as all the rest. I've been living in this rotten town for forty years and they all slough away from me as if I was a leper covered with sores. But the minute they want a favour like you want, they come around fawning and smirking. I don't pay taxes on this property for you nor none of your sort."

My astonished friend was moving away in alarm and I followed. She had not loaned me the veranda of the house with the closed shutters, but she had beaten a plot for a novel into the very marrow of my bones, and afterward I learned more of her life, persecution, and suffering than I was ever able to transcribe.

At another time while I was waiting for a midnight train in the little brick car-shed in the town I have called "Darley" in some of my novels, a mountain maid came to take the same train. She was a brave little creature and loaded down by a big bag and various parcels. I had met her in my mountain rambles and been struck with her courage and thrift, for she was supporting a half-blind mother by planting produce. She worked the soil with her own hands and peddled the product from door to door in a ramshackle wagon drawn by a sway-backed, patient horse. To-night she was all aglow with excitement and I thought a hint of vague anxiety lay in her ruddy, almost beautiful face. Finally, the train being delayed, and the time hanging on our hands, she became confidential. She was going away to get married. She had been corresponding with a man she had never seen. He had sent her his picture and she had returned hers. Half apologetically she exhibited his. He looked like a transplanted "Dago" who had created a sort of resentment in the camera that had refused to deal gently with its subject. She admitted that she did not like the way his hair hung across his left eye, nor his open-necked shirt, but he would have to do, for she was at the end of her rope. She was absolutely unable to run her farm and attend to the peddling too. A man would come in handy. He was to meet her in Atlanta, where he was a house painter, and they were to be married. I learned more about women in that hour than I had hitherto known, for I learned that they are absolutely "ununderstandable." We parted as the

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engine stood exhausting steam on the nearby track. A year later I saw her again. She sat in her wagon at the gate of a resident of the town, contending with the housewife that she was entitled to a little more for her eggs than a storekeeper because she delivered them at the kitchen door and guaranteed their freshness. She smiled when she recognised me.

"That thing was no go," she said, as she carefully spread a damp white cloth over the golden balls of butter in a tin pail. "I didn't like 'im; he wasn't my style at all; he hired a clerk in a grocery to write them letters; he couldn't talk as well as a four-year-old baby, and as for his looks—oh, my! Why, he was actually greasy! I had to laugh in his face. I was sold. Nobody about here knows of that caper. Don't give me away. It might spoil my chances. I'm going to get married some day, but I have no idea when or who to."

I really ought to have bought all her produce that day at a higher price than she had ever received, for she became the "Dixie Hart" in my novel by that name.

I remember how my book *Pole Baker* was first conceived. It was a lazy summer day in the main street of "Darley." A travelling lecturer had placed a dry-goods box in a conspicuous place on a corner and mounted it. He unfolded a glaring chart on which in red and blue lines was pictured the interior of a man's stomach. He began in a loud shrill voice to declaim against intemperance. The jostling group of spectators were jesting audibly with one another about "timely warnings," and so forth, and the speaker was growing impatient over the lack of attention. At this juncture the only really intoxicated man in town that day staggered into the group. He was under thirty years of age, tall, broad-shouldered, raw-boned and coatless; his broad-brimmed hat was torn, his shirt and trousers ragged. Open mouthed he listened till the drift of the argument dawned on him; then he was overcome with amusement. He laughed so heartily that the speaker could not be heard.

"Do you say that's the inside of a man, stranger? You are a liar; you never looked in a man; you are as green as a gourd. You are jest out after nickles and dimes to git drunk on yourself."

The speaker threatened to call the police; he shook his fist at "Pole," he pointed at him as a living example of what he was talking about. There was a man, he said, that would go home and whip his wife and starve his children to satisfy his thirst for rum. "Pole" laughed on, but he was growing white about the lips, his eyes were flashing angrily. He had started the row, but that didn't matter; there were things no decent man could take. A moment later the speaker was plunging through his chart like a bareback rider bursting a papered hoop, and the mountaineer had to be pulled back or life would have been lost.

A case in the city court was made against "Pole." He had been to school with the mayor before whom he was tried, and he plead his own case, calling the mayor "Bill" as of old.

"You know me, Bill, he said, swaying back and forth, and you know I couldn't take what that skunk said before all them fellows. You'd better have 'im hustled out 'o town or I'll kill 'im as soon as you let me go. He's a Yankee; you can tell that by his gab, and our boys wont stand for his sort."

"Drunk and disorderly," said the mayor. "I hate to do this, Pole, but you are a law-breaker. The man had a license and you interfered with his work. Ten days at the rock-pile."

"Pole" went out laughing. "You may lead a hoss to the branch," he said to the officer holding his brawny arm, "but you cayn't make 'im drink." And they didn't make him work. He grew sober as he stood as straight as an Indian in ball and chain among the negro convicts on the street, but not a lick did he strike. The joke was on the mayor,

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and everybody was asking him as the days passed by when he intended to make Pole start in. Money was raised, a fine was agreed on and paid, for there was no other recourse than for the mayor to have the prisoner whipped, and "Bill" would not resort to that way of losing future votes.

I was once attracted to a little cautious group of mountain freethinkers and budding philosophers. They were waking up to the conviction that the old creeds and dogmas did not reach to the limits of their conception of what divine revelation ought to be. They still remained members of churches, because no respectable men in the mountains could be otherwise, but they ceased to pray in public, deserted their Bible classes which they used to instruct, and seldom took the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. They were more interesting to me than all the rest put together because, with furtive glances here and there, they were actually *sneaking* out of darkness into light. One of their leaders, whom I afterward named "Abner Daniel," was an oratorical genius. He not only prayed but spoke in meeting, and his words formed such a subtle subterfuge and skilful balancing on the fence of opinion that he inspired both the bound and the unbound. It was this little group and their honest struggles that gave me the characters for my novels *Jane Dawson* and *Paul Rundel*. Some of them write weekly articles for a mountain paper which contain touches of philosophy deeper than any found in New York dailies.

Where could one find better literary material than in and about a country hotel? The one stamped on my memory was a big, rambling, four-story brick structure built long before the War. As a boy I was the chum of the proprietor's son and spent half my time there. What a meeting ground for drummers, politicians, pedlers, lawyers, judges, merchants, farmers, moonshiners, cotton-buyers—what not? The social dances took place in the parlours; the big office was the main loafing place of the town. As soon as a young man had dressed of an evening for a call on his girl he stopped in there to get a cigar. On Sunday morning it was all agog till church time, then in the afternoon it was packed to overflowing. On long winter evenings a tall stove, ever with a red-hot base, warmed a chatting, yarn-spinning, joke-playing group till far into the night. A door on the left opened into a bar and billiard-room. Glasses clinked, ivory balls clicked, a fortune wheel buzzed over a heap of prize coin; screen doors creaked and banged; now and then a man was shot or stabbed. It was all a part of a life which had not yet lost the savour of war.

It was there at the stove that a good-natured Southern gentleman, who had won the title of General in the Confederate cause, and later became a United States revenue officer, brought a captive moonshiner one day to be taken to Atlanta for trial and imprisonment. The moonshiner was not shackled in any way; in fact, so great was the General's confidence in his man that he left him seated alone at the stove and went out in town to attend to some business. Practical joking in that day had no bounds. Judges on the bench were lucky if they escaped some form of it even at their most dignified moments. So the gaunt moonshiner at the stove became a target. A cotton-buyer approached the prisoner.

"Say, Tom," said he as he shook hands, "take a tip from me. You don't have to go to Atlanta. You can give that fellow the slip. All you got to do is to walk out of that back door, cross the railroad tracks and plunge into the woods. The General couldn't catch you in a month of Sundays."

The prisoner spat on the stove, wiped his chin and smiled indulgently. "Oh, I know that well enough," he said. "I needn't 'a' come this far if I hadn't wanted to. I could 'a' left 'im high an' dry a dozen times comin' through the mountains. Once our gang hove in sight to take me from 'im, but I motioned 'em back. The truth is that I

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hain't never had a good train ride in my life. The boys have all been down to Atlanta but me, an' I want to see what it is like. They say a feller gits fine grub down thar. Besides the General is a good feller. Me'n him together has emptied four pint flasks to-day, an' thar is more in his carpet-bag. This is the way he makes his living an' he is entitled to a fair show. If us boys all went back on 'im he'd be out of a job. No, I'll stick to 'im."

In nothing so much as in politics is character so well shown. The wheedling and brow-beating of the negro voter by two classes of whites furnishes great material for stories. Again there was much of literary value in the transient boom-town period. The better educated, money-making citizen stood for civic improvements, the laying of sewers, street-paving, gas and electric light, but the poor white man, although he had nothing to be taxed and was consequently to get all for nothing, was opposed. Socialism and populism was against everything desired by the well-to-do. The property-holder saw for himself the increase in rents and values, but the poor whites had no axe to grind and for years their vote was a veritable wet blanket to any sort of civic progress. I recall one election day when it was hoped that bonds for electric light might be voted in by the citizens of a pretty town. A property holder with a bundle of tickets was working hard at the polls. He approached a gaunt factory worker in slouch hat and gaping shoes. "Here, Dick, vote this ticket," he said.

"I'm agin them lights," said the workman.

"You say you are? Why?" asked the other. "The Lord knows they wont cost *you* a cent."

"I'm agin 'em tooth and toe-nail," repeated the factory man. "They tell me human life wont be safe after them wires get strung out overhead. They say a body can't drive under 'em on a load o' wood or hay without being knocked deader'n a door nail."

"You hain't got it exactly right," said the progressive with a sly twinkle of the eye. "Dick, the truth is a *white* man can handle it, even wrap the wires around him an' not get hurt, but a nigger ain't safe in a mile of it. It is quar, but it kills 'em like flies. Thar wont be a coon left in this town after the current is turned on."

"Is that so?" said the voter; "well, I'm with you," and he was led to the ballot box forthwith.

* * *

Will N. Harben's paper is the first of a series that will treat of certain parts of the United States as they appear in the light of literary material to writers whose books have come to be associated with their sections. What does this State or that offer to the novelist? What, in its political life, its history, its scenery, its social life, its racial problems, constitutes its appeal to the writer of fiction? In early papers in this series Helen R. Martin will write for the Pennsylvania Dutch, Maria Thompson Davies for Tennessee, Irving Bacheller for the North Country of New York State, and Thomas Dixon for North Carolina.

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THE MADE SITUATION AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

ONE of the terms of critical disparagement most frequently heard in discussing the merits or shortcomings of a play or a novel is that the plot turns upon a "made situation." To a person untrained in the special *argot* of literary criticism, the expression must possess a certain rather amusing illogic. To the unsophisticated mind the writer of fiction is the one and only maker of all his situations, whether simple or complicated, whether convincing, doubtful or glaringly false to life. And of course the unsophisticated mind is theoretically correct. The builder of stories is a maker of mosaics, who takes his countless motley, variegated, odd-shaped fragments of the raw material of life, and so deftly chooses and adjusts and harmonises and polishes, as to produce patterns of wonderful symmetry and significance. He, the artist, the creator, does the choosing, and no one else; every situation, big or little, is a mosaic of these fragments of actuality, arranged by the author according to the best light that his individual share of inborn talent gives him. He may select details so simple, so frequent, that the resulting story is almost universal in its scope, and finds instant recognition in the heart of every man or woman who reads it: "I, too, have experienced all this," they tell themselves, "these hopes and fears, and joys and sorrows are also mine." Or again, the author may choose such isolated, exceptional facts and combine them in such a perverse, eccentric way as to create a situation absolutely unique, one that, if possible at all, must remain for all time unparalleled, unrivalled, a literary freak, an abnormality. Yet in strict logic, according to the simple, surface meaning of the words, the one type of situation is neither more nor less a "made situation" than the other.

But of course the term, as currently used, means something a little different from its surface value,—although just what this difference is would probably give the very persons who use it most glibly some trouble to explain. A "made situation," some persons will tell you, is one that is artificial, deliberately built up, in defiance of likelihood, for the sake of embroiling the hero and heroine in peculiar dilemmas and leading to some extraordinary and unforeseen dénouement. But such an explanation, while sufficiently accurate so far as it goes, in touching upon the chief shortcomings of the "made situation," falls short of being a definition. Artificiality, failure to be convincing, are the faults, not of types of plot, but of methods of craftsmanship. Any situation may be made convincing, if you have the genius to develop it in the right way; and conversely, the simplest of human relationships become artificial if you bungle your job. No, the distinction between the situation that is "made" and the one that is not, is something subtler and at the same time more fundamental.

To understand it, we must get back to the basic conception of dramatic interest as depending upon a struggle, physical, intellectual or moral, between man and man, between man and nature, between man and destiny. There is nothing interesting in mere blind, purposeless destruction; there is nothing dramatic in an ant trodden under a heavy heel; but a fly caught in the web of a spider is always a fascinating spectacle; it has at least a fighting chance. And this simple, obvious statement of a basic truth leads us to a convenient,

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practical division of the facts of life, the multifold fragments of actuality that form the raw material of our mosaic maker, into two clearly defined groups: those, on the one hand, that are the logical outcome of the hero's own disposition and temperament, the environment that he has built up for himself, the part of his life, his occupation, his circle of friends that are of his own making, in short the sum total of whatever he has and is that has come to him through his free-agency; and, on the other hand, that second class of facts, details, circumstances that lie outside of the hero's own volition, that form his handicap, as it were; the strands of fate, which, like the spider's web, are not of his own spinning, but stretch before him unseen, to entrap him when most unwary. Both classes of facts are equally legitimate material for a novelist; what we call blind chance, which is really only a detail of a pattern too vast for us to recognise its symmetry, is forever interfering with the concerns of individual man or woman; and the novelist who uses this element of chance legitimately, as a condition precedent and not as a solution, is amply within his rights. But it has come to be recognised by the higher class of novelists that humanity is sufficiently handicapped by its own inborn passions and weaknesses; that the average man and woman are abundantly capable of making their own troubles, without the intervention of fate; and that the author who limits his hero to the task of rectifying his blunders, conquering his passions, following his chosen path in the world, in spite of the obstacles erected by his own hand, will produce a stronger, worthier, more artistic piece of fiction than can ever result from the most ingenious agglomeration of exceptional, extraordinary accidents, chance coincidences, bizarre tricks of fate that lead some man or woman into a dilemma such as their own unaided temperaments and impulses could never conceivably have brought about. Of course, no story could be written that is wholly free from extraneous and accidental circumstances,—just as, conversely, no story could be conceived of, constituted wholly from the happenings of blind chance, without the hero's volition playing any part. So, even when we have accepted the special, underlying significance of the "made situation," the instinct of the unsophisticated mind is still correct: every situation in fiction is to some small extent a "made" one,—the degree depending upon the relative importance of those details that are independent of anything which the principal actors, intentionally or unintentionally, have said or done. For instance, *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *The Masquerader* are both "made" situations, in so far as they turn upon the chance resemblance between two utter strangers; they are character studies, in so far as the subsequent happenings depend upon the wit, the audacity, the cool knowledge of the world requisite to take advantage of the coincidence; but none of these inborn qualities would have made the story possible, unless chance had played the leading card. On the contrary, there is a similar episode that forms a hilarious scene in a now almost forgotten comic opera, *Olivette,* in which a young man bewilders and outwits his elderly rival by appearing as his counterfeit presentment, from the full regimentals to the florid cheeks and senile wrinkles. It was, of course, a bit of horse-play, a sheer *opéra-bouffe's* device; but the essential point is this, that the situation was not a "made" one, the masquerader was not indebted to fate for his resemblance, but to his ready wit and steady manipulation of chalk and paint.

This whole question of the "made situation" was brought to mind by a discussion quite recently of a manuscript novel dealing with sex problems in general and the double standard in particular. A certain critical friend, whose judgment in such matters is usually sound, condemned the story in question on the ground that from first to last, it depended upon the "made situation." He pointed out that the author was so possessed by her thesis that she fairly flung it in the reader's face; that, in or-

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der to strengthen her case, she systematically eliminated all details that did not tend to back up her argument; that she made the heroine's father a physician, because it enabled certain phases of the problem to be discussed with more freedom than if he had chanced to be a lawyer or a banker;—in short, that the author artificially brought together an abnormally large number of men and women especially interested in her chosen theme, as well as especially conversant with it, and unfairly shut out that still larger number of outsiders, people lacking sympathy with her special point of view, who in real life are forever intruding to break up the continuity of our own pet schemes and cherished interests. That this sort of elimination is a very frequent fault, that it was a fault in the case at issue, is undoubtedly true. It is a fault that we often find in Zola and in Ibsen. It is almost inevitable whenever an author pushes the doctrine of economy of means a little too far, because the exclusion of the non-essential results paradoxically in the exclusion of one of the elements essential to an accurate transcript of life, —for real life is unimaginable without the presence of a certain amount of human rubbish, irrevelevant happenings, vapid dialogue, negligible personalities. No writer can venture to bore the public with a wholesale reproduction of superfluous details; Jane Austen brilliantly proving the rule by the notable exception of the harmless inanities of poor, garrulous Miss Bates. But even the most rigid elimination of every element not directly bearing upon the author's central point is not necessarily a "made" situation. In the case of the manuscript above mentioned, the fact that the girl's father is a physician with a specialty throws some interesting light upon the girl's heredity; and the fact that most of the men and women she knows are concerned with questions of votes for women, single standard for the two sexes, and all the other mooted questions of the hour, is not a matter of chance but of conscious selection on the part of the girl herself, who naturally seeks companionship where it is most congenial. In other words, we must not confuse two radically different faults: on the one hand, the fault of building up an artificial structure of accidental circumstances that result in confining human temperaments so abnormally that when they break bounds it is with the violence of a high explosive; and on the other hand, the fault of being so much more keenly interested in the central thesis than in the destinies of the men and women involved, that the joints of the mosaic betray themselves. The details are not wrongly chosen, but they are not nicely joined. The sermon-maker has gotten the better of the artist.

"THE WOMAN THOU GAVEST ME"

Curiously enough, these two widely different faults are both of them persistently and confusingly intermingled in Mr. Hall Caine's latest volume, *The Woman Thou Gavest Me,* which is just at present attracting attention quite beyond its deserts. First of all, let us get the specific details of the plot before us. It is worth while, parenthetically, to recall the fact that the same identical situation was worked out a few years ago by Mr. E. Temple Thurston, with greater simplicity and less hysterics, the only difference being that the heroine was a poor girl of the servant class, and not the daughter of a county family, bound against her will to a profligate and middle-aged nobleman. In both novels, the characters are all Roman Catholics and the situations are such as could only arise under the ecclesiastical rulings of the Church of Rome. Mr. Caine's heroine, Mary O'Neill, convent-bred, sincerely devout, accepting the instructions of her priest as the infallible will of heaven, is forced by her father into a loveless marriage with a man twice her own age, with a record for debauchery that has made him the scandal of the community. Something of his past misdeeds is whispered to the girl shortly before her marriage; but the woman in whom she confides is in league with her

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father to aid and abet the marriage, while the honest but over-credulous old priest, who investigates the charge, believes the lying report that his own bishop sends him and innocently helps on the martyrdom of the girl he loves as he might have loved a daughter. But on the very day of the marriage, the bride learns that all the infamy attributed to her new-made husband is true, and she determines,—to use a phrase sufficiently melodramatic to suit the melodramatic incident which follows,—that although wife in name, she will never be wife in deed to a man so unworthy. In picturing the bride's resistance in the midnight seclusion of the village inn where the first break in their honeymoon journey installed them, Mr. Hall Caine obviously intends to be quite shockingly outspoken; but "secrets of the alcove," to use the convenient French euphemism, are not in line with Mr. Hall Caine's *métier;* the action is too spiritless, the young woman too sure of herself, the whole episode too carefully written with one eye upon a possible censorship, to stir the pulse. Not that we want more than Mr. Caine has given us; we could be content with vastly less. But if such scenes must be written, they ought to contain their own justification by being at least done well.

The bride's refusal to accept her obligations results in much running back and forth of messengers, peremptory commands of her father, expostulations and urgent admonitions on the part of the old priest, wild threats of violence from the aggrieved bridegroom. Finally, a temporary truce is arrived at, by means of a secret compact, made with connivance of the priest, to the effect that Mary will consent to remain beneath her husband's roof and pose as his wife, will make no attempt to annul the marriage or interfere with the marriage settlements, and leave his lordship full individual freedom,—on condition, however, that he makes no attempt to claim his marital rights. These conditions, agreed to by his lordship, under the belief that they are a passing girlish whim, become in course of time their permanent *modus vivendi.* Her husband's loss of affection for her, his notorious infidelities, his insult in forcing her to entertain the woman who happens to be his latest favourite,—all these things she bears without breaking the terms of her agreement or taking any steps to leave him openly. But in course of time she meets again a friend of her girlhood days, a certain Martin Conrad, loves him and, realising the hopelessness of ever regaining her freedom, the impossibility of having any form of divorce sanctioned by the Roman church, she deliberately throws aside all thought of morality, public opinion, teaching of her church and commandment of God, and goes to her lover with the unabashed simplicity of a child. As chance wills it, no one is aware of this midnight escapade, on the very eve of Martin's departure on a prolonged Arctic voyage of discovery. But fate nevertheless has a cruel expiation in store. Although a temporary absence of her husband prevents him from immediately becoming aware of what Mr. Kipling is pleased to call the "almost inevitable consequences," Mary's father is hugely delighted when gossip brings to his ears the news of the prospect of an heir, one that shall make up for his lifelong disappointment that Mary herself chanced to be a girl. He determines to celebrate the event with big public rejoicings, illuminations, ringing of bells and general merry-making,—and preparations are actually under way, when his lordship chances to return home, learns the cause of the festivities, has a final interview with his wife and ignominiously turns her out of doors. The wearisome sentimentality of the chapters which follow may all be summed up in a dozen words: Mary's months of fear and wretchedness, the birth of her child, Martin's return and her brief period of happiness with him in defiance of the world, though she knows that the finger of death is already upon her. And when she finally passes away, Mr. Caine paints a neat little aureole around her head, as the just due of one more sinned

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against than sinning. Yet no amount of sentimentalising can alter the fact that here is a woman who, while refusing to live up to her marriage contract, would not hesitate to foist upon her husband another man's child as his son and heir to his title.

But the chief fault with the book is less its topsyturvy morality than its technique. It is built upon a scaffolding of exceptions: an exceptional girl, victim of an exceptionally selfish father, an exceptionally callous husband, an exceptionally credulous priest. The husband is a Protestant, almost fanatical in his hatred of the priesthood; the problem of divorce, sanctioned by English law, yet forbidden by Rome, is further complicated by the possibility of annulment because the marriage was never consummated. Altogether, the entire circumstances of the book lie so far outside of normal human experience that it is difficult to stir ourselves to a real thrill of sympathy for this misguided young person who, with the connivance of chance, played havoc with half a dozen lives, including her own.

"ROUND THE CORNER"

It is like a breath of clean, sweet air to turn from the sickly sentimentality of Mr. Hall Caine to the sound, wholesome, clear-eyed realism of Gilbert Cannan, as once more evidenced in his new volume, *Round the Corner*. As the subtitle explains, the substance of the volume is "the life and death of Francis Christopher Falyot, bachelor of divinity and father of a large family." In other words, it is the quiet, patient, unsuccessful life of a good man, a well-meaning man, who made the mistake of following the line of least resistance, and in advanced middle age wondered, with the naïveté of a child, what his mistake had been. The title of the book is explained in one brief, incisive little speech, uttered by his oldest son, Serge, who, although the black sheep of the family, has picked up, out of the ashes of his failures, what none of the rest of the family has, a practical working philosophy. "Life for modern men and women," he says, "is forever round the corner because they attempt to tackle their affairs with the minds of children, children who believe everything they are told and examine nothing. They play with everything. They can do nothing else. Unhappily, life is a serious business which yields its reward of joy only to simplicity, sincerity, and purity, or, if you like the old trinity better—faith, hope and charity." Mr. Cannan writes with an enviable distinction of manner, and, what is perhaps of even more moment, he creates characters that we do not merely want to know, but that we simply cannot help knowing, whether we want to or not. He has something of that rare gift, which was so eminently that of Jane Austen, of taking us absolutely inside the family circle, of making us share all the most intimate family joys and fears, until we know this poor, harassed, over-burdened minister, his self-centred, inefficient wife, his seven sons and daughters, in the same close, exhaustive way that we know Elizabeth Bennett, and Jane and Mary and Lydia. It seems like rather slender material from which to build a full-length novel, this unpretending chronicle of a younger son who, because he was not destined for the army or navy, had no other career open to him than that of the church, and who uncomplainingly bowed his head to the yoke and, in his unenlightened way, continued, into ripe old age, to do his duty as he saw it. But far from being slender in fact, the book has a certain robust vitality. There is nothing in it of the exceptional case, the chance occurrence. Emphatically, it has a lesson for all the world, because the mistakes of Francis Christopher Falyot are in greater or less measure the mistakes of the world at large; the mistakes of not being earnest, of shrinking from consequences, of not realising that a difficulty once squarely faced is already half conquered. Falyot's irresolution, as contrasted with the rugged straightforwardness of his son Serge in some of the vital crises of his life, is luminous with

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helpful suggestiveness. Mr. Cannan is to be congratulated for his steady advance from the excellent promise of *Peter Homunculus* to this present volume, which unquestionably enrolls him in the small band of younger novelists who are destined to exert a formative influence on the English fiction of the rising generation. It is a distinguished example of a novel which is emphatically and triumphantly independent of the "made" situation.

"THE GARDEN WITHOUT WALLS"

The Garden Without Walls, by Coningsby Dawson, leaves behind it an elusive, almost exasperating impression that it is a big, brave, fine attempt that has just missed its aim, a stroke of genius that has fallen short, a fascinating, compelling piece of work which refuses to be laid aside, and then, at the end, leaves one with a baffled sense of having failed, after all, to get the author's message. Certain purposes stand out clearly enough: Mr. Dawson has given us, with probing insight, a picture of the slow awakening of childhood and early youth to a comprehension of life's realities. There is childhood's rebellion against the restraints with which it is hedged in, childhood's natural but impotent longing for a breaking down of the barriers, for "a garden without walls,"—and also the inevitable discovery, through slow, inexorable lessons, that while the walls may expand with years, even in maturity there are barriers which it is wiser not to tear down or break through. Aside from the fundamental symbolism of this strange, haunting volume, which the present reviewer is free to confess has puzzled him in final analysis, the author deserves a grateful tribute for the pleasure he has dispensed in the form of a whole group of interesting personalities, charming young women and wise, shrewd old ones, quaint, whimsical old men, a few rascals, and some young fools,—but all of them likable in varying degrees, and all genuinely, unmistakably, refreshingly human. It is difficult to know just where to touch first the specific details of this unusual, many-sided, overcrowded volume, the main business of which is to chronicle the varied tender episodes and sex experiences of Dante Cordover. It begins with his childhood romance with little Ruthita, who lived and played just the other side of the garden wall, their misconstruction of a servant's careless nonsense, and their naïve elopement and flight to a neighbouring gypsy camp, happy in the firm belief that when they came back they would have "grown up," and that there would be a house of their own, including a family of babies, all ready and waiting for them. Then there are the years of Dante's school and college, his callow little flirtations, his first experience of feminine fickleness, his meeting with Fiesole, fateful beyond his guess. Then there is the wonderful episode of Vi, the lady whom he never stopped to ask whether she were maid, wife or widow, —until he was too fast in the toils to care whether any other man had a claim or not. Had he not made his own claim good by flinging his own life into the waves, as a stake in his gamble with fate,—to save her if he could, or if not, to drown with her? And fate capriciously wrought a miracle and saved them both. And when the woman's remnant of sanity resisted the man's young ardour, and she fled from him across the sea, we have the spectacle of his mad, unreasoning Odyssey over the Atlantic in pursuit of her,—only to learn, after long pain and illness, that even in young manhood our gardens still have walls which refuse to be laid waste at our bidding. And when he returns across the sea once more, there is the renewed acquaintance with Fiesole, who cherishes against him an unguessed hatred, a hatred such as once imprisoned Joseph, the hatred of a woman scorned. And, woman-like, she knows by instinct how to take the deadliest revenge, by leaving the bitter memory of one brief hour of sweetness. And when Dante awakens to actuality and finds her gone, he realises that at last the walls of his

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garden have been laid low, and that all its fragrance has departed with them. Such at least is what one reader makes of this strange, tantalising book. Another reader might read into it an entirely different meaning.

"THE IRON TRAIL"

Mr. Rex Beach has always been a devotee of the "made situation." Indeed, it would be difficult to conceive of his particular brand of fiction being produced in accordance with any other formula. They depend, of course, in a measure, upon the restless, daring, pioneer spirit of the exceptional men and women who obey the call of the far North; but they also depend, and to a far greater degree, upon the whims of fate that have flung a certain handful of these men and these women together in some ice-locked village; upon the grim jests of nature that wantonly wrecks a perfectly staunch vessel in the midst of a peaceful sea, or hurls a mountain of glacier ice, to bring death and destruction to frail boats in a seething river, or fans a breeze into a raging cyclone that in a moment sweeps to nothingness the results of long months of mere man's puny efforts. *The Iron Trail* is no exception. Readers who liked Mr. Rex Beach's earlier volume will find what they want in this new one. It is the chronicle of a race between the hero, dauntless, big-hearted and honest, and the villain, treacherous and desperate, as a villain should be, to see which of them shall first succeed in putting through a railway from the seaport in Kayak Bay, through the Salmon River Valley, into the very heart of the Klondike. Of course, the charms and the wiles of women serve as a spur, and also on occasion as a stumbling-block to the well-laid plans of these two rival contractors; and the way that the unleashed forces of nature take a playful hand in the game is, for sheer exuberance of words and audacity of imagination, surpassed only by the light-hearted way in which Eastern financiers turn over millions upon millions of dollars for these two colossal gamblers against nature to play ducks and drakes with. Yes, *The Iron Trail* is a good, stirring story of its kind and gives honest value to the reader who is looking for precisely that sort of entertainment.

"LADDIE"

A volume with an atmosphere all its own is *Laddie,* by Gene Stratton-Porter. Imagine the beautiful, rich setting of open country and sun-lit woodlands that this author has already so often painted; imagine also one of those rare little home circles that we are privileged to meet in just a few books, where the keynote of life is love; imagine all this as seen and mirrored back to us by one of the youngest daughters, still quite a little girl, yet quaintly mature in her ideas and in her phrasings, because she has lived so much with her elders. This little girl idolises just one person, her oldest brother, the Laddie of the title; and she is living, day by day, a sort of fairyland romance, because Laddie has found his Princess and has taken Little Sister into his confidence and tells her all his hopes and difficulties. The Princess is the daughter of an English family who have lately moved into the neighbourhood and who have resisted all attempts of neighbours to make their acquaintance. There is a forbidding air of mystery about them; nevertheless, Laddie has succeeded in meeting the Princess,—and in course of time Little Sister is also privileged to meet her in the safe seclusion of the woods, on soft couches of green moss, with birds singing and butterflies flitting all around, and a friendly creek singing its woodland song beside them. Of course the veil of mystery is in good time cleared away. The Princess's English brother is vindicated from an unjust charge of crime, and Laddie and his Princess take their leave of us with every intention of living happily ever after,—as is quite right and proper even in fairy tales of the grown-up sort.

"DAVID MALCOLM"

Another volume with a kindred spirit of out-of-doors is *David Malcolm,* by

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Nelson Lloyd, who in certain chapters of this book reverts once again to the beautiful valley country which he has taught us to love in more than one of his earlier volumes. The specific story of *David Malcolm* is rather slender and lacking in great originality. It is simply the history of a young lad's gradual development, his formation of a solid, sturdy character, through the wise teaching that he gets in a little local college quite unknown to the world at large; his experiences of first love and courtship, and the bold ambition with which these emotions fire him. David seeks his fortune in New York, develops an unexpected genius for journalism, and is soon on the highway to success. Materially he prospers; the future home is chosen, the day is wellnigh set,—when, lo and behold! the bride-to-be avails herself of a woman's privilege and marries an older and a wealthier man. David, however, is not deeply grieved, because, you see, ever since he came to New York, he has been seeing a good deal of another young woman whom he knew and befriended as a little, helpless, deserted child, years ago in that beautiful valley already mentioned. So when the lady of his first choice jilted him, she really did him a favour, because he could go back with a free conscience to the unforgotten love of his childhood, in his old home in the aforesaid valley.

"OTHERWISE PHYLLIS"

Before starting to take up in detail Mr. Meredith Nicholson's new novel, *Otherwise Phyllis,* it is no more than due to him to recognise that here, once again, he has given evidence of that keen discernment, that shrewd understanding of character, and that unsuspected seriousness of purpose first revealed in *A Hoosier Chronicle.* To be more specific, *Otherwise Phyllis* is a study of the manner in which an exceedingly wide-awake and distinctly attractive specimen of young American womanhood gave courage and contentment to a lonely father, skilfully kept at bay a trio of interfering aunts, alternately exasperated and delighted a doting old uncle, and in the end handled with infinite tact the social complications arising from the unexpected return of the erring mother, whose elopement many years earlier was supposed to have placed her permanently beyond the pale. When stated in this epitomised form, the story sounds almost flippant, but in reality such an idea would do it grave injustice. One may well take issue with the views which Mr. Nicholson's book would seem to support; but that does not alter the fact that they are advanced in a serious, dignified and impressive way. There are several rather searching questions propounded by the issues of his plot. For instance, when a woman has been divorced, as the price of her folly, subsequently married her lover, and having in turn divorced him, lives for years a blameless and busy life, and incidentally amasses a large fortune, has she or has she not a right to return to her birthplace, to claim recognition by her family, and to offer her own daughter the financial aid of which she is in sore need? Have the heartaches of all those intervening years so far atoned for old mistakes that she and the wronged husband can meet each other without bitterness? And, if so, would it be hopeless to try to rake up the dead ashes and renew the old ties? Mr. Nicholson, you see, is bold and unconventional; he has the courage of his convictions. We may not agree with his conclusions, but he is always stimulating. And, as for the individual characters in this volume, they are all worth meeting, and two of them at least, Phyllis herself and her Uncle Amzi, are a perennial joy.

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CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE

TRANSLATED BY ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS

BY J. H. FABRE

INDUSTRIAL CHEMISTRY

EVERYTHING happens sooner or later. When, through the low windows overlooking the garden of the school, my eye glanced at the laboratory, where the madder-vats were steaming; when, in the sanctuary itself, I was present, by way of a first and last chemistry-lesson, at the explosion of the retort of sulphuric acid that nearly disfigured every one of us, I was far indeed from suspecting the part which I was destined to play under that same vaulted roof. Had a prophet foretold that I should one day succeed the master, never would I have believed him. Time works these surprises for us.

Stones would have theirs too, if anything were able to astonish them. The Saint-Martial building was originally a church; it is a Protestant place of worship now. Men used to pray there in Latin; to-day they pray in French. In the intervening period, it was for some years in the service of science, the noble orison that dispels the darkness. What has the future in store for it? Like many another in the ringing city, to use Rabelais's epithet,* will it become a home for the fuller's teazles, a storehouse for scrap-iron, a carrier's stable? Who knows? Stones have their destinies no less unexpected than ours.

When I took possession of it as a laboratory for the municipal course of lectures, the nave remained as it was at the time of my former short and disastrous visit. To the right, on the wall, a number of black stains struck the eye. It was as though a madman's hand, armed with the ink-pot, had smashed its fragile projectile at that spot. I recognised the stains at once. They were the marks of the corrosive which the retort had splashed at our heads. Since those days of long ago, no one had thought fit to hide them under a coat of whitewash. So much the better: they will serve me as excellent counsellors. Always before my eyes, at every lesson, they will speak to me incessantly of prudence.

For all its attractions, however, chemistry did not make me forget a long cherished plan well-suited to my tastes, that of teaching natural history at a university. Now, one day at the grammar-school, I had a visit from a chief-inspector which was not of an encouraging nature. My colleagues used to call him the Crocodile. Perhaps he had given them a rough time in the course of his inspections. For all his boorish ways, he was an excellent man at heart. I owe him a piece of advice which greatly influenced my future studies.

That day, he suddenly appeared, alone, in the schoolroom, where I was taking a class in geometrical drawing. I must explain that, at this time, to eke out my ridiculous salary and, at all costs, to provide a living for myself and my large family, I was a mighty pluralist, both inside the college and out. At the college, in particular, after two hours of physics, chemistry or natural history, came, without respite, another two hours' lesson, in which I taught the boys how to make a projection in descriptive geometry, how to draw a geodetic plane, a curve of any kind whose

*The allusion is to the many churches and chapels at Avignon and to *Pantagruel*, Book V, Chap. I: "Our pilot told us that it was the Ringing Island; and indeed we heard a kind of a confused and often repeated noise . . . not unlike the sound of great, middle-sized and little bells, rung all at once, as it is customary at Paris, Tours, Gergeau, Nantes and elsewhere on high holidays; and the nearer we came to the land the louder we heard that jangling.—*Translator's Note.*

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law of generation is known to us. This was called graphics.

The sudden irruption of the dread personage causes me no great flurry. Twelve o'clock strikes, the pupils go out and we are left alone. I know him to be a geometrician. The transcendental curve, perfectly drawn, may work upon his gentler mood. I happen to have in my portfolio the very thing to please him. Fortune serves me well, in this particular circumstance. Among my boys, there is one who, though a regular dunce at everything else, is a first-rate hand with the square, the compass and the drawing-pen: a deft-fingered numskull, in short.

With the aid of a system of tangents of which I first showed him the rule and the method of construction, my artist has obtained the ordinary cycloid, followed by the interior and the exterior epicycloid, and, lastly, the same curves both lengthened and shortened. His drawings are admirable Spider's webs, encircling the cunning curve in their net. The draughtsmanship is so accurate that it is easy to deduce from it beautiful theorems, which would be very laborious to work out by the calculus.

I submit the geometrical masterpieces to my chief-inspector, who is himself said to be smitten with geometry. I modestly describe the method of construction, I call his attention to the fine deductions which the drawing enables one to make. It is labour lost: he gives but a heedless glance at my sheets and flings each on the table as I hand it to him.

"Alas!" said I to myself. "There is a storm brewing; the cycloid won't save you; it's your turn for a bite from the Crocodile!"

Not a bit of it. Behold the bugbear growing genial. He sits down on a bench, with one leg here, another there, invites me to take a seat by his side and, in a moment, we are discussing graphics. Then, bluntly:

"Have you any money?" he asks.

Astounded at this strange question, I answer with a smile.

"Don't be afraid," he says. "Confide in me. I'm asking you in your own interest. Have you any capital?"

"I have no reason to be ashamed of my poverty, monsieur l'inspecteur général. I frankly admit, I possess nothing; my means are limited to my modest salary."

A frown greets my answer; and I hear, spoken in an undertone, as though my confessor were talking to himself:

"That's sad, that's really very sad."

Astonished to find my penury treated as sad, I ask for an explanation: I was not accustomed to this solicitude on the part of my superiors.

"Why, yes, it's a great pity," continues the man reputed so terrible. "I have read your articles in the *Annales des sciences naturelles*. You have an observant mind, a taste for research, a lively style and a ready pen. You would have made a capital university-professor."

"But that's just what I'm aiming at!"

"Give up the idea."

"Haven't I the necessary attainment?"

"Yes, you have; but you have no capital."

The great obstacle stands revealed to me: woe to the poor in pocket! University-teaching demands a private income. Be as ordinary, as commonplace as you please, but, above all, possess the coin that lets you cut a dash. That is the main thing; the rest is a secondary condition.

And the worthy man tells me what poverty in a frock-coat means. Though less of a pauper than I, he has known the mortification of it; he describes it to me, excitedly, in all its bitterness. I listen to him with an aching heart; I see the refuge which was to shelter my future crumbling before my eyes:

"You have done me a great service, sir," I answer. "You put an end to my hesitation. For the moment, I give up my plan. I will first see if it is possible to gain the small fortune which I shall want if I am to teach in a decent manner."

Thereupon we exchanged a friendly grip of the hand and parted. I never

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saw him again. His fatherly arguments had soon convinced me; I was prepared to hear the blunt truth. A few months earlier, I had received my nomination as an assistant-lecturer in zoology at the university of Poitiers. They offered me a ridiculous salary. After paying the costs of moving, I should have had hardly three francs a day left; and, on this income, I had to keep my family, numbering seven in all. I hastened to decline the very great honour.

No, science ought not to practise those jests. If we humble persons are of use to her, she should at least enable us to live. If she can't do that, then let her leave us to break stones on the highway. Oh, yes, I was prepared for the truth when that honest fellow talked to me of frock-coated poverty! I am telling the story of a not very distant past. Since then, things have improved considerably; but, when the pear was properly ripened, I was no longer of an age to pick it.

And what was I to do now, to overcome the difficulty mentioned by my inspector and confirmed by my personal experience? I would take up industrial chemistry. The municipal lectures at Saint-Martial placed a spacious and fairly well-equipped laboratory at my disposal. Why not make the most of it?

The chief manufacture of Avignon was madder. The farmer supplied the raw material to the factories, where it was turned into purer and more concentrated products. My predecessor had gone in for it and done well by it, so people said. I would follow in his footsteps and use the vats and furnaces, the expensive plant which I had inherited. So to work.

What should I set myself to produce? I proposed to extract the colouring-substance, alizarin, to separate it from the other matters found with it in the root, to obtain it in the pure state and in a form that allowed of the direct printing of the stuffs, a much quicker and more artistic method than the old dyeing-process.

Nothing could be simpler than this problem, once the solution was known; but how tremendously obscure while it had still to be solved! I dare not call to mind all the imagination and patience spent upon endless endeavours which nothing, not even the madness of them, discouraged. What mighty meditations in the sombre church, what glowing dreams, soon to be followed by sore disappointment, when experiment spoke the last word and upset the scaffolding of my schemes. Stubborn as the slave of old amassing a peculium for his enfranchisement, I used to reply to the cheque of yesterday by the fresh attempt of to-morrow, often as faulty as the others, sometimes the richer by an improvement, and I went on indefatigably, for I too cherished the indomitable ambition to set myself free.

Should I succeed? Perhaps so. I at last had a satisfactory answer. I obtained, in a cheap and practical fashion, the pure colouring-matter, concentrated in a small volume and excellent for both printing and dyeing. One of my friends took up my process on a large scale in his works; a few calico-factories adopted the produce and expressed themselves delighted with it. The future smiled at last; a pink rift opened in my grey sky. I should possess the modest fortune without which I must deny myself the pleasure of teaching in a university. Freed of the torturing anxiety about my daily bread, I should be able to live at ease among my beasties.

In the midst of the joys of seeing these problems solved by chemistry, yet another ray of sunshine was reserved for me, adding its gladness to that of my success. Let us go back a couple of years. The chief-inspectors visited our grammar-school. These personages travel in pairs: one attends to literature, the other to science. When the inspection was over and the books checked, the staff was summoned to the principal's drawing-room, to receive the parting admonitions of the two luminaries. The man of science began. I should be sadly put to it to remember what he said. It was cold professional prose, made up of soul-

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less words which the hearer forgot once the speaker's back was turned, words merely boring to both. I had heard enough of these chilly sermons in my time; one more of them could not hope to make an impression on me.

The inspector in literature spoke next. At the first words which he uttered, I said to myself:

"Oho! This is a very different business!"

The speech was alive and vigorous and imageful; indifferent to scholastic commonplaces, the ideas soared, hovering gently in the serene heights of a kindly philosophy. This time, I listened with pleasure; I even felt stirred. Here was no official homily: it was full of impassioned zeal, of words that carried you with them, uttered by an honest man accomplished in the art of speaking, an orator in the true sense of the word. In all my school-experience, I had never been given such a treat.

When the meeting broke up, my heart beat faster than usual:

"What a pity," I thought, "that my side, the science side, cannot bring me into contact, some day, with that inspector! It seems to me that we should become great friends."

I enquired his name of my colleagues, who were always better informed than I. They told me it was Victor Duruy.

Well, one day, two years later, as I was looking after my Saint-Martial laboratory in the midst of the steam from my vats, with my hands the colour of boiled lobster-claws from constant dipping in the indelible red of my dyes, there walked in, unexpectedly, a person whose features straightway seemed familiar. I was right, it was the very man, the chief-inspector whose speech had once stirred me. M. Duruy was now minister of public instruction. He was styled, "Your excellency"; and this style, usually an empty formula, was well deserved in the present case, for our new minister excelled in his exalted functions. We all held him in high esteem. He was the worker's minister, the man for the humble toiler.

"I want to spend my last half-hour at Avignon with you," said my visitor, with a smile. "That will be a relief from the official bowing and scraping."

Overcome by the honour paid me, I apologised for my costume—I was in my shirt-sleeves—and especially for my lobster-claws, which I had tried, for a moment, to hide behind my back.

"You have nothing to apologise for. I came to see the worker. The workingman never looks better than in his overall, with the marks of his trade on him. Let us have a talk. What are you doing just now?"

I explained, in a few words, the object of my researches; I showed my product; I executed under the minister's eyes a little attempt at printing in madder-red. The success of the experiment and the simplicity of my apparatus, in which an evaporating-dish, maintained at boiling-point under a glass funnel, took the place of a steam-chamber, caused him some surprise.

"I will help you," he said. "What do you want for your laboratory?"

"Why, nothing, monsieur le ministre, nothing! With a little application, the plant I have is ample."

"What, nothing! You are unique there! The others overwhelm me with requests; their laboratories are never well enough supplied. And you, poor as you are, refuse my offers!"

"No, there is one thing which I will accept."

"What is that?"

"The signal honour of shaking you by the hand."

"There you are, my friend, with all my heart. But that's not enough. What else do you want?"

"The Paris Jardin des Plantes* is under your control. Should a crocodile die, let them keep the hide for me. I will stuff it with straw and hang it from the ceiling. Thus adorned, my workshop will rival the wizard's den."

The minister cast his eyes round the

*The Zoological and Botanical Gardens on the left bank of the Seine.—*Translator's Note.*

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nave and glanced up at the Gothic vault:

"Yes, it would look very well." And he gave a laugh at my sally. "I now know you as a chemist," he continued. "I knew you already as a naturalist and a writer. I have heard about your little animals. I am sorry that I shall have to leave without seeing them. They must wait for another occasion. My train will be starting presently. Walk with me to the station. We shall be alone and we can chat a bit more on the way."

We strolled along, discussing entomology and madder. My shyness had disappeared. The self-sufficiency of a fool would have left me dumb; the fine frankness of a lofty mind put me at my ease. I told him of my experiments in natural history, of my plans for a professorship, of my fight with harsh fate, my hopes and fears. He encouraged me, spoke to me of a better future. We reached the station and walked up and down outside, talking away delightfully.

A poor old woman passed, all in rags, her back bent by age and years of work in the fields. She furtively put out her hand for alms. Duruy felt in his waistcoat, found a two-franc piece and placed it in the outstretched hand: I wanted to add a couple of sous as my contribution, but my pockets were empty, as usual. I went to the beggar-woman and whispered in her ear:

"Do you know who gave you that? It's the emperor's minister."

The poor woman started and her astounded eyes wandered from the open-handed personage to the piece of silver and from the piece of silver to the open-handed personage. What a surprise! what a windfall!

"Que lou bon Dièu ié done longo vido e santa, pecaïre!" she said, in her cracked voice.

And, bowing and nodding, she withdrew, still staring at the coin in the palm of her hand.

"What did she say?" asked Duruy.

"She wished you long life and health."

"And *pecaïre?*"

"Pecaïre is a poem in itself: it sums up all the gentler passions."

And I myself mentally repeated the artless vow. The man who stops so kindly when a beggar puts out her hand has something better in his soul than the qualities that go to make a minister.

We entered the station, still alone, as promised, and I quite without misgivings. Had I but foreseen what was going to happen, how I should have hastened to take my leave! Little by little, a group formed in front of us. It was too late to fly; I had to screw up my courage. Came the general of division and his officers, came the prefect and his secretary, the mayor and his deputy, the school-inspector and the pick of the staff. The minister faced the ceremonial semicircle. I stood next to him. A crowd on one side, we two on the other. Followed the regulation spinal contortions, the empty obeisances which my dear Duruy had come to my laboratory to forget. When bowing to St. Roch,* in his corner niche, the worshipper at the same time salutes the saint's humble companion. I was something like St. Roch's dog in the presence of those honours which did not concern me. I stood and looked on, with my awful red hands concealed behind my back, under the broad brim of my felt hat.

After the official compliments had been exchanged, the conversation began to languish; and the minister seized my right hand and gently drew it from the mysterious recesses of my wide-awake.

"Why don't you show those gentlemen your hands?" he said. "Most people would be proud of them."

I vainly protested with a jerk of the elbow. I had to comply and I displayed my lobster-claws.

"Workman's hands," said the prefect's secretary. "Regular workman's hands."

The general, almost scandalised at

*St. Roch (1295-1327) is always represented in his statues with the dog that saved his life by discovering him in the solitude, where, after curing the plague-stricken Italians, he had hidden himself lest he should communicate the pestilence to others.—*Translator's Note.*

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seeing me in such distinguished company, added:

"Hands of a dyer and cleaner."

"Yes, workman's hands," retorted the minister, "and I wish you many like them. Believe me, they will do much to help the chief industry of your city. Skilled as they are in chemical work, they are equally capable of wielding the pen, the pencil, the scalpel and the lens. As you here seem unaware of it, I am delighted to inform you."

This time, I should have liked the ground to open and swallow me up. Fortunately, the bell rang for the train to start. I said good-bye to the minister and, hurriedly taking to flight, left him laughing at the trick which he had played me.

The incident was noised about, could not help being so, for the peristyle of a railway-station keeps no secrets. I then learnt to what annoyances the shadow of the great exposes us. I was looked upon as an influential person, having the favour of the gods at my disposal. Place-hunters and canvassers tormented me. One wanted a license to sell tobacco and stamps, another a scholarship for his son, another an increase of his pension. I had only to ask and I should obtain, said they.

O simple people, what an illusion was yours! You could not have hit upon a worse intermediary. I figuring as a postulant! I have many faults, I admit, but that is certainly not one of them. I got rid of the importunate people as best I could, though they were utterly unable to fathom my reserve. What would they have said had they known of the minister's offers with regard to my laboratory and my jesting reply, in which I asked for a crocodile-skin to hang from my ceiling! They would have taken me for an idiot.

Six months elapsed; and I received a letter summoning me to call upon the minister at his office. I suspected a proposal to promote me to a more important grammar-school and begged that I might be left where I was, among my vats and my insects. A second letter arrived, more pressing than the first and signed by the minister's own hand. This letter said:

"Come at once, or I shall send my gendarmes to fetch you."

There was no way out of it. Twenty-four hours later, I was in M. Duruy's room. He welcomed me with exquisite cordiality, gave me his hand and, taking up a number of the *Moniteur:*

"Read that," he said. "You refused my chemical apparatus; but you won't refuse this."

I looked at the line to which his finger pointed. I read my name in the list of the Legion of Honour. Quite stupid with surprise, I stammered the first words of thanks that entered my head.

"Come here," said he, "and let me give you the accolade. I will be your sponsor. You will like the ceremony all the better if it is held in private, between you and me: I know you!"

He pinned the red ribbon to my coat, kissed me on both cheeks, made me telegraph the great event to my family. What a morning, spent with that good man!

I well know the vanity of decorative ribbonry and tinware, especially when, as too often happens, intrigue degrades the honour conferred; but, coming as it did, that bit of ribbon is precious to me. It is a relic, not an object for show. I keep it religiously in a drawer.

There was a parcel of big books on the table, a collection of the reports on the progress of science drawn up for the International Exhibition of 1867, which had just closed.

"Those books are for you," continued the minister. "Take them with you. You can look through them at your leisure; they may interest you. There is something about your insects in them. You're to have this too: it will pay for your journey. The trip which I made you take must not be at your own expense. If there is anything over, spend it on your laboratory."

And he handed me a roll of twelve hundred francs. In vain I refused, re-

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marking that my journey was not so burdensome as all that; besides, his embrace and his bit of ribbon were of inestimable value compared with my disbursements. He insisted:

"Take it," he said, "or I shall be very angry. There's something else: you must come to the emperor's with me to-morrow, to the reception of the learned societies."

Seeing me greatly perplexed and as though demoralised by the prospect of an imperial interview:

"Don't try to escape me," he said, "or look out for the gendarmes of my letter! You saw the fellows in the bearskin caps on your way up. Mind you don't fall into their hands. In any case, lest you should be tempted to run away, we will go to the Tuileries together, in my carriage."

Things happened as he wished. The next day, in the minister's company, I was ushered into a little drawing-room at the Tuileries by chamberlains in knee-breeches and silver-buckled shoes. They were queer people to look at. Their uniforms and their stiff gait gave them the appearance, in my eyes, of beetles who, by way of wing-cases, wore a great, gold-laced dress-coat, with a key in the small of the back. There were already a score of persons from all parts waiting in the room. These included geographical explorers, geologists, botanists, antiquaries, archæologists, collectors of prehistoric flints, in short, the usual representatives of provincial scientific life.

The emperor entered, very simply dressed, with no parade about him beyond a wide, red watered-silk ribbon across his chest. No sign of majesty, an ordinary man, round and plump, with a large moustache and a pair of half-closed, drowsy eyelids. He moved from one to the other, talking to each of us for a moment as the minister mentioned our names and the nature of our occupations. He showed a fair amount of information as he changed his subject from the ice-floes of Spitzbergen to the dunes of Gascony, from a Carlovingian charter to the flora of the Sahara, from the progress in beetroot-growing to Cæsar's trenches before Alesia. When my turn came, he questioned me upon the hypermetamorphosis of the Meloidæ,* my last essay in entomology. I answered as best I could, floundering a little in the proper mode of address, mixing up the everyday *monsieur* with *sire,* a word whose use was so entirely new to me. I passed through the dread straits and others succeeded me. My five minutes' conversation with an imperial majesty was, they say, a most distinguished honour. I am quite ready to believe them, but I never had a desire to repeat it.

The reception came to an end, bows were exchanged and we were dismissed. A luncheon awaited us at the minister's house. I sat on his right, not a little embarrassed by the privilege; on his left was a physiologist of great renown. Like the others, I spoke of all manner of things, including even Avignon Bridge.† Duruy's son, sitting opposite me, chaffed me pleasantly about the famous bridge on which everybody dances; he smiled at my impatience to get back to the thyme-scented hills and the grey olive-yards rich in grasshoppers.

"What!" said his father. "Won't you visit our museums, our collections? There are some very interesting things there."

"I know, monsieur le ministre, but I shall find better things, things more to my taste, in the incomparable museum of the fields."

"Then what do you propose to do?"

"I propose to go back to-morrow."

I did go back, I had had enough of Paris; never had I felt such tortures of loneliness as in that immense whirl of humanity. To get away, to get away was my one idea.

*A family of Beetles, including the Oil-beetle and the Spanish Fly.—*Translator's Note.*

†The old, partly demolished bridge at Avignon, which figures in the well-known French catch:

"Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le monde y danse en rond."

—*Translator's Note.*

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Once home among my family, I felt a mighty load off my mind and a great joy in my heart, where rang a peal of bells proclaiming the delights of my approaching emancipation. Little by little, the factory that was to set me free rose skywards, full of promises. Yes, I should possess the modest income which would crown my ambition by allowing me to descant on animals and plants in a university chair.

"Well, no," said Fate, "you shall not acquire the freedman's peculium; you shall remain a slave, dragging your chain behind you; your peal of bells rings false!"

Hardly was the factory in full swing when a piece of news was bruited, at first a vague rumour, an echo of probabilities rather than certainties, and then a positive statement leaving no room for doubt. Chemistry had obtained the madder-dye by artificial means; thanks to a laboratory-connection, it was utterly overthrowing the agriculture and industries of my district. This result, while destroying my work and my hopes, did not surprise me unduly. I myself had toyed with the problem of artificial alizarin, and I knew enough about it to foresee that, in no very distant future, the work of the chemist's retort would take the place of the work of the fields.

It was finished; my hopes were shattered to the ground. What to do next? Let us change our lever and begin to roll Sisyphus's stone once more. Let us try to draw from the ink-pot what the madder-vat declines to yield. *Laboremus!*

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending August 6th:

1. The South Pole. Amundsen. (Keedick.) $10.00.
2. Elementary Principles of Economics. Ely. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. Panama and the Canal. Hall. (Newson.) 75 cents.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
5. Principles of Educational Practice. Klapper. (Appleton.) $1.75.
6. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

For the week ending August 12th:

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Poems of Alfred Noyes. (Stokes.)
5. Essentials of Biology. Hunter. (American Book Co.) $1.25.
6. Modern Accounting. Hatfield. (Appleton.) $1.25.

For the week ending August 20th:

1. Confessions of a Convert. Benson. (Longmans, Green.) $1.20.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. Phonography. (Pitman.)
4. The Panama Canal. Barrett. (Pan American Union.) $1.00.
5. Modern Framed Structures. Johnson. (Wiley.) $4.00.
6. Corporation Accounting. Keister. (Burrows.) $4.00.
7. Critical Period of American History. Fiske. (Houghton Mifflin.)

For the week ending August 27th:

1. Phonography. (Pitman.)
2. Essentials of Biology. Hunter. (American Book Co.) $1.25.
3. Corporation Finance. Meade. (Appleton.) $2.00.
4. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
5. Play Making. Archer. (Small, Maynard.) $2.00.
6. Woman Under Socialism. Bebel. (N. Y. Labor Union.) $1.00.
7. Worry. Saleeby. (Stokes.) $1.25.

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The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of August and the 1st of September:

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Lady and the Pirate. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Sixty-First Second. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Double Life of Mr. Alfred Burton. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The House of Thane. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
5. The Ambition of Mark Truitt. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
6. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.30.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. The Women Movement. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Bed Time Stories. Garis. (Fenno.) 50 cents.
2. Billy Whiskers Series. Montgomery. (Saalfield.) $1.00.
3. The Rover Boys in New York. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
6. Parrot and Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V .V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Wilsam. Nethersole. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
5. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Enjoyment of Poetry. Eastman. (Scribner.) $1.25.
3. Calm Yourself. Walton. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.
4. Village Life in America. Richards. (Holt.) $1.30.

JUVENILES

1. Silver Island of the Chippewa. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.00.
2. The Torch Bearer. Thurston. (Revell.) $1.00.
3. The Texan Scouts. Altsheler. (Appleton.) $1.25.

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BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
6. The Double Life of Alfred Burton. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) $4.50.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Pathos of Distance. Huneker. (Scribner.) $2.00.
4. University and Historical Addresses. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Scouts Beyond the Seas. Baden-Powell. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
2. A Scout of To-day. Hornibrook. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. The Torch Bearer. Thurston. (Revell.) $1.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
4. The Return of Peter Grimm. Belasco. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Mouston Mifflin.) $2.00.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.50.
4. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. The Sunbridge Girls at Six Star Ranch. Stuart. (Page.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
4. Parrot and Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
5. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
6. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Minimum Wages and Syndicalism. Boyle. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.00.
2. Lucky Pehr. Strindberg. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.50.
3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Quiet Courage. Appleton. (Stewart and Kidd.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
2. A Boy of the Dominion. Brereton. (Caldwell.) $1.25.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Old Adam. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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3. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
4. Parrot & Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
5. Veronica. Kingsley. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Dramatic Works of Hauptmann. (Huebsch.) $1.50 per volume.
3. Where Socialism Failed. Grahame. (McBride.) $1.50.
4. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. "Tell Me Why" Stories. Claudy. (McBride.) $1.25.
2. The Hiawatha Primer. Holbrook. (Houghton Mifflin.) 60 cents.
3. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) $1.20.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
5. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
6. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DES MOINES, IOWA

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) $1.25.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. The Squaw Lady. Stapp. (McKay.) $1.00.
2. Polly of Lady Gay Cottage. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. Peter Pan. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.25.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Adventures of Dr. Whitty. Birmingham. (Doran.) $1.20.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
6. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Heart of a Soldier. Pickett. (Moyle.) $1.30.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Advertising as a Business Farce. Cherington. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.00.
4. Immigration and Labor. Hourwich. (Putnam.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Texan Star. Altsheler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Dave Porter and the Runaways. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.25.
3. Sunbridge Girls at Six Star Ranch. Stuart. (Page.) $1.50.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. Parrot & Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

KANSAS, CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Woman of Twilight. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.35.
6. The Knave of Diamonds. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Introduction to Metaphysics. Bergson. (Putnam.) 75 cents.

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2. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
3. The Victorian Age in Literature. Chesterton. (Holt.) 50 cents.
4. The Play Boy of the Western World. Synge. (Luce.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Pinocchio. Collodi. (Ginn.) 50 cents.
3. Best Stories to Tell to Children. Bryant. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Within the Law. Veiller. (Fly.) $1.25.
6. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Story of California. Norton. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) $4.50.
4. The Old-Fashioned Woman. Parsons. (Putnam.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The House of Thane. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
5. Sally Castleton, Southerner. Marriott. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
6. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Double Life of Mr. Alfred Burton. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Romance of Ali. Stuart. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.25.
6. The Open Window. Thurston. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Battle of Gettysburg. Young. (Harper.) $2.00.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Peter Pan. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Scout of To-day. Hornibrook. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
4. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Woman of the Twilight. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.35.

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NON-FICTION

1. Personal Power. Thomas. (Cassell.) $1.75.
2. Reminiscences, etc. Stetson. (Putnam.) $5.00.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Gettysburg. Young. (Harper.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.
2. Rainy Day Scrap Book. Sherman. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.
3. The Torch Bearer. Thurston. (Revell.) $1.00.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Right of the Strongest. Green. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. Parrot & Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
6. The Penalty. Morris. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
6. David Malcolm. Lloyd. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
4. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse and Hopkins.) $1.50.
2. How to Take Care of the Baby. Tweddell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) 75 cents.
3. Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Fitzgerald. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
4. Mrs. Rorer's Ice Creams, etc. Rorer. (Arnold.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Ralph Osborne Series. Beach. (Wilde.) $1.50.
2. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. The Son of Columbus. Seawell. (Harper.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Double Life of Mr. Alfred Burton. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Life of John Bright. Trevelyan. (Houghton Mifflin.) $4.50.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. University and Historical Addresses. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Thinking Black. Crawford. (Doran.) $2.00.
2. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Torch Bearer. Thurston. (Revell.) $1.00.

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2. Rover Boys in New York. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Best Stories to Tell to Children. Bryant. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Ambition of Mark Truitt. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
5. Wilsam. Nethersole. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. Back Home. Cobb. (Doran.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Life of the Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Animal Children. Kirkwood. (Volland.) $1.00.
2. Next Night Stories. Messer. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.00.
3. The Steam Shovel Man. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.00.

PORTLAND, OREGON

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) $1.00.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. The Call of the Carpenter. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Williams.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
5. Murder in Any Degree. Johnson. (Century Co.) $1.30.
6. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Panama Gateway. Bishop. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. University and Historical Addresses. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
3. Genetics. Walter. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. Virginia. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.

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5. Parrot & Co. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
6. The Woman of the Twilight. Ryan. (McClurg.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Enjoyment of Poetry. Eastman. (Scribner.) $1.25.
3. Village Life in America. Richards. (Holt.) $1.30.
4. Notable Women of History. Abbot. (Winston.) $2.40.

JUVENILES

1. The Book of the Camp Fire Girls. (Doran.) 25 cents.
2. The Motor Boat Club Series. Hancock. (Altemus.) 50 cents.
3. The Sunbridge Girls at Six Star Ranch. Stuart. (Page.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Call of the Cumberlands. Buck. (Watt.) $1.35.
5. The Fear of Living. Bordeaux. (Dutton.) $1.25.
6. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Marriage and the Sex Quest. Förster. (Stokes.) $1.35.
2. Unpathed Waters. Harris. (Kennerley.) $1.25.
3. The Story of a Round House. Masefield. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4 On Some of Life's Ideals. James. (Holt.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The House of Thane. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Desert Gold. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.
6. The Open Window. Thurston.) (Appleton.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Diary of Jean Evarts. Stocking. (Standard Pub. Co.) $1.50.
2. Arbiter of Your Fate. Walter. (Walter.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
5. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Mr. Pratt's Patients. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. A Scout of To-day. Hornibrook. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. Silver Island of the Chippewas. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.00.
3. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. Fortitude. Walpole. (Doran.) $1.40.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. Within the Law. Veiller. (Fly.) $1.25.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Crowds. Lee. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Zone Policeman 88. Franck. (Century Co.) $2.00.
4. Death. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.
2. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.25.
3. The Texan Scouts. Altsheler. (Appleton.) $1.25.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4 V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

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5. Within the Law. Veiller. (Fly.) $1.25.
6. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Alaska: An Empire in the Making. Underwood. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
2. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) $1.00.
3. The Critic in the Orient. Fitch. (Elder.) $2.00.
4. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Patchwork Girl of Oz. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.25.
2. Army Boy in the Philippines. Kilburne. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.25.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Southerner. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Briggs.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Musson.) $1.25.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Copp.) $1.50.
4. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (McLeod and Allen.) $1.25.
6. Degarmo's Wife. Phillips. (Briggs.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
6. Mrs. Red Pepper. Richmond. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
2. A Montessori Mother. Fisher. (Holt.) $1.25.
3. The Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
4. Germany and the Germans. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Torch Bearer. Thurston. (Revell.) $1.00.
2. Bed Time Stories. Garis. (Fenno.) 60 cents.
3. The Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives 10
" " " 2d " " " " 8
" " " 3d " " " " 7
" " " 4th " " " " 6
" " " 5th " " " " 5
" " " 6th " " " " 4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. V. V.'s Eyes. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35	293
2. Laddie. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	290
3. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.	274
4. The Iron Trail. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35	121
5. The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Caine. (Lippincott.) $1.35	119
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harer.) $1.35	68

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